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A
JOURNEY

IN THE YEAR

1793,

THROUGH

FLANDERS, BRABANT,

AND

GERMANY,

TO

SWITZERLAND.

BY C. ESTE.

Nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare curfus
Cogor, relictos. HOR.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRET, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-
HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

1795.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is not troubled with a recapitulation of any literal Errors there may be, which he will at once be able to correct, without any suggestion but his own.

But there are a few verbal inaccuracies on which the Reader's indulgence must be desired, to observe the alterations which follow.

The book went to press at the end of the winter. Soon after, the writer went abroad. In his absence the sheets were all worked off. And so, like two of our most memorable predecessors, his works, for precision, failed. For in the first book, printed with a name and date, there is an error even in the title!—And Lord Lyttleton, after unexampled toil about commas and points, lapsed so egregiously, as to fill with errata no less than nineteen quarto pages!—*Sic Apicem Rapax Fortuna sustulit.*

ERRORS

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

R E A D,

Page

- 5 The House of *Taylor*, and the Tomb of Hooker.
- 6 The hill is between *Samer* and Montreuil.
- 36 The better state of *things* in England.
- 37 In first instances, and *initiatory* processes.
- 39 The Chef d'Œuvres of Reubens in the *Churches* at Antwerp.
- 40 *Incendia Belli*.
- 47 The woods *growing* to the very walls of Bruxelles.
- 78 *Doyens* de Cretientè.
- 110 *Gros Gibier*.
- 113 *List* of the Game.
- 130 They formed the *Jus Tractus*.
- 141 The town *connives not* at such a dubious being:
- 154 Vos patriam *fugitis*—Vos dulcia *linguitis* arva.
- 171 With equality, moral, civil, and political.
- 181 Metamorphose *men* into hired heroes.
- 190 There *are* at Liege, two small wards.
- 192 J. Koelhof de *Proprietatibus Rerum*, and St. Augustine.
- 193 De *aptitudine ingenii* muliebris.
- 199 14 or 1500 acres, with horses, cows, and all stock in proportion.
- 120 I am sure *we* must!
- 224 *Unterwald, Uri*, and *Schweitz*—*cultivating* aids.
- 228 That, he *does* not pay if he builds.
- 251 *Omit* the second use of the impressing passage from the Psalmist.
- 258 *Brutis*—*Merces*—*Magis*.
- 279 The *Bible*, is referred to a date, between 1452 and 1455.
- 282 *Canna neque aurea. Sed arte, &c.*

A

JOURNEY, &c.

EUROPE, at least the better parts of it, being, by the malignity, of something worse than fortune, plunged into the bitterness of war, produced, among other evils, the following journey :

For those evils, HISTORY must be eager to account—with opinions and emotions, well becoming the offended minister of policy and virtue ; but with equivocal continence she refrains herself. It has been her custom, unhappily, to sacrifice use to delicacy. Over each crazy generation of the offending Adam, while they have been present, she has been fain to content herself, solely with expressive silence : and it is not till the requiem shall have been heard over the welcome tomb, that there has been a signal for the sound of unmolested TRUTH !

From those evils, hard to suffer, but harder to atone, what myriads of men, and of the best blessings man is heir to, were doomed, why we know not, to droop and to decay ! My family, at first, felt them, except from sympathy, in a very mitigated degree ; but still they felt them.—For, of a fortune so small, (*Propitii an Irati Dii !*) that nothing but caution and self-denial could make it the independence of a very private gentleman, no small part was in France. And finally, I had a son, at that time, there, on a plan of study ;

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in search of science, no where else, perhaps, so strenuously, so frugally, so extensively to be pursued.

My son, thank God, had done his duty, to himself, and to his condition. He had turned time to good account. He had already forced forward into the foremost classes of that learning, of all others the most indispensable to the *fearful and wonderful* make of man; and on more than one occasion, at once an adept in knowledge and in language, he had shewn himself able to teach at an age when others are, in general, but beginning to learn.

As FRANCE, alas! by accidents never to be enough lamented, seemed daily less and less likely to be allowed to retain for foreigners that free reception and repose, hitherto so amiably imparted to all, I determined to cast about, with due care, for some other region, where there might be, like Mons. DESSAULT, some fit representative of our late countryman Mr. POTT, that is, some great mind; original and just, applying the powers of philosophy and art to the relief and consolation of mankind!—Where there might be, besides, something like that constellation of useful learning from VICQ D'AZIR, from JUSSIEU, from LAVOISIER and FOURCROI—some establishments, if possible, equivalent to the learned societies, and to the public libraries of Paris—and where, altogether, these advantages might be as systematic; as well applied to public instruction, with the same perfection of combined preferences, ample, laborious, incessant, frugal, and free.

Accordingly, the clever and experienced friends I consulted, referred me to an ITALIAN UNIVERSITY.

For EDINBURGH, though it may be rationally proud of first-rate men, and there is still such good arrangement in the place, that it is in vogue to study, and to be distinguished by a wish for skill—yet Edinburgh, for what we wanted, offered only partial aid. Of science, philosophical, contemplative, there might be enough. But art was wanting.

ing. There is no mechanical supply.—The superstitious prejudices of the place forbid it.

As for LONDON, from the nature of the market, with talents in such demand, and at such prices for them, there must be ever many accomplished men in it; but where is there any thing like a sage provision for the collective application of their skill? Where is there any systematic establishment for popular instruction? Where are their public libraries, generously open to all? Where are there any MEDICAL SCHOOLS?—As far as it offers to be a school, it seems challengeable on the various objections as being loose and disjointed; therefore probably impracticable; certainly very dear!

The ITALIAN UNIVERSITY before recommended to me, was PAVIA.—For PADUA, since the time of FABRICIUS, when it had celebrity from him and HARVEY, has been gradually fading away.—BOLOGNA has no academic fame, but for the imitative arts—The POPE'S State, heaven help him, has nothing; but for the unassisted study of the antique!—And FLORENCE, though upheld by FONTANA, who is in the first rank of fame, is, through him indeed, pre-eminent as a museum!—It is not his object to form a school.

The idea of PAVIA was thus forcibly impressed, and willingly received upon my mind; yet I did not dare to let it take at once, an entire hold of me. I could not but be scared by the powers of distance and of doubt; for I could not find ways and means, like FRANCIS the First, (though one of the least of his race thus inventive) when he went into the *Milaneze*; “to raise new taxes, to sell the administration of justice in twenty places at once, to convey,

“Convey the wife call it.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“I know not how many thousand livres, in the shape of a silver tomb, from our departed tutelary friend, Saint Martin, at Tours.” Each of these is a grace, by the grace of God, peculiar but to a few.

However, by degrees I did what might be expected, and suffering my thoughts to ferment into wishes, I determined at once to make an effort rather above my power than below it; to see for myself, and to ascertain for my son, whether the object, obviously of such prime moment to him, really was as it was said to be, and had merit equal to its praises.

Accordingly, taking leave of my ecclesiastical superiors, from whom I never found any thing but elegant consideration and useful kindness—confiding each small charge I hold to men better than myself, and having sold my notes before I had written a word of them (a peculiarity I rather mention to explain the title page, and that there may be no doubt as to my bookseller's taste or my own), I left London in July, and took the strait road to Dover—with my son.

There is hardly any part of KENT that is not interesting—for even the Hundred of Hoo, as the vile amphibious marshy object, is called, between the Medway and the Thames, I once heard much lauded by a neighbouring physician! who said, rather dexterously for his art, “that as “for situation, *de aere et locis*, speaking after the manner of “physicians, bad was the best.”

In the DOVER ROAD, among many scenes that are pleasing, perhaps these parts please the most. From the fifth mile-stone to the ninth, both the plain and the hill are with difficulty any where to be much exceeded.—The ground at DANSON HILL, where Sir R. TAYLOR gave the façade, and BROWNE formed the water for Sir R. BOYD.—The hill above Dartford, where the houses of Lord EARDLEY and Mr. WHEATLEY are in the view.—The grounds and woods so well undulated by Lord BESBOROUGH at Ingres.—The bridge at ROCHESTER, with sweet scenery in such strong contrasts above and below it.—CHATHAM Hill, where those varying objects have an effect more captivating still!—From the winding course of the Medway, the bold uplands, the variegated agriculture on its banks, the shipping, the arsenals,
with

with the distances of Effex, Sheernefs, and the Nore.—After thefe, there is BOUGHTON Hill, the plain, with the fine water and woods on the top of the hill.—The four miles of Burham wood, and the four laft miles through the valley of Dover.

In all thefe, there is many a potent, delightful charm, and where the *mind* can work upon it as well as the eye.

On BLACKHEATH, there is the beautiful bubble of PAGE's houfe, blown up by one man, and broken by another, each within the year ! At GAD's HILL, (about the 26th ftone) the fpirits may revel at the recollection of FALSTAFFE—and they who had the happinefs to know the late Mr. HENDERSON, will, with fond regret, alfo think upon them—for his genius in comedy had no rival, in the laft half century at leaft ; and what is now of fo much greater moment, he was not more gay than he was good !—The bridge at Rochester, a fine example of the arts in the fourteenth century, may contraft the modefty and fkill of the eighteenth, when, but for Lord PEMBROKE, a minifter and his workmen had made the bridge at Weftminfter of their congenial wood !—At Dartford, now of fuch gunpowder fame, the firft paper was made, and the firft iron was flit. At Boughton, in the delicious plain and wood on the top of the hill, the view ranges over Canterbury and Harbledown in the bottom, where BECKET's fhrine at one place, and his flipper in the other, may virtuously and ufefully excite us, like ERASMUS, againft the wretched impoftors of Rome—though now, indeed, as we all know, talents are never prostituted !—No man, otherwife illuftrious, can now be mentioned, with fuch trash as a wafer in his mouth !

The houfe of JEREMY TAYLOR, and the tomb of HOOKER, are alfo in the fcene ! And at Barham Down, vifited even fo lately as the Duke of Marlborough's, with the barren and deleterious laurel, you may fee, with STUKELEY, the remains of the old Watling Street, where paff barbarities
have

have happily yielded to present elegance ; and where, instead of Celtic barrows, and the intrenchments of the Romans, there is the useful rapture from so many villas and ornamental farms.

“ Well ordered home—Man’s best delight to make.”

STUKELEY was not a mere, dry, husky antiquarian, without pith, without taste. He had both. His ideas and expressions were vigorous ; and he had the power of pleasing, where it was, obviously, difficult to please. He paints the valley of Dover, like a landscape amidst theatric charms ; with artificial diminutions as just, as perspective herself could figure it ; converging to their point at Dover ; where, the sea, between the pharos, is so beautifully made to close the scene.

Such is a little of the praise which belongs to STUKELEY. These were the relaxations of his more useful hours, consecrated by the studies of a physician, and the efforts of a parish priest !—He gave his life to learning, and, as we trust, his soul to God.

As for DOVER, if the winds, and they who live by them permit, which, if you happen to have a number of horses and servants they seldom do permit, DOVER need not keep a traveller long, unless he aspires at novelty, and is ambitious to salute, with due emotions, the just and necessary office of the CINQUE PORTS—or unless he has the better luck to be drawn up the hill to the fine convivial talents, which, now and then, are to be found at the top of it.

DOVER makes a figure, not only in the *Doomsday Book*, but even so high up as the Itinerary of ANTONINUS. But the more potent topics of the people seem to be, “ that they have a market—that they have two members—and “ that the average returns of their trade, I mean every fix “ or seven years, are very curious and *interesting* indeed.”

DOVER, like so many other places, has been somewhat overshadowed by the stupendous laurels of the war ! Every quarter of a year the port clearances used to be about 600 vessels.

vessels—In the quarter prior to my being there in November 1793, the Custom-House books happened to report, alas ! no more than 59 vessels !

When the first pier was forming at Dover, “the good Lord Cobham,” as he was called, kept a daily table for the workmen ; and a Prince, with the heart of a gentleman, made a present of several thousand pounds !

The workmen have just finished a new sluice on the North side, and a new pier head on the South, and they talk with becoming feeling on the liberality of modern manners. On the table and the present, they also have had in—Hope.

Of the new pier head, Sir H. OXENDEN was the engineer. The object of it is to keep off the sand, which hitherto, in spite of all that could be done, has for ever been forming in the harbour’s mouth.

In the church, at the bottom of the castle hill, there are two inscriptions, one to FOOTE, the other to CHURCHILL. Poor FOOTE died at Dover. in the Ship inn. CHURCHILL was buried there, having died at Boulogne. It was near the port, the first corner, on the opposite side after passing the English Hotel. Mr. WILKES lived in the house ; and HUMPHREY COATES, the Wine Merchant, unluckily happened to have the vaults under it. And there it was, between them, *acria pocula*, that CHURCHILL met his death. FOOTE fell through the villany of an infamous woman of quality, though the sagacity and eloquence of LORD MANSFIELD detected the conspiracy, and quashed it ; yet the effect of it was felt to the last—FOOTE had a death-wound in his heart ! and he lived only a little to linger towards his grave.—Foote’s tablet was raised by his grateful attendant, Jewel, recording simply the day on which the public lost their favourite writer for the stage.

Churchill’s epitaph is in twelve or fourteen rhymes, of which it is easier to comment the motive than the effect.

The PASSAGE TO THE CONTINENT is three times longer
by

by Ostend than to Calais or Boulogne.—Of course the difficulties are trebled, and with them the bar against home-bred folly clearing out so many heavy samples to shame us in foreign markets.—An advantage this, shamefully overlooked, when wars are so vehemently opposed, and impolicy and inhumanity are the plea.

When a league or two from land, the view is interesting—it reaches from Folkestone to the Foreland on one side, and the high lands of the French Republic on the other.—The southern hill, seen there, is between Saumur and Monkeuil—The height North of that is the point which predominates so well over the whole department of Calais. The town of Calais is seldom seen in this run: but you often catch a glimpse of DUNKIRK and NIEUPORT.

The time is from seven to fourteen or sixteen hours—and even that, short as it is, may satisfy most people, and make them glad to get even to Ostend. Such is the power of contrast when the change is from the worse.

And yet bad as the town may be, it has been the cause of one war, and the fires of three others.

What the town then was, may in some sort be computed by what it now is.—Geographical position cannot change—and by the succeeding skill and cares of man, the condition of the Port, &c. were likely to have changed, only for the better.—And yet, taking it as we find it, with the churches and town House, which have arisen since the last bombardment in 1706, what compensation do we find here!—What idea of apology hereafter, for contestations thus senseless and sanguinary, when on one side or other, no less than ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND MEN were cut down, prematurely, to the grave.

In the fanatic perversions of the time, horrid guilt like this, was, with effrontery, not short of blasphemy, referred, to the *first great* cause of all created good? And literally, medals were struck to commemorate these foul enormities!

enormities! Enormities, which the foe of mankind would wish to remember, to inflame the final sentence of the condemned.

Among these inscriptions, as elsewhere PUNS are to be seen—and OSTEND-E NOBIS PACEM was their play of words even in their prayer thus,

Two words make up the noise,
Sports for Dutchmen, and for English Boys.

thus far, was COWLEY exact in the local habitation of this folly? A folly, which in weak allegiance to bad fashion, even Shakespere tried, and ever but once tried in vain.

The town itself and the trade of it, small as they are, were yet smaller before the late salutary improvements of JOSEPH the second;—and even now, the population is not 10,000—and the port clearances are not more than 1,200 vessels a year.

A consideration on the state of TRADE at Ostend may perhaps usefully be extended.—It is something more than a business of the counting-house and quays:—It is a moral epoch in the surprises of political perpetration!

For, when after two or three years well directed enterprise of a judicious individual (La Merveille, a Frenchman) the EAST INDIA TRADE first opened on the Netherlands—It became in the year 1722 a collective object for the community—and every eye rationally looked forward as to the hope of approaching good!—A good, unmixed with any evil, but the corporation spirit!—That spirit, by an effort perhaps disloyal to the indefeasible sovereignty of truth and policy, had pent up, by a patent, partially to a few, those independent indefeasible rights, those blessings of our common nature, which, dependent on the common elements, seem like them happily given, open, to all.

The TRADE of the poor FLEMINGS, little in itself, and thus made less, with five ships only, and with funds not

more than six millions (of Florins), still was enough to act upon the jealousy of mean competition. It roused and feared the peddling politics of the DUTCH. And with an eagerness that explained the motives, the ministers of each contiguous monarchy, France, England, Prussia, Sweden, one and all, were immediately on tip-toe to make it a pretence for war! And, the affair ended as almost every contest must end, with no possible popular profit!—But instruction, for the enforcement of Peace! While, Government as in almost every instance of War, gained, proportionably, as the people lost. The IMPERIAL Government, with the *pragmatic sanction*, had the hereditary succession secured—and the Maritime Powers were fortified, by this new inroad, upon trade and navigation.

Thus the people, like their property, were transferred at pleasure! Thus they suffered themselves to be despoiled of their birth right! A birth right, unalienable, as long as winds shall blow and waters roll! So the trade began; and ended almost in its beginnings. Some temporary efforts have been made for the trade to struggle up again; and virtue, which in political manœuvre, as well as in private life, is the best policy effected, in two or three periods, not only pauses from decay, but advances towards recovery.—The best of these periods were, such as might be expected, when in the NETHERLANDS there were wit and virtue, enough, to escape a War, and other nations had the guilt and folly of committing it! In the NEUTRALITY of 1733, and, again, during the ruinous madness of our AMERICAN crusade!

At present also, there is some trade in the port. And indeed so many vessels, *wisely* laden with money and stores, to be wasted on foreign objects, but all English, and with all these seemed such a wholesome stir, such an utter absence of all commercial distress, that the place really looked like a trading town in England, *before the War!*

But

But this, cannot be counted upon; it is a mere temporary flash, and must finish like the fulness in the tolls of Cork, at the end of the slaughtering season!

The present government of the town is reputable to the passive virtue of the people.—For they amiably allow their chief magistrate, the bailli, &c. to be named by the Emperor. Places in the magistracy, have been, hitherto, thought objects, less of profit than of honor. But since the late attempts have failed of revolution and reform, the Bailli's place has been £3,000 a year.—A profit rent, hardly conceivable by those who live and thrive, as we all do, in a system, where not any appointment is ever called over paid!

As for the subordinate objects of legislation, there seems no great cause of complaint. The courts of justice, are never indecently closed for any long recess; and though the appellant jurisdiction, is not, as it perhaps ever ought to be, within themselves, yet it is not remote.—It is at GAND and MULINES—and the temper of the people there is favourable to truth; for they are enlightened, and of course, properly eager to be free.

The misfortunes of men, so continual every where from accident and from human violence, have no artificial exacerbation. There are no stamp impositions, upon law proceedings.

In Scotland, the lawyers are a tribe so multitudinous, that their cloathing, black, is called the Edinburgh hunt. They over-run Flanders too. But their fees are so small, that it is not better there, to give up a cause, rather than pay the costs.

The PORT DUTIES too, are a vexation, comparatively light. Imports are free. Of course, there is a scope also free to the commerce of speculation.—On the inland vent of foreign merchandise, the duties are about ten per-cent.—

As there is no custom house at the port, strangers are

unannoyed on landing; and escape those petty, but mortifying ills, of delay and depredation, from searching, sufferances, and head-money!

In the manner of a well known Irish rhapsodist, who fees, ad libitum, a structure, to be planned, upon the right, and the hope of some other future glory on the left, so the port of Ostend may as safely be commended, for what it *might* be, *if* the shallows were cleared and the pier was improved.—*If* the manufactures and exports of the country, were encouraged by skilful bounties! But where is there any bounty amidst the rage and ruin of war! Nothing can come of nothing. When an exchequer is empty, the sole solicitude must be to fill it! not to give, but to get!—With other instances of unexpected neglect, there is still wanting the first great necessity of fresh water. It is still to be fetched from far. Though, the fine experiments of SHEERNESS will prove, the power of perseverance, and that in regard to water, any body may have it who will dig deep enough for it—though through a quick sand itself, and even below the level of the sea.

On one of the days we were kept at Ostend, July 19, the colors were consecrated, for the French Emigrants, with such sapience, entertained upon our establishment. With English pay in their pocket, they had an English uniform upon their back; and in regard to sentiment and language, they were as perfectly English, also, as some late associations.—They were drawn up, in the great square, before the Hotel de Ville, and the regiment of Sir Charles GREY, was in a line, facing them.—It was an epoch for a man whose heart was in the right place, and who had energies to utter what was in it.

The Aumonier, of the regiment, analogous to our army chaplains, appeared. He sprinkled the colours with consecrated water. He then attempted to speak, but the attempt, like the Amen in Duncan's murderer, stuck in his throat.

throat. He might have profited on the very failure, and like the humane Lord, so very luckily faltering when he urged the necessity of council upon each process for imputed treason, He, the Aumonier, might have made his emotions current for their expressions—and the currency, like the paper of the American Republic, might have all at once mounted above par !

But no such matter—fine re et fine spe—he stopped altogether.

He might have burst forth into a glorious, heart-improving rapture ! He might have hailed the dawn of truth, the rising hope of unclouded light, over the opinions and actions of men !—The blessings of freedom were all before him. He might have expanded, with the expanding bliss !—He might have looked backward also with approving delight. He might have gloried in the downfall of despotism,—certainly, in one region never to be seen again !—He might have risen on its ruins ! He might have raised around him with the plastic promptitude of hope, every fine formed fabric, gracious, useful, venerable, and good ; religion rational, tolerant, and reformed ; the equal law of liberty, the free intercourse of truth.—He might have apostrophised the genius of RATIONAL REVOLUTION, as far as it had signally blest, the English, the Americans, and the Dutch.—He might have implored the aid of that power, which called light out of darkness, and order from confusion !—And vain to achieve, some of those perfections which he adored, he might have closed his oraison, with reasonable aspirations after *universal good*—for PEACE upon earth, and good will to men.

The poor Aumonier had none of these things to say ; instead of all this, he set up a puling cry, like a child's brazen trumpet at an old French fair, with gingerbread kings and queens ! Steeped in the colours of his trade, he wailed over the passing pageant of a worthless court—and,
God

God forgive him, heaved a found, too like menace and revenge!

An officer, M. de C———followed him, and rather in a style above all this—but still not in the first tone of military eloquence.—That, from its rarity seems the hardest thing for a foldier to do. For, there may have been some who have fought like CESAR, but which of them could ever talk about it, half so well?

The scene, however, could not but have some impression,—as Titus sighed to lose a day, as Xerxes wept over the doom, too probable, of his embattled host!

But many men, many minds. Other people enjoyed the fight, and particularly an army agent, a jew broker, a crimp, a contractor, and an outlaw for larceny, all were unanimous, and voted it d - - - - - fine.—And one crazy fellow at the head of the mob, literally threw off his hat, and huzzaed! An Irish ex-jesuit just escaped from St. Omers, closed the conference, swearing bloodily, that he wished well to all the world, and therefore that he wished them all to be at war. For that there was no school like the school of adversity, no good like evil, and no joy like sorrow.—That war made men too poor, to be meanly lost in common enjoyments of life!—That it prevented building, the bane of our great towns, ever since Queen Elizabeth!—That it thinned the community, with the hand of a great master! And, that sooner or later, it must keep down the price of provisions—at present so distressing! &c. &c. &c.

Nobody could deny the last position. His arguments otherwise might have had weight—the majority thought as he did.

The day thus far dedicated to truth, to useful truth, was happily ordained to end as well as it began, for the parade ending, we met with the following curious inscription upon the quays.—It is a column, not of brass, but of wood—
erected

erected to commemorate the late events. when the forces of the French Republic, chusing to retire, the Austrians took their place—and the popular emotions is thus made to live, in expressions nobody can doubt there.

THE INSCRIPTION.

OB LÆTUM AUSTRIACUM
ANNO 1790, REDITUM,
STUDIO ET AMORE PRIUS ERECTAM
DEIN UT IMPIIS REGICIDISQUE
SALVETUR MANIBUS FURTIM AEDITAM
SACRILIGIIS JAM EXPULSIS
AQUILAM HANC.
EX VOTO, PISCATORES DENUO POSUERUNT
DIE. 18, CAL. MAII 1793.

The devices are as good as the inscription—For, besides the Black Eagle, emblem of comfortable power, fulminating on a tree, supposed to be the tree of Liberty—there are the fasces and the cap of liberty, the cock and the lyre obviously of no more use, all are in flames!

On another side of the post, are the words,

SEMPER FIDELIS.

With three keys, a dog, and a whale.—Somebody talked of a tub to the whale, but it is not true: at least we could not see it.

Thus we departed from Ostend.

FLANDERS.

✓ AT OSTEND, as in some bad life touched by our great poet, nothing is so becoming as the leaving of it! There is a canal, with a trechschuyte on it, always once, and sometimes, as in summer, twice a day.—Here, as elsewhere, this sort of inland carriage is delightful: as giving motion without effort, and accommodation with little cost.—The traveller is wafted for a couple of Flemish schellings, 14 miles to Bruges, where Stivinus, the flying chariot-man, was surveyor of the dykes—and from Bruges, he may get equally cheap and well to Gand—with a table d'hôte on board, of two tolerable services and a little desert, with some intolerable wine, for three or four schellings more.

There are collateral canals to NIEUPORT, to DUNKIRK, St. OMERS, LISLE, &c.

There is a carriage way to Bruges; but it is six miles further: and except in dry weather, those six miles are made twelve; the roads are so infamously bad.—Of Bruges there is a record, municipium Brugense, as high as the seventh century! And the roads, from their condition, may be presumed as antique.

Apart from their ease and expedience, the canals of Flanders, are not an idle contemplation. For, they were begun so early as the twelfth century! That there should be better works of the same sort now, in Holland, in France, and in England, is not at all wonderful. For the ameliorations of art are decided; if, as Horace thinks erroneously, the advances of morals be not.

In the FORMATION OF THESE CANALS, it was fortunate that the difficulties were small, when the arts of vanquishing such difficulties were, comparatively, so small also.—There happened to be no complex considerations as to ground,—when excess in one spot, was to supply deficiency
in

in another. There were no subterranean passes as in the tunnels at Bezieres in the LANGUEDOC Canal, or in the yet more memorable works of the DUKE of BRIDGEWATER. There was no obstacle to surmount, like that on the IRWELL; and of course, nothing so well wrought as the masonry there, to secure it. The fall was scarcely any thing. There was almost nothing to rise. There were no underwater sluices.

It may be a topic of reasonable regret, that the accounts and details of these canals are no where to be found; at least, my son and I were not able to find them.—Such a well preserved record of a great public work would have been, obviously, precious, both for curiosity and use.—It had been an amusement, not uninstrusive, to have noted the changes and chances of time, as they affected the price of labour, and with all, the peculiarities of its value and application!—There must have been the elegant pleasure in giving well-earned unsuspected praise.—And so to have hovered over the BRINDLEY, the SMEATON, or the STAMFORD of that day—with any other names, with virtuous use distinguished, by personal sacrifice to public utility, or by ingenious art aiding the design, or the execution!—And if there could have been before, such a man as the *Duke of BRIDGEWATER*, such a glorious instance of complex merit, and useful success, there would have been in degree, kindred emotions of self-congratulation and of social good! to have hailed him with due celebrations, as the *first* CITIZEN OF THE time; the man of all others the most illustrious in the service of his country, for MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE, for sublime ATCHIEVEMENTS!

A name so admirably exalted, by adventure and accomplishment, must re-echo in every heart of the most remote posterity, and through unknown time. And for the perpetual encouragement of enterprise, authorised by skill; let it be known, that the duke of BRIDGEWATER's successes

have been as brilliant as his purposes! That the work, by the multiplied surprisēs of genius, did not cost him above £1000 a mile! And that the clear profits of his last year, amounted to forty three thousand pounds!

The canals of Flanders, probably, cannot be decorated with any story so splendid. Like Languedoc, and other fine works in France, they have been the result of collective efforts, half by government, and half by the province, or in better words, all by the people!

And these are the works, in which they may rationally glory. For the advantages are obvious and sure. They are inalienable. They facilitate human intercourse. They circulate human good. They diminish animal labor. They augment vegetable blessings. It may be only Virgil who can make his clowns toſs about the manure with grace, but it can be by canals alone (and by the by—the Romans marvellously had none)—that the clowns every where can have wherewithal abundantly to toſs it!

The Flemish navigation, if made with every modern finesse, certainly would be more perfect. Their channels would have been more sloped on their sides. And the bottom narrower than the top. There had been more sure provisions against the two extremes, of too much or too little water—better apparatus for the contiguous lands, as they might needs either irrigation or drain.

The Flemish agriculture for want of this, is proportionably impaired.

The pasturage is not flourishing. The rains lie in puddles where they fall; and there is no artificial flooding, when there is none. The grass lands therefore are few; and till a better order prevails, there is no reason for wishing them to be more.

The arable lands on the contrary, continue fine examples of that adroitness and industry, for which they have been praised through three or four ages.—There are no wastes!

Every

Every bit of ground is well tilled. They give way to no fallows. By a variety of crops they clear the land of weeds, and give repose to one stratum of the soil, while they work the productive principle in another.—Thus, besides wheat, barley, and oats, they use beans, french-beans, turnips, artificial grasses, radish, and rape.—The circulations of some farms were,

1 Turnips	3 Trefoil
2 Wheat	4 Barley.

In others they sowed clover with barley and oats, with such success, as to make the clover pay all charges of management, of seed, and of labor; and to leave the corn crop a profit quite clear.—The artificial grasses are mowed; and when not stacked, are given to the cattle in the manger. The clover, which is the red sort, endures two years; and then, after a very light ploughing, it is found successful husbandry to harrow in wheat.

All the crops are so good, it is hard to tell which looks the best. The best in profit which we heard were wheat, producing £ 17 per acre, and turnips near £ 5.

For use, implements of husbandry, they may be profitably told, to get models from England; those of Flanders are more unweildy; particularly the plough, and it is not always that it has wheels.

In their use of instruments, England may as profitably be lessoned to imitate them. For, though they plough with two or more horses, they are reined, a whip is fastened to the wood-work, and the whole is managed by one man!

It may be presumed, that thus they plough well enough, because, one ploughing is often found sufficient, though their furrows are shallow too; for they say, and very speciously, that if they were to delve deeper, the soil, artificially amended by manure, would become more apt to be forced from its place. The furrows are formed with the

most perfect regularity, and at every 14 or 15 feet, trenches as many inches deep are dug, and well banked by the hand.

On Manures too, there are in each country, they who may read what follows, with mutual profit.—The English may teach them to marle their lands, and to mix with their light sandy soil, what they have often at hand, a good *fæcundating* clay.—While we from the Flemings may learn something on the doctrine of animal manures—for largely as they are used, they are never mixed with straw, which gives more bulk and less force to the mass.—The street dirt of their towns is collected and sold. The scavengers in London and in Paris are paid. The latter in one gross sum of 400,000 livres a year. In the former, proportionate fractions for each parish. But the Netherlands can shew them a better regimen—for there the scavengers office is sold—not as conferring nobility, like the executioner's place and other dirty work formerly in France, but as an object of obvious profit. At Bruxelles this office is sold for 30,000 livres a year.

In Flanders also—*difficile est dicere*—they do not let even their house drains run to waste. What they contain is collected, and found to be beyond all comparison the most productive of animal manure—and, with a very increased degree, when flung upon the land, dry and in powder.—It should be mixed with fine mould, otherwise it is apt to be acrid and heating.

This object was lately, about two years since, fully proved before the *Société d'Agriculture* at Paris. And I remember well, on sure authority, before the confirmed directors and professors of the experimental farm at the *Ecole Veterinaire*, M. Chabert and M. Flandrin, with the additional testimony of the Secretary Yvart, the M. Parmentier, and the Duc de Charrot.—The directors and professors abovementioned, it were unfriendly to the cause of useful truth, to dismiss without specific praise.—They were admirable men.
Their

—Their knowledge of animals, particularly those which man's domestic care is most interested to provide for, seemed unbounded. On difficult appearances I have seen them decide, with a promptitude and with a certainty, exceeded by nothing but divination. If Buffon had written, what now we know, till they were given to him, he had never read, the fine anatomical and physiological materials for the first parts of his great work; even his knowledge could not have been more copious. And for the sagacious uses of what they knew, with complex acuteness, oculorum acies et ingenii, I cannot conceive any observance upon animal economy more subtle and profound, since the unrivaled powers of Boerhaave and Linnæus.

The odd experiment, which induced this incidental tribute due to clever men, began, I believe in Flanders, on the canal between Bruges and Gand; and France has followed, with an establishment for the like preparation, at La Chapelle, near St. Denis.

Besides what has been mentioned, and hand-hoeing, with a never ceased activity that is wonderful, the agriculture of Flanders can have no more praise.—There are scarcely any hedges. And where there are no inclosures, there can be no pasturage of cattle. Cattle indeed make no part, of any little charm there may be, in the leafy landscapes of Flanders.

What cattle there are, are not worth mentioning; the sheep and horned cattle are below mediocrity, rather than above it. They are, like other foreign animals, not so distinct in their species as in England; and not only so, each species seems bad, and bad is made worse by evil treatment. When huddled together, in the hot foul air of close and crowded stables, they must have indigestion, pulmonary and verminous complaints; and when, after long confinement turned out, if they escape the shock of such a change, they are more or less affected with the rot.

For,

For, the Flemish fens are more formidable than Romney Marsh, inasmuch as mere moisture must yield in mischief, to moisture stagnant and corrupt.—It is on the same principle, that, in all wet lands, as in Cambridgeshire and Essex, the dry season, is more morbid, than the wet.

At Paris there is a jurisprudence in their public markets as to the sale of cattle; to inspect and to guaranty, the buyer as to the health of the beasts he may buy. In London, a reserve, especially in horses, to a certain price, is implied; and there are returns, not quite irregular, as to the number of animals which are sold. But in Flanders there are no such establishments; and, therefore, such documents are wanting, as might yield no bad inferences on population, on the state of domestic living as to consumption, and on the state of cattle, their numbers, and their condition.

As far as they have any external trade in cattle, it is to this effect: They smuggle some sheep from England; and they have been accustomed to receive from France some sheep and oxen, which the Flemings thus fit up for sale, by leading them into marshy pastures, which give a diseased enlargement, and make them weigh well, however ill they may eat.

Flemish industry, thus subtle and active, is not directed to many objects besides agriculture.

About Ostend there are some windmills for sawing deals. As at Lille, they have the same sort of mills for expressing linseed-oil. But Flanders does not profit, as it might, by other advantageous use of the elements—by working their wood into implements and materials of construction—by boat-building—by the manufacture of flour—by bleaching grounds—by bricks and tiles. In the victualling trade, they might rival Holstein, though not Cork. And in butter and cheese, in catching fish, and salting it, why should they not be more than a match for the Dutch? They grow a few hops (and the earth is mounded high up around each stem)

and

and they try to make malt, and brew beer. But Thrane and Whitbread have no reason to be afraid of them there. There is a little cultivation of flax too; but it is the mere domestic refuge in bad weather: for making thread or cloth, it is of no collective account. Their lace-making is going—their tapestry is almost gone. Hat-making seems the only manufacture which is thriving; and that, particularly at Malines, deserves to thrive: for, unannoyed by any tax, hats are there 30 per cent. cheaper than they are retailed in London.

Arts, besides these, they have none; except it be the art to do without them.

Formerly, as every one may recollect, how the fine arts flourished in the Flemish school. And the churches of Flanders still boast of many a fine work, not only of Reubens and Vandyke, but Crayer also, and Van Hont Horst, de Vos, and Vervoot.

But, more unsteady than the Southern gale,

Painting is but a fleeting grace, dependent upon more fleeting trade; and, upon the vicissitudes of the people, the only patronage worth a word, able and willing to protect it.

Thus, the fine arts are doomed to rise and fall, with each corresponding attitude, in the circumstances around them! Thus taste becomes a barometer of the nation! Thus the English academy is enabled to sustain itself, without a single guinea from any patronage whatever, by the self-depending power of its own exhibition! And thus, in the same sort of medium of ease aspiring to elegance, and curiosity acting upon wealth, the Flemish school arose likewise, and like a gay meteor was admired so long aloft!

For, while Reubens and Vandyke were making an epoch of one kind, the tradesmen of Flanders had made another! Their towns were become the emporium of the universe! They were the chief to settle the exchange, to regulate the price current of Europe! Five thousand sail of merchant ships

ships have been seen at once crowding their canals ; and their port laboured with as many clearances in a day ! The gross produce of their out-lying commerce was called one hundred and forty millions, while their home-banking business was calculated to yield as much more !

At that time, one merchant, with at least as much money as wit, is said to have lent the prince a million sterling, and afterwards to have burnt his bond in a fire—and in a fire of spices too, as if their pit-coal from Mons, or a common bavin from the side of their canals, would not have done as well. Thus, however, the farce is well made, as the impression of the last act is the strongest : for, when a fool of a fellow may have got a bad bond, the gay way of getting rid of it, is certainly the best.

But, incredulus Odi.—The whole tale must be received as a clumsy fiction ; an unprovoked insult upon good-sense and common manhood. For Charles the emperor was a man of spirit, and a gentleman : he was above the vice of money ; and if the loan had happened, we certainly should also have known, why he deserved such magnificent bounty, and how he afterwards tried, elegantly, to repay it.

However there are, who specify the very name of the merchant. And a revenue officer, on the miscarriage of a lately proposed loan, very gravely informed me, “ That he
“ feared the race of the above-mentioned lender was ex-
“ tinct.” A gay companion of ours replied, “ No, Sir, there
“ are some, not a few, of the same family to be found, in
“ another country.”

But, though the imitative arts may thus be doomed to fall with the fall of the trade which raised them, there seems to be equal reason why the arts, more useful and necessary, might not try to struggle up again ; and why a government, good for any thing, should not help them in their struggle.---
Why should there not be the commerce of education ?--For obvious reasons best adapted to places which are poor !--

Why,

Why, with such close contiguity to different countries, why are there not schools for the three contiguous languages, and for the mechanic arts?---Why do they not make paper instead of felling their rags?---Why is not the trade of books revived, as it has been so successfully in another region, from whence the fine arts, as they are called, have similarly fled?---The printing establishments of the Plantins family, with their twice fifty fonts of letters, are still heard of amidst the few scholars that are left in Flanders---Why is it that they are practically to be heard of no more?

Such were the questions, which occurred in the same conversation; to those we had an answer, of which we could not tell the full meaning---“ That there seemed to be a never-
“ failing expectation of providential wars, and that then the
“ common arts of agriculture, &c. could suffice---That the
“ Flemings could then double their dressings on the land,
“ and, in the same proportion, multiplying the produce,
“ raise the price of it 30 and 40 per cent.”

Their trade, besides this, is but small.---From France and Spain they draw wines, brandy, and some American goods; and they send money only in return.---From England they have cottons, woollens, iron, hardware, Wedgewood's ware, spices, dying drugs, tea, and lead, to the amount of a million, for which they pay in specie, except about a seventh part in verdigris, lace, thread, bees-wax, and rags.

In the town of Ghent the English commissary had an office, and there were vast deposits of hay, straw, and corn. Large buildings, with no less wisdom, were also erected near Bruges, as bake-houses for some of the German troops! The virtue too, as well as the policy of this, must be equally apparent to all! For what effort can be more meritorious than giving the hungry bread?

The system of life, in Flanders, may be supposed to vary from our own, but, as it may be, for the worse. The pleasures of the table are their best resource; and they cost

about four tenths less than they do in England.—There is a little music in their churches, and such consolation as carillons every quarter of an hour—The carillons are bells jangled out of season. There are no public amusements. There is a theatre in both Bruges and Ghent, with a troop detached from the company at Amsterdam; but a traveller has no need to go as far as Flanders to be convinced that there may be a theatre without any public amusement. In each town there is also a subscription-house (inscribed *la Société*), where four or five pleasant rooms are opened, with good fires and lights, a library, and all the papers of London, Paris, &c. &c. The subscribers are about 200 in each town, and they pay annually a guinea each.—This seems to be the only external resource for collective amusement in the town.—For public libraries, philosophical lectures, scientific associations, there are none.—There is at Ghent an academy and a college of medicine; but, like a college elsewhere, they are content with self-approbation, and unambitious after other applause—what knowledge they have, they are pleased to keep to themselves.—This college consists of six and thirty doctors, four and twenty accoucheurs, and forty surgeons.—They follow the *Bruxelles Pharmacopœia* of 1671; and they follow little else, for the fee of a physician is but two or three shillings a time.

The conversation of the Flemings is more liberal than some of their neighbours. Referring to government, both in principle and practice, they continue as Cæsar said of them so long ago, *Horum Omnium Fortissimi!* Thus far they are decided; and their decision to an Englishman must seem just.—They are vigorously prepared to contend for the popular part of every government, and they are active in approving the overthrow of despotism in France. And though Dumourier, perhaps even then a deserter, and wishing to disgrace the cause, by his abuse of it, extorted a contribution of 200,000 florins—yet the Flemish are not so absurd, nor froward,

froward, as to confound the principle with the perversion ; they still are steady partisans of rectitude and truth---They admire freedom when atchieved by others---They seem properly ardent to atchieve it for themselves !---

They are fond of talking history. Grotius and Father Paul are very popular with them ; and from them, of course, they are well taught to dismiss their former tyrants with the scorn and indignation due to rapine and to blood. In regard to our history, Elizabeth is the favourite theme ; because the antagonist of a gloomy barbarian, the slave of avarice and ambition, she aided the Netherlands in their natural zeal for the emancipation of reason !---With the punctuality of dealing, which they have in common with the Dutch, they are fond also of enhancing the personal virtue of Elizabeth, who paid her father's debts, while she co-operated with all around her, to diminish the debt of the nation !

In respect to their own annals, the pacification of Ghent^v is a never-failing topic !---It was a toast where we dined, and the gentleman who gave it, a fine sanguine man, ran over very ably the moral fame of the people, thus gloriously persisting till they righted themselves ---Till they discharged their usurper ! When the harpies of oppression were put to flight---When exaction, for a time, was no more.

With the firmness and the minute honesty of the Dutch, the Flemings have also something of their external figure. And this rapid change in specific character from the French, without any physical term of separation at all proportionate, without a great river, a mountain, or a sea, must ever be in the traveller's way a problem, more easy to admire than resolve.

The Flanders women also continue as we have been used to see them in their large pictures.---They have not the enchanting graces of Vandyke, his minute fidelity, and the chastity of his colouring ; but it is Reubens all over, each

piece in loose drapery, with great ideas and lavish freedom of design.

When Dumourier extorted the money above mentioned, ninety thousand florins of it were raised, literally, in fifteen minutes ! An effort, this, impossible to any men in Flanders but high sinecure churchmen ; for they, like certain vermin, contrive to dazzle from contiguous darkness, and still are suffered to flourish in the surrounding ruin!--One bishop has church rents to the enormous amount of 300,000 florins!--And yet, even he is not the primate !

The bad effect of money upon the human heart seems too fatally undeniable. It is not the ecclesiastical character, at least in Flanders, which can resist it. A character generally speaking every where, with some advantages from sustaining study, and from long-continued habits, for the most part necessarily good and holy !

Of the archbishops in France, before the Revolution, one, the archbishop of Paris, had £40,000 sterling a year ; yet, when he run away to Chamberri, he left behind him a debt of two millions. Another French archbishop, too infamous to be mentioned, but in a criminal process from the jeweller whom he cheated, was plunged deeper in debt, though his revenues were £48,000 sterling a year !

The Flemish bishop, above-mentioned, was also in distress from debt, and was actually allowanced by his creditors to 12,000 florins a year.

The officiating clergy are very kindly kept out of temptation from all pecuniary excess. In Flanders, as in France, before the revolution, they are known rather by their labors than their rewards. There is no living, I could hear of, more than £100 a year---scarcely any are above half that sum ; and the greater part of the parochial clergy have but 10 or £15 a year !

The Curé of Conflans, the residence of the archbishop,
the

the Lambeth therefore of Paris, had but thirteen pounds sterling a year !

Of the parochial clergy I am not qualified to speak largely.---I passed some hours with three of them.---They were fine-tempered men ; and though not comparable to English clergymen, who, generally speaking, are for various knowledge, and for the powers of conversation, the first order of men that I have seen, yet they were sufficient :---They were not amusing nor elegant, but they were judicious ; and what is perhaps the greatest rarity in the Low Countries, they were neither prejudiced nor dark. The clergy through all the Austrian Netherlands have great influence ; and if they were all, like these men, they might deserve it, and have safely what they thus deserve.

Even the parochial clergy are, perhaps, too numerous. And altogether, regulars and seculars, they are certainly so ; for, in the diocese of Bruges and Gand, I was informed, and I believe it, that they exceed a thousand ; that is nearly one entire ninth of all the clergy in the 26 dioceses of England. In the diocese of Gand there are 161 parishes, under the jurisdiction of eight rural deaneries : the town has seven parishes : Bruges has eight. There are eleven abbayes, eleven chapters, and the canonries are about £200 a year.

The ranks in the Flemish church are these :

Archbishop (of Malines)

Bishop, Arch-deacon (one in

Provost, each diocese)

Dean, Treasurer,

Grand-vicaire, Canton,

In the cathedra's there follow two school-masters, ten priests, and eight penitenciers.

There is one archbishop of Malines, and bishops of Bruges, Gand, Ypres, and Tournay.

The abbayes, convents, monasteries, oratoires, chapels, are endless. Of these convents two are still English ; and
what

what I shall have more difficulty and regret to make believed, they are yet filled with victims from England !

The remuneration of the clergy is from lands, from tithes, and from fees in these provinces.---Two-thirds of the landed property belong to the clergy. The tithes, a strict eleventh, are taken in kind, and most frequently let to some exactor of a farmer.---The clergy, to do them justice, seldom are tithe-drivers.

The age for holy orders is the same as in England, and throughout the Continent:---the deacon must be 22 years---the priest 24---the bishop 32.---The bishops are generally noble---they are so now.---But there is no necessity, I believe, for this absurdity---or if there is, that one descent may do, with other easy expedients, like bought nobility, by brevet, &c. as in the chapters of Liege and of Trent.---The cardinal de Granville at Liege was a memorable instance of this.

If the aspect of the towns is interesting ; it is, like the most famed edifice in Europe, an interest only of dimensions. Bruges is five miles round---Gand is fifteen miles ! There remain the walls of near two hundred monasteries ! through the wisdom of time, aided most by Joseph the Second, some of them were abolished.---There are large squares, gates, and bridges out of number, and many buildings in large masses, with gardens, which are large. The town-houses are vast ; and that of Bruges, a modern building, of Greek architecture, with a portico and dome, would be one of the most striking façades in Europe, if the portico was a little larger, and the windows were a little less bad !

Yet, though there are these, and a great many private houses of much magnitude, yet the impression was dispiriting. For it was the impression of decay.

Decay, when the object is inanimate, seems ever gloomy. It may not be so, when there is animation in it---when it may be elevated by moral counteraction !

Thus, I can hardly ever recollect a more cheering call upon human

human praise, than in the contemplation of that remarkable vicissitude, when a person fell at once from the top of life to the bottom---and yet continued, upright, firm, elastic, capable.

He had been one of the first men in the first city of the world. He was a gentleman, and a scholar. His shop had brought him twelve thousand pounds a year, and he had an estate of eight thousand more! He was not only thus enormously rich himself, but what must be no less delightful, and more undangered, he had the power of conferring wealth on others!--For his patronage was more monstrous than that of the minister in the American war!--He was besides not more a favourite of fortune than of taste---His villa was famed for its superior captivations---and the useful splendour of his enjoyments, almost flung all around them into shade!

Of all these he had been at once, bereft. *Pauper et Exul.* With no more than a meagre two hundred pounds a year, and that a life-tenantry of his wife, he was cast upon the coast of France---and doomed to a bare existence at a fishing town in Piccardie---There he had a dreary lodging at a boat-builder's on the beach. He had no companions to lighten pressures by dividing them. For external consolations he had none, but fresh air and a dirty walk upon the quay---and the walk, in consequence of the way, was confined to a few steps between the pier-head and the town!

The people who remember him there, still exclaim about it with equal wonder and praise! For all these saddening visitations, they went as they came!--They seemed to have touched him not---like dew-drops from a lion's mane!--He kept himself unaltered!--his spirits and his powers never failed him!

I saw him for a few moments, when he had ventured to exchange these horrors for others, and was hiding himself,
half

half incognito, in a two-pair of stairs lodging at a hatter's in St. James's-street !

There, I waited below for my friend who had called on him. And there, as they came down the dismal stairs, he trifled with charming vivacity ! he smartly clapped my friend upon the back,—and gayly bid him “ buy a hat of his host “ to mend his credit in the house !”

So much for any apparent decay, at Bruges and at Gand. And such is one use which may be made of it .

The fowls dark cottage batter'd and decay'd
 Lets in new light, thro' chinks which Time has made
 Stronger thro' weakness,—wifer, we become
 As we draw near to our eternal home.

THE GOVERNMENT OF FLANDERS.

It were well for every government, and for the people, on whose account every government is formed, if all were, as the Flemings are said to be, viz. the best citizens in the world, but not the best slaves.—That is, the best commendation, politically, for spirit on one side, and for docility on the other.

The chief revolutions of Flanders are well known, from their union with Lorraine, through the state of vassalage to their counts, and the three centuries following, when, without any consultation of the popular will, whatever, they were made either—the cause or the consequence, doomed, unjustly, to be visited with the infernal abominations of war.—While like a wreck, literally as if with no one living thing on board, they were banded about, from Spain to the Empire, from that to France, till at length, in the year forty-eight, by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, the emperor became, as the lawyers call it, seized of them again.—He becoming their chief magistrate, and they as properly paying him for being so.

These payments, are, in each ordinary case of annual supply, what the prince settles at his good pleasure.

On extraordinary events and demands, it is requisite to have the consent of the states.

The states were, at first, represented by deputies, from the upper orders only—the tiers etat, the people, having only a right to deliberate, but not to act.

This decent system continued till 1754, when happily, as good is ordained to grow out of evil, the states and the government broke, and the people, partly by purchase, reassumed something like their right.

The Barrier treaty, another precious process, was the efficient cause of all this. The states were summoned to sup-

ply their quota of subsidy for the Dutch.—This, the states, properly, refused—alleging that the “ play was not worth
 “ the candle—that the pretence for the war was nothing at
 “ all to them—that they were to get nothing by the ultimate issues of the war—nothing by the incidental influence of it—this, though less salient, is generally the point
 “ most strong, in all such considerations. And that, all
 “ things taken together, they finally refused.”

The occasion was so obvious, that the people could not help profiting by it. And recollecting the maxims of experience by which honest men are said to come by their right—they made this proposition—

“ That if they were admitted to participate in the measures, for which they were doomed to pay—if they were
 “ to recover their original and indefeasible right, not only
 “ to hear and to deliberate, but also to legislate and to
 “ act—

“ That then, they would supply the subsidy that was
 “ begged, as long as the other provinces thought proper
 “ to pay their quota, or should think there might be any
 “ just cause for any payment at all!”

To this his highness most graciously condescended. The people were restored to their constitutional right, the same as the other constituent part of the states—the people at the same time paying the money they had bargained. This happened in the town, before inexpressibly illustrious, by the foundation of the golden fleece.

The imperial ministers, at the same time, treat the past establishments as concessions merely from Charles V.—and infer, that in the constitution of Flanders, if a constitution it can be called, the will of the prince is the law of the land; and this claim of the people, though admitted, was matter of favour only, and not of right.—A plea, this, not very welcome to the ears of an Englishman—but, sensibly less outrageous in a system, where even the inauguration oath is

all on one side, is taken by the people, and not by the prince.

To all these proceedings, before recited, there were remonstrances from the clergy, the nobles, &c.—But the clergy had lost all weight, by their superstitious imbecility, their prostration as to all manly character, and by their mean compliances—and the nobles, yet more weak, ignorant, and abject, had been long regarded as the mere dirty worn-out furniture of the state, in pageants and sports, for the court or for the chace.

The emperor, therefore, accordingly dismissed them, (though in this instance their refusal of the subsidy was right) and rectified the edict in favour of the tiers etat, reserving to himself, as became the monarch, a power to alter and enlarge it, as there might be need, for his service.

Such is the fundamental part of the political association in Flanders.

Another peculiarity, is that public offices are to filled by Flemings—that a foreigner, even from another province in the Netherlands, cannot come into place; unless the state to which such foreigner belongs shall have first enacted, that Flemings may in their state be equally employed.

The nobles still retain some very proper privileges. They may plant on their lands by the road-side—they may present to church livings, where they have them, on their estates—and if they are touched with the wonted sense of hereditary dignity, they are authorized to aspire to, and to obtain, a high pew in their parish church.—But the more obnoxious impositions of feudal times are made to cease. There are no game laws, the chace is open to all, and the farmer is no longer liable to lose life or liberty, if he should eat a hare when he might happen to be hungry, or knock down another beast that otherwise might down with him!—And the other abominations of the privileged orders, their exemptions, assumptions, and fines, will, we hope, be seen no more,

but as we look back upon the hideous objects of the dark ages—to mark the fine advances of civilizing liberty, to glorify the energies of her sense and spirit over the monsters she has subdued, and the horrors she has passed!

The divisions of property are unfortunate—not simply the inclosures, though hedges, by the bye, are wanting—but in what regards property in the land.—Of all the landed property in Flanders, two-thirds of the whole are the estates of the church!—The full impolicy of all this was known and felt, so long ago as our Henry the Seventh.—And from that time to this, the checks have been wisely multiplying, against the ills of mortmain, and unbroken entails.

Joseph II. with as much acuteness and more bounty, wished to do the same. But his life, alas! failed. And so there are still wanting, as in the better state of kings in England, those unmixed advantages to society, from a quick flux of wealth, from encouragements to actions, from invitations to enjoyment.

The ecclesiastical corporations, therefore, superserviceably rife, are still suffered in Flanders—they over-run it, in the worst way, with rapacity and sloth. And that extravagant and erring ascendancy in society, which even England endured before the reformation, yet usurps there uncontroubled! With political disparagement, no where more dispiriting, but under the Pope, in Portugal, and in Spain!

In ecclesiastical endowments, there subsisted till of late an interchange of patronage—reciprocally, admitting Frenchmen in Flanders, and Flemings in France. But this, by the late revolution, has ceased.—It was a regulation not extending to useful incumbency, nor to those preferments which gave a title, like our freehold, and a tenancy for life.—It affected only, idle preferments without cure, removeable at will.—Even in Flanders, residence is punctual—and pluralities not allowed!

The magistrates in the towns of Flanders are a sort of
resident

resident governors, as the marquis de Merode at Gand, a high bailiff, with a court or council of thirteen, over whom he presides—and three pensionaries, who have about five and twenty secretaries and procureurs.—These, as usual in almost every government, manage with *little cost* to the public, all the most important objects of neighbourhood and order, the police of streets and roads, buildings, markets, prisons, the arts, the hospitals, external worship, and the poor.

Portions of these form the tribunals, civil, and military.—These have cognizance and controul over all causes, in first instances, and justificatory processes. Gand is also the appellant jurisdiction of Tournay; though the last appeal is to Malines.—In the more important cases of appeal, to the ordinary judges are added some of the council of Brabant and Hainault, and some professors, the first in the law-line, at Louvaine.

The admiralty court, for all that the Austrians have of sea-coast, consists of the two pensionaries of Ostend, and one of Nicuport.

The rights and forms of the old courts of Flanders are still most prudently preserved:—thus, if a farmer wishes to build a bridge, or a citizen a house, nay, for a bow-window, or a balcony, there must be an application and a fine. These are subject to a court—and the court are appointed by the prince. Our justices in Eyre, is an ingenious contrivance we have not all to ourselves. In Flanders they have judges of wood, &c. and to mend the matter, in Hainault they are hereditary—the Duc d'Ursel is the grand veneur.

Their town taxes on the necessaries of life, les droits d'Entrecè, the consequence of one order of woes are the cause of another!—They sprung under Philip's wars, and they grew to be subjects for separate courts and judges—paid by the people, appointed by the prince.

The ecclesiastical courts were well checked by Joseph II. But they remain to be abolished.—The judge, called the official,

ficial, is aided by assessors.---The appeal, whether in what used to be to the pope or to the metropolitan, is now better ordered to judges delegated by the country.

There are many subdivisions of tribunal, of course, I suppose, not for the sake of patronage in appointments, but for their more effectual executions. The laws are not, as elsewhere, a remedy worse than the evil; but they are cheap and undelayed. And yet there are no small numbers fed by them at Gand, viz. 230 advocates, and half as many notaries and attornies.---The fees of all are but two or three shillings---and their pleadings are in Flemish, and in writing.

The FINE ARTS had nearly been forgotten; and it is their own fault they have so little worth remembering.

There are Libraries at the Dominicans, the Carmelites, and at St. Peter's.

As for Architecture, there are no novelties but new stores, and bakehouses building for the German troops!--and churches, &c. not of the reformed religion, applying to the same wholesome purposes.---They all are vastly admired by the foreigners---and, indeed by all who have an understanding in these curious things!

The military hospitals of the Germans also might do the heart good! for they were admirably fitted to touch it with the right sense, as to the *glorious* consequences of war!--If the beds had not been wooden---if so many sad objects had not been huddled altogether in each room---if there had been cleanliness and fresh air, there had been nothing to have said of the hospitals themselves, and only a vain lamentation from humanity, that there should have been this cause for any such hospitals at all!

In the maladies and misfortunes of man, not derived from the violence of his fellow creatures, there are other hospitals
in

in Flanders;—but these we saw had but few patients in them. And these, in large, but ill-regulated rooms, were solicitously attended by the medical people and the nuns:—but otherwise, ill and ignorantly provided, even in the Bruxelles hospital. The air is almost mephitic. The beds are wooden boxes. The curtains woollen. The prisons also are not ill-conditioned. The debtors have a small support from their creditors and the state—and if sick, are well supported (at an expence of 14d. a day) by the state. The labour of convicts is spinning, carding, weaving, net making, &c. And what they earn, is from three-pence English to eight-pence a day. And if they labour extra hours, the profits are their own. If they labour less than ordered, they are punished with rasping logwood.

Of Painting, the prime object is the Reubens on the cathedral of Gand—it is the resignation of the Crown by Charles V. one of the few princes who deserved what he resigned—and in another part of the picture—another good act, St. Bavo giving alms—Reubens, and his two wives, looking on!—and every body, else may look on. Even, after the three chef d'œuvres of Reubens, in the great church at Antwerp, at the Luxembourg, and at Whitehall!—For, the head and grouping in each subject are treated most masterly. With his combination of opposite excellencies, bold drawing and splendid colouring—the fullness of nature, and the artifices of his clear obscure.

What is called Reubens, in the church of the Recollets, I should hope and imagine, not to be his.

In two or three other chapels, in the cathedral, covered also with curtains, which a few minutes, and a few souls will undraw, are a Sebastian by Crayer (who by the bye, died at Gand)—and by Van Hont Horst a Madonna, and two children weeping over the crucifixion—the whole of these are much praised—but it were safer to praise nothing but the children.—One of them, shows Van Hont Horst

to have had fine ideas of nature in her happiest forms, for the countenance is of the same captivating character as the Dutchess of D!

At one of the chief financiers, there is, as may be expected, a collection of valuable pieces.---Among them, at the bottom of the office, are the loaves and fishes, by Vervoot.

“ *Comme chez vous,*” said a shrewd Fleming to an Englishman who was in the room—“ *comme chez vous,*” “ *monfieur Anglois;*” to which the English gentleman answered, “ yes Sir, you are right—the great original idea, “ indeed the finished sketch of that performance, the “ loaves and fishes, has been in England a long while! certainly, before the American war.”---The Flemish gentleman, with great gravity replied---he solemnly believed it!---And then descanted on the execution of the great work in England---the handling, the clear obscure, and the knowledge of effects! Who does not know them all?

*Quis genus Æneadum, quis trojæ nesciat urbem
Virtutesque, virosque, aut tanti incendu belli!*

THROUGH ALOST TO BRUXELLES

From Ghent, is an affair of four or five hours, through thirty miles of gay road, well planted throughout by every land-holder on the road-side, and well paved by the people in 1705.

The agriculture, of so much general reputation, is the same as that before detailed so fully. Good where it is arable, bad where it is grass---the cattle still but few---the hedges few, and of no effect, but as so many little lines of relief to the eye.---With so many plantations, in lines, clumps, and groves, that it is, literally, not possible, to see wood for trees.

My Flemish friend, who was in political character what we once in England knew as a whig, said of these trees, " That they were like a bad majority upon worse opinions !" (he had heard of, I suppose, in Brabant) " collectively a " covering for every thing ; but separately taken, flimsy, and " not worth half-a-crown!"

The views are not so fancifully flung about, as near Armentieres and Bailleul, in the way to Lille, where the road turns at every score of roods, and each turn is bounded by a church. But still the scenery is pretty ;---tame, indeed, but not flat. The surfaces are for ever, gently, waving. Small dells also are frequent ; and those with little uplands, are covered with woods.

The cottages and villages, extremely numerous, furnish the best charm in the scene,---for they impress ideas that are cheering, from neighbourhood and order ; from independence, sufficiency, and ease.

The cottages are, usually, well placed, with good gardens round them, generally at good distances---with gable ends to the road, or better still, often turning their back on it.

Who quits the world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learn to fly.

This, high if morally taken, and not low as a preference of taste, is a mode of building common through Germany. And a German lady married into the highest rank in England, but more ennobled by personal merit, (she is not living at present) used whimsically to praise Old Brentford for this, and to say, " that it always reminded her of Hanover."

The peasantry, added to their gardens, commonly have a few acres of land, which, with a cow or two, some swine and poultry, with occasional day-labour, when it is every most dear, and selling what in their produce of their little grounds may be superfluous or rare, enable them to struggle through, and make a hard and humble station, as happy as it can be in this life.---Unless it be, with a reserve, in favour of the local preferences of America, where, besides the blessings of peace and few taxes, every peasant is a land-owner, and of course is doubly a citizen, in privileges and powers, from real possession, as well as from political rights.

As to tenantry, the state of the country is what England was formerly, when our farms were less, and the farmers consequently so many more.---The largest farm, that occurred here, was on the Tournay road, between Halle and Bruxelles---where the quantity was 200 boniers (or double arpents---312 of English acres) for which he paid 20 florins each.---His establishment was, 20 servants, 50 horses, 10 waggons (of course, otherwise employed than merely in the farm) 60 cows, 30 hogs, and 400 sheep.---The ground belonged to a convent. His markets were Halle and Bruxelles. ---Price of labour, 10 sols of Brabant to 18 and 20;---five sols of Brabant are equal to eight of France.

Going from Gand to Bruxelles, the only town upon the road is Alost.---It has the advantage of the river Dendre---and, like almost every morsel of land in Flanders, it bears the memorials of war---memorials not easy to be forgotten; for, after the battle of Ramilies, the works were destroyed, and the town abandoned!

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It has been the fashion to attempt talking up the French Court, with artificial emotions, not only of sufferance, but respect! as if the human powers when not dragged and debilitated to the door of death, could ever sink into oblivion, over their multiplied enormities! their unexampled combination of opposite ills, from levity and obduracy, from guilt in plundering the public purse, and wasting what they had plundered—in the everlasting guilt and folly of war, in battles without cause, in victories without effect!

Alost, the town now talked of, is one out of twelve towns over-run in one summer, and laid low by the armies of French despotism! When not only the king, Louis XIV. was there, but the queen, with the gentlemen and ladies of the court, fondly followed to the war-feast! not like bloodhounds, from hunger, but unlike every thing but themselves, for sport!—Absolutely in pageant shows and revelry, amidst the infernal horrors they had committed in sieges and in battle, with rapine, ravage, conflagration, and blood! The utmost exaggerations of all-complicated woes! Miseries, of which, otherwise, there could have been no cause on earth,—as, certainly, as on earth there can be no penal consequence, but remorse, at all adequated either.—The existence of this savage pursuit, as the refined amusement of the court, is a melancholy fact, I fear, not to be disputed. “*La Campagne Rassembloit, plutot, a une partie de plaisir, qu’une operation de guerre.*”—These are the words of a cotemporary authentic writer!

For all these deep-wrought lessons, of edifying woe, and useful inferences on the necessity and temper of the court, the country of Alost was, like Bruges, Gand, and Brabant, honored with a place in the Barriere treaty, and obliged to supply their quota of subsidy to the amount of 500,000 crowns!

On obligations, like these, the Flemings fail not to express emotions, with no small profit, exemplary to the less manly citizens of other countries.

In this shock of infernal war, not every thing was lost. A sketch or two of Reubens survived the wreck. And a sketch usually has, from obvious causes, more merit than works elaborately finished.

In the church of St. Martin, which holds these sketches, there are objects, which probably will not have so many admirers as the lower animals by Reubens. There are a dozen of canons, a provost, and a dean. The dean, however, is in some sort respectable; for he is at the same time the curé of place, the officiating parish priest. A name and office eminently high! and in every part of Europe I have passed, regarded with rational fondness, with well-earned esteem.

Besides the establishment of a chapter, a very dubious race, perhaps every where, there are no less than eight monasteries—as usual, blasphemously thwarting the benevolent destinies of man! Where, the guardian angels of our lot, labour and rest, useful business and innocent pleasure are superseded by the foes of our common nature, the abominable brood of folly and despair—by vain hope, and false fear, continual indolence, and continual mortification!

There is, however, some contiguous compensation for the mind, in the tomb of Martin, whose life, in happy opposition to what was last mentioned, was actively good, and useful!—He had enlarged the range of his intelligence by travelling, and on his return from Germany, he brought the art of printing with him.—Flanders, therefore, owed him much; but if it had been more, it would have been paid. For he was so happy, as to have the friendship of Erasmus, and his praise!

Thus, even in that country, dark in bigotry as it may be, there is incidental use, from the exterior of religion. And
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the traveller, well disposed enough to go to church, may hope to come back rather better than he went.

“ The chief magistrate is a burgomaster, with a greffier and eight echevins.—Enough in all conscience to take care of themselves. This they do here, as elsewhere, with never-ceasing zeal ! And having done that, we would recommend to them, the care of the sick poor, and their petty gaol, as bad as it can be, from cruelty and neglect !—From foul air, dirt, darkness, dungeons, and chains !

The people, however, not in the hospitals nor gaols, now contrive to do pretty well. Like the fellows who made fetters under Nero and Tiberius, they fatten upon mischief. They flourish by the war, which, with becoming gratitude and good-humour, they say, is just and necessary, and glorious to them. For their chief trade is selling corn. Which thrives proportionably to the number of good people, so very sensibly, going there to eat it !—Hence, the town, already, is enlarging, with spacious rows of new building, flanking like Sloane-street—and there would have been also, an hospital for the foreign soldiers who are sick and hurt, but that the wisdom of the towns-people stopped it—for they said, very properly, “ That it was sufficient imposition to hear of “ such misery, and to pay for it too—but as for any thing “ more---they must beg to be excused !—to see it, with “ patience, was impossible !”

B R U X E L L E S.

It is with men as with the herbs and plants they tread upon ; they affect all the different aspects and soils that can exist between the Alpine, the rocky, and the bog.—Louis, the man who first exacerbated the pestilent art of arms by magazines, admired, as a beast would do better, the flats of Flanders for their fecundity in forage!—And Crequi, is said, for a different reason, to have cursed the country, because the people in it were too wise and happy to be recruits—and thus, in other words, to be shot at for something less than for a farthing an hour!

A traveller need not stir from home to be insulted with nonsense and barbarity like that.

As we approached Bruxelles we aimed at emotions and objects rather better than these.

The sun shone—in all the glow and glory of July ! yet a sprightly, genial, wind from the north-west, acted as a cover from the heat. The hedge-rows and vistas, out of number, gave a quivering shade. The vallies stood thick with corn. And, if they who were at work in them, did not laugh and sing, the misfortune was their own—and the fault was not Nature's !

And to their Lord owe more than to the soil.

At Bruxelles, a town so old as to be named in a patent of Otho, 976, according to an historian very venerable, and not always childish, all things are at fixes and sevens.—“ The number of houses are twice seven thousand six hundred—“ and seven times as many the people who dwell therein.” —Of these, seven are pious houses—and, at least, more than as many not so.—There are seven tribunals, of course seven reasons for not going to law, with seven places, and seven gates, where you may hang yourself—if you do go to law !—The river Senne, rises seven leagues up between Trivelle and Rœux,

Rœux, and you may follow it into the Dyle, &c. seven leagues down, if you will. Seven crowns were once seen, and felt, at Bruxelles—and what is not always the case seven heads were said to be under them!

But Bruxelles has something better than all this—viz. a square. The park, which is, in respect to the cultivated ground, and the woods and walks in the centre, the best thing of the kind in Europe! as the Palais Royal at Paris, and St-Mark's Place at Venice, are the two squares best built; and a rampart, where you may walk and ride amidst gentle scenery, with views over two hundred and twenty villages and woods (La Foret de Soigne), flowing up to the very walls of Bruxelles! The dryads here, the penates of Bruxelles, give them most of the wood they want to burn. They measure 16,526 arpents (an arpent is nearly 2 English acres),—and of these, a hundred acres are cut once in a hundred years—and so it is hoped, and believed, they may cut on for ever.

Let their plantations stretch from down to down—
Now shade a country, and then build a town.

The rampart itself, is in itself, cheering, not only that it is tolerably planted, and that it may raise a good natured wish, that it may be better kept—but, because, it presents another order of objects day by day, approaching nearer, than before, to the cause of what is true, humane, and useful.

Nunc campus, ubi troja fuit.

The fortifications are abandoned, and abolished—and all the grounds before wasted on such mischievous toys, as the angles and inequalities of gunnery, now are subject to the plough-share, and the pruning hook!—We saw fine crops of corn already waving over one part, and I trust, we shall have credit for the desire, that they may be seen without delay, in as useful triumph over all.

“ Rich harvests bury all their care had plann'd,
“ And laughing Ceres reassum'd the land.”

Swift,

Swift, with proper scorn, passing by the laurel of the warrior, celebrates with due praise, the man who can make two blades of grafs, or two spikes of wheat, grow, where there was but one before; what would he have said to Joseph the Second, who, in spite of the prejudices, and evil accompaniments of his rank, was thus friendly and active in the cause of man, releasing the towns from the miserable tyranny of gates and outworks—and superseding the dirt and debauchery of a garrison, with the farmers glory, with a nations bliss!

In good, as well as evil, one act with sure propensity seems ever leading to another. With the food and accommodations for men; this encrease of men were encreasing likewise. Before the war, which checked and blasted every human good, there were several plans for new buildings, and the fauxbourgs were going to be included in the privileges of the town.—The circuit of the town is about a league and a half.

The population of the town, an object no where ascertained with the wished-for precision, is less conjectural here, than in some other places.—According to the best documents which could be collated, the people average nearly, if not quite, to seven in an house, including in the calculation, the inhabitants of religious houses.—A population that is very great, considering the number of persons thus unhappily wasted on monastic vows, and the enormous collective ills, with which the town has been fore visited! For, besides a pestilential epidemic, sweeping off half the people in the preceding century, within these last hundred years, it has been eight times the seat of war! And as such, rent and wasted with all its flagitious horrors! Besieged; seized; evacuated; pillaged; bombarded; and burnt!

Amidst such ravages of mischiefs, for the most part unprovoked, and unprofitable, in the extreme; there have happened, now and then, eventual consolations. The Ro-

mans

mans left their roads behind them. America has thus had some European arts.—Poor Bruxelles has nothing to brag of, but a simple sluice, which prevents the river Senne from overflowing the lower town. And that the people owe to the French in the year 1747.

Of the population, when thus taken, as accurately as circumstances allowed, about twelve or fifteen years ago, the amount was no more than 71,427—and the distributions as follow—but the returns were less than the truth—there was an alarm of new impositions, and new levies—many persons for a time absented from the town—and from the registers, many more.—From 80 to 100,000, is a computation nearer the truth.

1	Of chief merchants, bankers, nobles, &c.	
	above - - - - -	7,055
2	Of church-men, regulars, and seculars, with those of both sexes in convents, above	1,587
N. B. This is equal to one entire sixth of all the parish priests in England—and nearly half the establishment in Ireland.		
3	Infants, above - - - - -	14,099
4	Shop-keepers, above - - - - -	9,883
5	Work-people of both sexes, above -	20,908
6	Servants, ditto - - - - -	8,443
7	Beggars ! Ditto, above - - - - -	1,974
8	Military, and travellers - - - - -	2,474

N. B. The beggars are what are commonly called so. The placements come under the first article—see under number one.

The military and the travellers, are particularly variable as to number. At the end of the year 1791, when I was first at Bruxelles, there were 3,000 French fugitives, and more than as many troops, the regiment of Bender, part of the Augsbourg regiment, and a corps of cavalry.—The imperial forces, in the Austrian Netherlands, were then, according to the office returns, 42,000 men ! Forty two thousand men, at three Flemish sous a day ! !

There is the more astonishment and regret in this, because, as day-labourers, in Brabant, they might have earned, with good to the community, from one to two schellings a day! And for labour, at all ingenious, the pay is double.

The opportunities, however, of ingenious labor, seem alas! less and less. Formerly, there was a tapestry manufacture, scarcely less thought of, by those who could think of it at all, than the Gobelin and Sabloniere at Paris—in fine thread lace, before Mechlin and Valenciennes, Bruxelles was the best—and, at the great fire, when 1,400 houses were burnt, no less than 400 of them were prime manufacturers of cloth.—At present, with a little lace, and less tapestry, they make a few woven cottons, and some cloths and stuffs—of which the camblets are the best.

The town is tolerably well built, as to the walls of the houses; but their windows, and doors, are after the fashion of the French. The lower windows are also deformed with iron bars; offensive, even beyond the eye—as implying something wrong in the place, either from real danger, or from false fear.

However, there may be hence a resource in those emergencies, to which all states in their turn are liable---and when the best of metals, iron, may be wanting, they may find it here. As one of our great brewers said to a wretched nobleman, who had threatened to usurp a venal feat, nay, though it cost him ten thousand pounds, by mere weight of metal—"Tell the gentleman, like Zenophon, to be distinguished, by the retreat of the ten thousand, that if his poor power can go no further than to £10,000—all the old iron shall be sold off my condemned casks—and I will thus beat him, at his own weapons."

The buildings at Bruxelles, compare in one point, advantageously with Paris. For, the houses having fewer

fewer floors; but three or four, generally have but one family under one roof.—There is none of that huddled abomination, *Tigribus Agni*, the human head under the serpents tail, so flocking over some of the most substantial shops in Paris—and which used to make the streets there, a jakes for morals, no less than for health.

In another way, the buildings at Bruxelles cannot justly be denied praise. For, as one of the wittiest men in Europe said of the things called modern comedy, “ they “ are moral at least, if not entertaining”—so of the chief houses here: they raise but little envy without, and usually, the spectator may be quite cured, if he will but enter within. The houses of Aremberg, Tour and Taxes, de Ligne, d’Egmont, d’Ursel, de Hornes, with the governor generals, and the Imperial Plenipotentiaries, are the few, to be considered rather highly.—We had occasion also to visit a Princess, on a commission from Lady I.—and we found her so lodged, that in all qualities of situation, space, convenience, and taste, a man that knows how to go to market, would be better off, even in London, at a rent of 60 or £70 a year.

But *non quo sed quomodo*—in houses, as in those who fill them, it is not how much, but how well; and therefore, it was a well judged compliment to our resident, then intellectually fit to represent Englishmen, when the Duke and Dukes of York left the hotel de Galles, and desired Colonel Gardener to invite the Court, the Arch-Duke and Dukes, Prince Charles, M. de Lambesque, C. de Metternich, &c. &c. with all the English fit to be seen—and they all met at Mr. Gardener’s lodgings, in the pretty little mezzonines, scarcely 16 feet square, at the Belle-vue.

The places for a traveller to see, if he has time, are the Arch Duke’s chateau de Schoemberg (in the village of Lack), and the villa of M. Walkiers, the banker.—They

are not half an hours drive from Bruxelles, and close to one another; besides, the way, is through the *Allee Verte*, those beautiful vistas, of elms and limes, where the canal goes to join the *Scheldt*! Vistas, which the French so handsomely respected in the year 1746—but which, they would hardly have respected now.—For, they were filled, with hay-stacks and other forage for the army, in the most sad wonder of profusion, from tree to tree, through a space perhaps of near half a league.

The Arch-Duke's chateau is a modern building, Ionic without, Corinthian within, with two fronts of 260 feet, the depth 150—with a central portico, at the entrance, and a bow in the centre behind.

The effect of the building at a distance is gay, and imposing enough; when close to it, the effect is maimed by bad figures at the top of the building; and the pediment of the portico being filled by a clock, which seems fit only where the character of a building is appropriate, as at Inigo's church in Covent Garden, to simplicity and use.—The gate of approach, loaded with bad ornaments, cupids and what not, is at once lofty and trifling, elaborate and dull.

In the internal distribution, the best rooms are forty feet square—a dining room 52 by 40—a chapel 27 by 22—and the state room a circle, 54 feet diameter—the dome is the ceiling of this room; and nearly midway, between the bottom and the top, there is a small gallery on 12 Corinthian pillars.—The floors in the other rooms are inlaid mixture, angular shapes of oak, mahogany, and petrified cedar. In the circular room, the floor is shewy, formed of various marbles.—There are five windows, which should have had five looking-glasses opposite—there are but two, with three glass doors, but not looking-glasses.

The looking glasses are the manufacture of Venice. And these, eight feet by six, are among the largest ever blown there

there. For that is the Venetian process; not by the mould, as in France and England.

There are few objects of art. The only pictures are four large ones by De Lance of Antwerp. They are mythological subjects; of course the worst in the world.—The statues in the garden are by Godicharles. Le Roi of Namur supplied the five feet whole length of the Virgin in the Chapel. It is not bad statuary: for it has, which is very rare, thought and emotion. In every effort of imitative art, this is the first attribute; and, of such sure avail, as to atone for imperfections in any other.

The architect was Montoyer. He built also the Vauxhall in the park at Bruxelles.—The house was began in 1782—it was finished in 1783.—A small temple, and the pagoda, the only buildings in the garden, are also by him.

The pagoda has eleven floors. And there, as at Kew, it may be considered as a well-placed trifle. As giving artificial elevation to a flat; like letting a dwarf see by raising him on tip-toe. Yet there is comfort in them, and much amenity. And what can trees and villages do more?

Whose trees in summer yield him shade;
In winter, fire.

The grounds the Arch-Duke keeps in his hands are between 2 and 300 acres.—There is an artificial water, fifty toises across, and a quarter of a league long—the lawn sloping down to it from the house, with the uplands on the other side, and the fine woody hill, form the prettiest scene.

The ornamental ground may be some of the best out of England. The turf and the plantations are not bad. They *only* want some gravel, hedges, scythes, gardeners, and sheep. The kitchen garden does not vie with Welbeck and Clumber. There is but little glass. But there is a round-
about

about as in the apparatus for second childhood at Chantilli; and orange-trees in tubs, but not as many, nor as old, nor as high as at Versailles!—For there used to be at Versailles a plat of three or four acres, covered with 1400 orange-trees in alleys, the oldest the Royal Louis and the Bourbon, were thirty feet high—they were planted by Francis the First.—The French said, upon the trunk of the Louis was, as they say now of their republic, undivided and one—the Bourbon had four stems.—Both were great curiosities—and greater still, the flowers used to be gathered every morning, and sent to the Thuilleries for the late wretched Louis to drink as his beverage at breakfast.

Experimental husbandry there is none. That, with each other useful rural grace, is to be found only among the philosophical beauties of Britain! Wentworth, Richmond, Oatlands, and, yet more, the duke of Newcastle's Nottinghamshire grounds, &c. &c. &c. all are thus honorably adorned, with the complex charm of curiosity and good-sense; of private pleasure working towards the public good.

Varium cæli prædicere morem,
Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque. Habitūque locorum,
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.

The adjoining villa of M. Walkiers, the banker, is another more pretty building by Montoyer, amidst the same little fertile scenery. The architecture is Ionic. With a loggio throughout the middle floor of one front, like an Italian villa—the ground plan of the house is about 150 feet by 50.—There is a small grass-plot before and behind, with side walks, through very small trees, in half a dozen strait alleys:—not one of the trees are worth five shillings. There is no gravel for the feet, no water for the eye—and the inclosure is a flimsy two-feet hedge, which a child may either pass through, or step over.—And yet, this is the thing that has been compared to the Derbyshire Ham—a place of
grand

grand effects, at least as far as English scenery is to be called grand—a place where mountains and uniting streams enforce attention, with the surprises of what is unexpected, and with the force of what is vast.

Such is the power of an active fancy influenced by good feelings more active—easily susceptible of sensations that are pleasurable; and with a temper yet more desirable, willing to please others.—Such is the liability to error the most voracious mind may feel; as the recollection becomes feeble in proportion as it is far. Thus descriptions may fail; and if they were ever requisite, thus refutation of them must become requisite also.

These are the houses most remarkable in the country.—As in the town, the late building for the assembly of the states, &c. in the Park, is the most shewy. The building, like its purpose, is imposing and heavy. It cost the city 600,000 florins. The architect was Guimard, who shewed much more skill in his other work, the Place Royale, and the façade of the Condenberg church, which well imitate the Place Royale at Nanci, in Lorraine—decidedly, one of the handsomest squares or places in the world. The Park has too the handsomest coffee-room in Europe—better even and more gay than the rooms at Liverpool, at Glasgow, or the Dublin Exchange—though that, on the outside at least, is a fragment of Palladio. And it may give another fanciful value to the place, as that here Charles V. built, and retired after his abdication, 1556.—Most of the large houses were built by abbayes of Brabant.

The theatre has nothing to recount which can improve our own, except that there are five rows in the hearing orchestra.—The shape is long and narrow, instead of being short and wide—in other words, the shape is so far as bad as it can be. It is five story high.

The annual receipts amount to 200,000 livres. The disbursement are about 180,000. The remainder 20,000
livres

livres is thought a sufficient profit for the manager. The nightly charges, exclusive of salaries to performers, are six pounds sterling---the admission three and four schellings.---The orchestra is numerous---thirty-eight performers; and there is a director keeping time with a paper roll. The performances are both plays and operas, and the last when we were there were not the worst.---At the carnival, the balls, &c. are here.

The theatre, as an estate, is among the most productive in Bruxelles. The building cost but 160,000 florins.---Having under the same roof, a coffee-house also, and a cabaret. The two last lett for 14,000 livres a year. The playhouse for 6000.

The foundations of the theatre are the walls of the old town---and they are, from the natural action of time upon good cements, and the tendency to induration seen in all calcareous sandy earths, excessively cohesive and hard.---The date of the elevation is 1700. Bombarde, an Italian, was the architect.---A plan for a new theatre has been proposed by Perrier; but this, like every thing which is good, has been ruined by the war.

The arts at Bruxelles have very few memorials left. The best pictures, as the Reubens from the Annonciates, and from the Jesuits, &c. &c. were bought by the Fifteenth Louis, are now in the collection of the French Republic ---The best picture which remains, is the Vandyke in St. Gudule---a head of Mary Queen of Scots, the hands touching each other as in an act of adoration.---The best morsel of statuary, is a head, undoubtedly fine, whether antique or not antique, in the collection of the Duc D'Arenberg.---Upon this head, much has been said! and as it is impossible to say more, it has been reported, though erroneously, the Laocoon itself!---That long-lost head, which, perhaps with his best success in this department, Michael Angelo so magnificently laboured to replace!

The

The collections, &c. which people frequent, are at duc d'Arenberg's, M. Danoots, and M. Walkiers,—the bankers ---but the best part of their collections are, the modern gold coins of their shop, evidently worth more than even the coins at Blenheim.

If public statues be a proof of merit or of taste, there has been at Bruxelles but little of either. There are no sepulchral devices, to excite and reward any such efforts as those of Roubiliac or Banks---the statue of prince Charles, unworthy the enthusiasm which raised it, Jan. 1775. Werfchufft, a workman at Manheim, has to answer for it. And as for the figure of the prince in the Place Royale, that is no better---who put it up, we know not; but the French, with their republicanism and eight draught horses, pulled it down.---The important restoration of it was on a day no less important than the Feast of St. Charles (Baromeo) when four days were given to the celebration, and a hundred days indulgence, in a public advertisement, offered by the prelate, to those who would work at it for nothing.

Thus the statute was raised again, upon a time-serving pedestal of wood, and the inscription, as of the same material also, was in blundering Latin---“ *Optimo principi, patriæ delicio.*”

Another scholar and courtier of Brabant proposed, in our hearing, that it should be *delicto*.

But lord Aylesbury's fountain and inscription are the most gratifying of the public works at Bruxelles---for they raise emotion; and the emotion is fair.---It is inspiring to see a man tenacious of what he thinks the truth, when truth and interest chance to be asunder! It is cheering to see him, “*mente solida*,” unembarrassed and firm, redressing himself of accident and human violence, turning strangers into friends, and making a foreign country look to him like his own! It is venerable to look over the solemn lapse of forty long years, and see a man, in protracted vigor, happy; and

thus to the last, with studied bounty, usefully kind to those who made him so.

The inscription is as follows :

THOMAS BRUCE
COMES AYLESBURIENSIS MAG. BRITANNIÆ PAR :—
HOSPITIO, APUD BRUXELLES 40 ANNOS
USUS, JUCUNDO ATQUE SALUBRI
DE SUO, PONI, TESTAMENTO JUSSIT
ANNO 1740.

ANNO 1750
PACE, UBIQUE TERRARUM FIRMATA
THOMAS BRUCE, THOMÆ HERES
ERIGI CURAVIT.—
FRANCISCO LOTHARINGÆ ROMÆ IMPERIUM
ET MARIE THERESA CAROL. R. F.
REGNA PATERNA, FORTITER VINDICATE,
FELICITER ET GLORIOSE TENINTIBUS
CAROLO LOTH. BELG. PRÆS.

The heraldry of lord Aylesbury, with the motto “ Fui-
mus,” is also there.—The ornaments, not worth mention-
ing, were designed by comte Calembert, and executed by
Berge of Bruxelles.

Lord Aylesbury’s house was fronting the fountain, near
the church.

Thus the second James, though good for nothing in him-
self, unless the invention of sea-signals be good, was the cause
of good to others.—Thus Louis XIV. advanced beyond the
ostentation of his nature, became elegantly bountiful---and
thus, this fountain was made.

THE GOVERNMENT

Of Brabant is mixed, and not altogether according to the Asiatic idiom, where the word mixed implies a concurrence and consummation of evil.

The monarchical portion predominates. It is vested in the governor general : who, by the Walloons treaty, (1574) ought to be of blood royal. His authority is supreme. In the form of sovereignty, and to the same extent---in the administration of old laws---in the origination of new laws---in a power, executive as well as legislative, equally uncontroubled. The governor general can also naturalize strangers, legitimate illegitimacy. And after all, he can undo what he may have done ; for he is absolute over life and death. He prescribes the taxes ; (*sur l'entree et sortie*) the quantum of each imposition ; and dooms where it may fall ! He nominates all chief magistrates ; and can cancel or continue the subordinate officers, who seem to be nominated by others.--He convenes the states : and, as he pleases, may preside in them.--He appoints, with some reserve, to each ecclesiastical benefice---to all establishments, civil and military!--he can create officers, in addition to the immense number already, with such productive influence, created---and to crown all, he is chief of the golden fleece.

The power of the office reaches even beyond the grave ! for it is absolute over opinion itself ! at least as far as goes to the public profession of it in the everlasting interests of religion !

For all these great efforts and fatigues, as necessary as expedient, as just as they are wise, the remunerations are such as might be expected. He has a court. And two companies of guards, paid by the people. He has palaces and grounds in and out of town---he has the edifying satisfaction of having half a dozen ambassadors about him---with a million of florins annually levied in the low countries---60,000 more left by Maria Teresa---and 200,000 besides, furnished from Vienna !

The office, like certain popular prescriptions here, is created by patent---under the sign manual of the emperor.

The reserves and modifications of unlimited power are as follow :—The emperor reserves to himself the donation of bishoprics and abbayes---the creations of nobility---and of the dispensing power over lands in mortemain, to alienate or to exchange them. The modifications are not to change, whatever there may be of the lion's skin and the lions share, but to cut it up, and to divide it---not to qualify, but to appropriate the absolute nature of the Supreme Power---therefore not for the people, but for the prince.---Thus, the minister plenipotentiary from the court of Vienna to the court of Bruxelles is supposed to have, whenever exigencies urge, powers equivalent to the governor general---over property, life, and political opinion!---to convene assemblies; to give places; to remit punishments!---He has not, indeed, such authority by patent; but he does it all on the foot of instruction, as it is called---and a grave and significant Brabanter added to us, “ that there could be no doubt of the “ minister's power too over the golden fleece.”

The minister plenipotentiary is an appointment of modern date. Charles VI. began it in the year 1716. The Marechal Koneysegg was the first who filled the office. The present minister, M. de Meternich, is a gentleman of capacity and fame. That he is accessible, knowing, and polite, I can say from my own, short, experience.

The more material forms and constitutions respecting the governor general and the government, are these :

Though the legislative power is considered as being solely in the representation of the sovereign; yet, the states are consulted, where the objects of a new law are local---and where their import is extraneous, they are referred to the superior tribunal, the council of Brabant.

For the council of Brabant, though in some sort reduced to a mere court of law, and by arbitrary alterations, as the introduction of foreigners, &c. may be very
sup-

supposedly impaired in its purity and power, still, according to the Joyeuse Entrée, retains the prerogative, that no law can be executed, without the participation of the council, testified under the signature of their secretary, and by the seal of Brabant!--A right, this, often very properly thwarting the plans of bad ministers, who would misapply the imperial jurisdiction over Brabant and Limbourg, with their dependant lordships of Dalim, Kolduč, Fauquemont, and Outre Meuse.

There is the routine of a law passing which does not issue at once from the prince.---The first proposition and plan, the bill as we should call it---is submitted to the privy council---when they have deliberated, it is communicated by the minister, to the governor general. It is sometimes sent to the emperor. The governor general passes the bill into a law at the council. The law is promulgated in his name, and bearing the great seal, which is affixed by the president.

Such are the characters essential to a law.

The states of Brabant are formed of the clergy, the nobles, and the tiers etat, or deputies from towns.

The clergy are the archbishop of Malines, the bishop of Antwerp (in right of two abbeys they hold) and eleven other abbayes.

The nobles are twenty-nine. They must have the rank of baron, at least : with a qualification in manorial lands ; of which the minimum must be according to the following rates :

A Baron - - - - 4000 florins per ann.

A Marquis - - - - 10,000 do. do.

A Duke - - - - 20,000 do. do.

The proofs of such property must be thus properly regulated.

1. If it be alledged to have been ceded by a parent, there must be a proof of the cessions being complete.
2. The vouchers, as to title, descent, donation, &c. must be equally exact.

3. To

3. To prove every six months that the lands, &c. continue with each member, and are not encumbered
4. The proofs and vouchers to be exhibited on oath---and the first deposition to be in six months after taking the feat.
5. The vouchers to be by exhibition of leases---by receipts for rents---by proofs from the neighbourhood that rents are not overcharged---by valuations precisely prescribed, viz.---of lands by the *bonnur*, proving the mensuration upon oath.---Plantations upon commons are valued at a fourth part of the rated value of the soil---in plantations on the roadside, each tree is valued at two shillings a year.

Manorial rights are estimated at an average of ten years.

6. Finally, the rents must be proved to be three-fourths, clear of all impositions and outgoings whatsoever.
7. These, with the leases, title deeds, pedigrees (also attested on oaths) are to be deposited with the proper officer.

N. B. The lands must measure at least twenty-five *bonniers*, with a *haute justice*, or power of criminal justice, a village, and a church.

The further personal qualifications are these :

1. To be 25 years old.
2. Not to be in foreign pay.---Nor to have a foreign order of knighthood---for some minds in the Low Countries are so very weak as to be moved by a bit of ribband, as much as by amassed gold.
3. Not ennobled by the property of a wife ; however that property may have on it a *seignory* in lands and tythes.
4. The pedigree to prove---first, the four quarters---viz. two on the father's side, two on the mother's.---N. B. the first ennobled, as is so often observed in other countries, to go for nothing.

Finally, to exhibit, including himself, seven paternal generations of nobility : that is, a father and five grandfathers.

And

And to register all this, satisfactorily, before the College of Arms!—Which is conducted no less gravely within, and is respected no less solemnly without, than a similar establishment in another country!

In the province of Hainault, there is a sensible improvement upon this, by a specification and proof (as every body sees it is constantly with us) that the source of the nobility was meritorious!—that the line has run on in legitimacy, undoubted, for 100 years! (another point equally our boast) ---And that where, unluckily, nobility has happened to be bought (which being so unknown in England, must be proportionably incredible and shocking) that then, in the first instance, there must be six generations exhibited instead of four!

A title, though of a lower order in nobility, if with more antiquity of creation, takes precedence of a higher title less ancient.

Such are the memorable peculiarities of the nobility.

The third order in the states, the tiers etat, are deputies from Louvain, from Antwerp, and from Bruxelles.---They used to be nominated at discretion; and of course, were then, more numerous than now. They are now only the first bourgmaster and pensionary council of Bruxelles, and the first bourgmaster, first echevin, pensionary of the other towns.---These deputations are renewed every three years.

These deputies do, as the English representatives used to do, on all leading discussions, refer to constituents for their instructions!

As might be expected, the prelates and nobles are not instructed.

The tiers etat are chosen, not by universal suffrage of all the people! but by the magistrates alone!

To constitute a resolution, the states must be unanimous ---and when the clergy and the nobles agree, as unhappily they are too apt to agree, to a subsidy, imposition, &c. the
express

express compact of the constitution demands the concurrence of the tiers état ! The words are, “ a condition que le tiers état suive, et autrement, pas ! ”

The sessions of the states are ordinarily in March and October. But they may meet at any other time—as when the sovereign wants money, &c. &c. So, of late extraordinary meetings have not been wanting.—To the honor of the states, such requisitions for money have oft been made; but were made in vain ! The last memorable instance was in the year 1790 !—and again, in consequence of the four millions and a half requested in November 1793 !

The states have attendant officers, as a council, a greffier. The greffier assists at each meeting; states the cause of it; and may debate :—but he cannot divide.

The states have also a receiver general in each chief town. To him all other receivers are accountable and contributory.

Such are the chief characters of the states: their rights, and their powers.

As for the grand tribunal, the council of Brabant, that through a long period it was composed of a definitive number; and they all natives—viz.

The Chancellor,

8 Council in each chamber,	2 Greffiers,
6 Secretaries,	7 Translators,
8 Ushers,	A Fiscal,
Receiver,	Notary,
Chaplain,	400 Advisers.
50 Procureurs,	

By late constitutions, the emperor has the power of augmenting the numbers; and of introducing foreigners, as two of the council, and two of the secretaries. Two of the council are ecclesiastics.

The oath of inauguration is to observe the Joyeuse Entreé.
Their

Their prime political prerogative, that of participating in the legislative power, has been before explained.

Their more constant occupation is, as a court of justice.—They form the first tribunal—to judge each infraction of the bulle d'or—to grant letters of emancipation—alienation licences to ecclesiastics—and permission to will away fiefs.—They have the power of grand reversion and appellant jurisdiction, from Flanders, Luxembourg, Namur.—And they judge in the first instance, all town officers, gentlemen, royal causes, causes upon feudal tenures, prelates, placemen, churchmen, members of the collateral councils, prince's household, and what seems ever in Brabant the top of each climax, even the knights of the golden fleece—with all trials for coinage, treason, &c.

The judgment of this court is pronounced by arret, of which, when deemed oppressive, there is no reform by any other tribunal; no remedy but by the process called, in Brabant, the grand revision:—on a proposition of error in the proceedings—to review them, within the year.—And that revision is final. There is no further appeal.—On such revision, to the usual judges are added from eight to eighteen assistants, and a law doctor from Louvaine, named by the chancellor.

The councils, just called collateral, (from their being *ad latus principis*, and meeting in the palace till it was burnt, 1731) are the three councils, d'état, privé, et des finances.—All formed by Charles V.

The first, le conseil d'état, was the organ of chief sway. The prince in person, sometimes presided in it. When absent, his representative, the governor general. The other members were, the archbishop of Malines, the treasurer, chancellor, secretaries of state, of war, &c.—And all the prime objects of the state, peace and war, foreign treaties, home employments, finance, &c. all were under their controul. On hard questions, and urgent need, the council

were properly accustomed to call in and consult other men, advanced to notice from known skill in the law, in the church, in trade, or in the science of government. Their opinions being given as they pleased, orally, or in writing, they withdraw. Leaving the council, on such documents, to deliberate and to decide.

In the time of Charles VI. this council fell into disuse. The places became merely honorary, as they were called. And as such, multiplied accordingly. Flung about, like the chamberlain's gold key through Germany, on every object about the court, to increase influence, and reward those humble enough to obey it.

The second of the three, the privy council, was also established by Charles V. in the year 1531. It lapsed into disuse: but it was reconfirmed in the year 1725. The board is formed of a president, six council, three secretaries, one receiver—all named by the sovereign. The president is generally an ecclesiastic, or an advocate, graduated in law at Louvaine. There have been but few of the nobles in the list.—The members are appointed by letters patent.

Their objects are, the matters of sovereign authority, and of high political import; legitimation; naturalization; warrants; pardons; patents; the donation of each office, civil, military, ecclesiastic, in the prerogative of the prince, in which it is his business to sign and speak.—By a special delegation from the governor general, they exercise a jurisdiction, independent, and paramount.—When in other tribunals the judges differ, in the privy council lies a power over appeal.—The applications for new creations of nobility are reserved by the prince to be made to him alone.

This council has, at the least, the rational praise of activity and diligence. They do not deafen the people who employ them with any such insulting nonsense as the fatigues of their sitting; though, with a recess of a few days only at Christmas, they meet throughout the year every morning

morning, from nine o'clock to half past one.—And in arduous cases, they convene opinions, and consult.

It is the office of the president to make a report, daily, to the governor general, of all propositions held fit to be resolved (*pour y etre resolu par elle*).

The communications to the governor general are, properly, in writing. For responsibility, in every government, cannot be too accurately preserved.

The third council (de conseil des finances) has continued from the same date.—It is formed of a treasurer, seven council, two greffiers—and it is their practice also, as it ought to be the practice of every government, to consult out-of-door opinions ; as good or better than their own.

There used to be some receivers-general. But here, as elsewhere, they were found good for nothing, but to themselves.—To cost much ; and to profit nothing. They were therefore becomingly dismissed. And in 1784, the general audit and receipt were adjusted by two common clerks, called for the purpose “ *preposés principaux*.”

The chief objects of this council are implied in their name. But, besides the taxes and subsidies, they take care of the royal lands, &c. And as for the present council, it is said that they do not take too much care of themselves.—A reputation this, rather rare, any where, in men whose trade is in the finances of the people !

The laws, such as they are, thus constituted, are administered as follows :

All proceedings are in writing.—Of this the consequences are good. Though not without evil.—Truth, certainly, is less liable to be disguised and perverted : as the passions are not urged to act against reason. But there will be less hope of those glorious, complex, energies, which constitute eloquence !—Which, if always on the right side, would make the occupation of our great popular advocate as enviable as his nature.—I cannot help saying that I had named him

in the rough draft of this leaf. But my pen, I could not help it, now hurries across his name! He knows, how unfeignedly, with what zeal, I respect him. And I would have others know, how against inclination or interest, a writer, should respect himself.

On the occurrence of any case, for which there may be no provision, in the prince's edict; and no precedent, established by usage, it is, then, the practice of the courts in Brabant, to follow the Roman law.—On questions of trade, they are directed by the usage of Ostend, Antwerp, Holland, and France. Their criminal law, is chiefly that, promulgated under the Duke de Alva.

The number of law practitioners, is, in Brabant, as in some other places, perhaps, more than their value. In the court of the council of Brabant, the advocates are reckoned 400! The procureurs, are 50. The translators, are seven.

The tribunals, besides the abovementioned, are as numerous, as former governments could desire, or wish there are.

1. A *chambre des comptes*, where all revenue causes have their audit.—This establishment began at Lisle, in the fourteenth century. In subsequent periods it was transferred to Bruges and Bruxelles---and after a separation, the jurisdiction of the two countries was again united in 1735.
2. A high feudal court (*la cour souveraine fœdale*) supreme over sales, alienations, &c. &c. Every fief, not only in Brabant, but in Liege, Juliers, and Cologne---This is the court, which at the beginning of the present century, was the arbiter over the territorial claims disputed by the Emperor and the King of Prussia---and, the decision had at least a shew of vigor; for it adjudged the town of Turnhout to the latter. In this, and in other courts, the persons who aspire at presiding, must make proof of certain specific

specific qualifications. So that it cannot be there, that the good bishops apprehension is realised, of the bench being filled with the refuse of the bar!—The qualifications at first were, noble birth, and that, legitimate. But as it was soon found, that ignorance and folly could be equally well born; breeding also, was by degrees demanded—not only in common law reading, which in every country is little more than an affair of eye-sight and memory; but in other accomplishments, as moral science, and the languages dead and living, Latin, Flemish, and French.

3. A third tribunal called Thonlieu, presides over roads and rivers, forest lands, and royal demesnes.—In this constitution there are three assistants, who must have practical knowledge in hydraulics, in mill-work, and other water architecture, engineering, mechanics. This is rationally satisfactory to the people—and what must be equally soothing, to those who admire the influence of the court, they have contrived to make, even for this sole establishment twelve judges, besides greffiers, advocates, and procureurs!
4. A tribunal for the chace, &c. fisheries, &c.—with seven judges, under a grand veneure, &c. &c. &c.
- 5 A ditto—with cognizance of all causes, connected with the palace—like our board of green cloth—and perhaps, if possible, equally just and necessary, expedient and wise.
6. A mayor's court (here called Drossard), with controul over vagabonds, criminals, &c.
7. La chambre d'Uccle (from a village so named), with jurisdiction over all the manors dependent on the dutchy of Brabant. The district includes 100 bourgs.
8. Military causes, are subject to another set of judges.—And indeed, each regiment has an auditor.
9. There are also ecclesiastical courts, another bad remnant of dark ages, with official, fiscals, assessors, &c. &c. &c.

The

The court is usually held by Fiscal of Brabant, and a delegate of the bishop of Malines.—That offensive inroad upon natural and civil liberty, the *imprimatur*, is usurped by them. Without their licence, no book nor paper can appear!

In these, and some other yet more minute and insignificant preferences, as Aulic council, Heralds Court, the Mint, Mont de Pietè, Appeal or Customs, &c. the judges have their assistants (*les jointes*)—and all, so placed by the Prince, are, by him, removeable at his pleasure. And it is observed there is no want of complaisance. Of course, from sympathy—his pleasure happens to be theirs!

“ For they who live to please—must please to live.”

Not only the Amptman, the first civil and criminal judge, but even the first town officer, analogous to our Lord Mayor, with all his officers, deputy, treasurers, secretaries, are appointed by the prince. The chief magistrate must be a descendant, either in the male or female line, from one of seven families, still holding the ancient feignories! In Brabant, of three persons presented to the prince, he names one; and each nomination may be, if he will, perpetual. The chief magistrate, Amptman, has but 2,000 florins fixed appointment; the Bourg-maitre by casual perquisites, has the average profits, which are 6,000. He has a guard of four halberdiers. The mayor of Paris, at the revolution, had but three.—The salary of the *echevins*, is 650 florins.

The bourg-master, if the governor general does not supersede the powers, names new council from the body of citizens. And they, together, represent the town—keep the keys of the gates, &c. &c.

The citizens are distributed into 9 nations, and 10 companies; the master of each, as we should say, is with them called a dean. The bell calls them together, when any thing is to be got out of them as a subsidy.

Citizenship

Citizenship is a birth-right, where one parent is, of Brabant, born. The fee, on taking up the freedom, is 17 pistoles. But citizenship is not needed by every tradesman or manufacturer. He must be, only, of some one city company. And even that is not demanded, of bankers and agents.

The citizens formerly had town-sports—and the few princes worth mentioning, mingled in them, as Charles V. Alexander Farnese, and Charles of Loraine. But latterly, it hath pleased divers princes to sport with arms; and the good citizens, in their turn, have been called upon, liberally, to *enjoy* their share in the contingent supply.

“ To enjoy is to obey.”

The revenue of the city is 800,000 florins. Their annual expenditure upon foundlings is 100,000. The city debt is 2,000,000. The interest on it is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. From their funds was the supply for building the council-house on the north-side of the park. It cost 600,000 florins.—There are other public objects, important, but not referable to any particular class.

The chief prison, Wilvorden, on the road to Malines; where the damps and foul air may do, what any casual mercy may have left undone.—The waste of money on this enormous building, was at the expence of the province.—It is however to be otherwise commended—for the prisoners, except when at work, at table, or in their chapels, are kept solitary—and even at table and in chapel, the men and women are apart. The cells are 992. And all the rooms, stairs, and passages, very spacious.—And yet these, for want of common precautions, open windows, cleanliness, fumigation, were offensive and unwholesome. The term of confinement, and the severity of treatment, are various. Some have been sentenced there for life. But the superintendance of the prisoners is strict and just—and it is not rare, on good behaviour, for their sentence

to be softened.—For any occasional acts which may be praise-worthy, there are indulgences and rewards—while there are penalties and restraints for those which are evil.—The penalties are privations or forfeits, from a fous to a fixpence.—On that odious process, imprisonment for debt, even England, may have benefit on a comparison. For at Bruxelles, a debtor may be doomed to loose his liberty for a few florins. An Englishwoman was in the prison---and we were on the stairs to see her. But the gaoler gave us such an account, as made it improper for the person who was with me to proceed.

The lottery, a pernicious practice, we caught among other evils of the Dutch, prevails in Brabant also. But undebaſed by any political corruption whatever; the object attains atonement from its use. It is an instrument of charity, working with a judicious hand for policy, good manners, and human happiness.—In the lottery, drawn every three weeks, are ninety numbers. They are given to the same number of poor girls. For each number that is drawn, there is a prize of so many florins---(150 or more) these accumulate as a marriage portion—and when the girl gets married, her number in the lottery is given to another.

In Brabant, as in Italy, the drawing of the lottery is not a job for supporting suspicious men in the humble shape of commissioners—nor is it inhumanly protracted, for the sake of instigating vice, and profiting by the instigation.—But three or five numbers are drawn; and of course, the drawing is dispatched in less than as many minutes!---It is but justice to the French republic to acknowledge, that lotteries are abolished there.

The Mont de Pietè, a useful establishment, which almost every part of Europe but the English have copied from Italy, has rid Brabant also of contiguous ills. With no such vermin as the pawnbroker, the poor must be rid of one species of oppression---and thieves fail for want of that necessary accomplice, the receiver. In the two centuries through
which

which this foundation has flourished, it has done much good, and little harm. Active auditors of the accounts have been ever found in the leading officers of the time, the chancellor and the archbishop of Malines---and the specific superindendant has been always unsuspicious, if not respectable. The first in this office was, the architect, Coebergher.---The interest of money then (1618) was 32 per cent ! The Lombards never exacted less than 10 ! It is now so moderate on the pledges as $6\frac{1}{4}$!---They must be redeemed within twelve months.

Minors, an object of necessary care under every government, are here likely to be governed well---to have the protection of the law ; and at the same time, to be protected from its abuses ! For the tribunal taking cognizance of them, is formed, half and half, of lawyers and of citizens. It is 150 years old : and there has been found no reason to alter it.

The chief placemen, besides what has been already stated, are the chancellor, who is the organ of communication, from the governor-general and minister plenipotentiary ; and the secretaries of state and of war. They manage the correspondence with the emperor from the governor-general ; with all deliberations and decrees, appointments, passports, &c. &c.---The emperor names these. But a power of rejection remains, with other remnants of freedom, in the states ---a power which they exerted strenuously in December, 1793 ; when they refused admission to the proposed chancellor, Van-de-Velde !

The manners, conversation, and pursuits in Brabant, cannot have any very specific and prominent peculiarities, much varying from our own. For the law of latitude is uniform : and there may be more sad uniformity still expected from the political pressures which surround them.

Before the late disasters of war, few places were more gay than Bruxelles---more captivating to a stranger!---and many a

traveller, we were told, intending but a jaunt of a week or two, had staid there months and years. The court, alike free from libertinism and hypocrisy, had freedom, vivacity, and grace. Hospitality too, not known, alas! in the courts of avarice and pride, flourished there. The leading people of property, Duc D'Areberg especially, in spite of such an affliction. as blindness, kept open house once and twice a week. M. Walkiers, the banker, lived also in all the useful affluence of vast fortune; dignifying, as being raised, fairly, by himself. The theatre had occasional supplies of the best performers from Paris and Italy---and the carnival, as but in one part of Italy, was protracted to the first Sunday in Lent!

Their present amusements are but bad farces in the theatre, and worse in the field. There was no talk of any masks, but when the congress was there. And as for any general festival, there seems public cause for none---but when St. Sacrement de Miracle, the chief solemnity of Bruxelles, inflames the people to burn their candle at both ends, and with ribbands and tapestry, to rival Venice with her doge, and London with the lord mayor.

Politics, however, seem to stand in the stead of all. And when they reprobate Vandernoot, a politician suspicious from his position, and not only suspected, but dull---or when they praise Vonki, the enlightened reformer from whom the party are called,---when, passing from their own objects immediately before them, they refer not a little feelingly to the politics of England, and the French republic and the American; in time so occupied, their conversation seems to pass with animation and bliss. All appears complete. Nothing is too much. Nothing is wanting.

Their own past history fills but little of a scholar's talk. Brabant, to say the truth, has not to boast of many eminent men. Except Spiegeleus and Vesalius, who in their time had general fame and merit, I know of none. For Breighel and Van Meulen, the painters, if worth one word, can hardly

hardly have more than one.—And when you are told, that Arnaud is buried at St. Catharines, you hear it with the emotions which are due to what is singular as well as good! ---a man illustrious for learning, wit, integrity, and truth!---a man who routed the Jesuits by the better force of Janse-
nism---and rose from thence, and raised others, even Boileau himself, to labour for the love of God---Racine gave an him an epitaph for him; and Boileau wrote his eulogy while he lived. And yet ——— !

In the absurdity of unteachable ignorance and misapplied contempt, he was persecuted and proscribed by one of the dark and petty princes of Germany. The canonical warrant against him would not be worth mentioning, but that there are words in it, with precision, really ludicrous---literally the same, as in a state paper, not easy to be forgotten in our own time.

The fatal words are “ ONE ARNOLD !”

Nos —For boisterous nonsense, like this, is fain to affect the plural—*Nos*, infra scripti, certiorati de conventiculis, &c. quæ habentur apud CERTUM ARNOLDUM, (i. e. ONE ARNOLD) doctrinam spargentem suspectam, censemus D. Vicarum, conventicula dissipare, et prohibere etiam cumdicto Arnoldo conversationes.

Datum in Conventu Minorum (the meeting of the minors) hac 25 August, 1690.

Such is the uniformity of evil, from the same evil source. And thus, must be the perversions of spleen and spites of hope founded---ill, and frustrated---worse!---However different the mind, the effects may be the same !

For General Burgoyne, except when he might have certain shocking instructions, probably never was at any thing like a meeting of the minors. Certainly no two things could be more afunder than he was, from the obdurate ignorance which then was so doomed to accurse the human race. Mr. Burgoyne had a full understanding: and his heart

was more valuable. He was most quickly sympathetic---and yet he seemed accessible chiefly to good emotions---humane, beneficent, generous, elegant, kind.

Boileau's verses on *his* one Arnold, are as follow---there can be no harm in wishing just such a man as Boileau to do justice on the other.

Mais des heureux regards de mon astre étonnant
Marquez, bien cet effet, encore plus surprenant !
Qui dans mon souvenir aura toujours sa place.
Que de tant d'écrivains de l'école d'Ignace
Etant, comme je suis, ami se déclare
Ce docteur toutefois si craint, si révère
Qui contre eux de sa plume épuise l'énergie
Arnaud, le grand Arnaud, fit mon apologie !
Sur mon tombeau futur, mes vers, pour l'enoncer
Courez en lettres d'or, de ce pas, vous placer.
Sur-tout a mes revaux sachez bien l'étaler.

This is the part of their literary history, which seems to please in Brabant most.

In political history, Duke Albert, as a popular favourite, is in more frequent praises than Charles of Lorraine ; than Hercules Farnese, or than Charles the Fifth.—Duke Albert they mention, indeed with the respect due to a character of personal virtue and public use ! He was a man, they say, who could resist the temptations from the influence and the peculations of war ! he wished well for to mankind ! of course he never failed to wish well a for peace ! He was of too high, and of too pure nature, to amass, so equivocal in princes, a secret treasure !—When his country received the foreigners whom political vicissitudes made fugitives from France, as Condé, Marie de Medicis, and Monsieur, he did not meanly fling them upon the bounty of the people ! He formed their establishment, as even that dubious gentleman, Louis XIV did for our second James, from his own privy purse !—Lipfius, the professor of Louvain, lived with him upon proper terms. Albert was not only his patron, but received his
lessons

lessons in return ! Otto Veneus or Van Vein, the painter, was much favoured also. But a little colloquial familiarity, furnished a pretence to jilt him of his price.

The laws of most concern to individuals, families, and neighbourhood, from local police, personal regulation, from municipal orders, from marriages, births, deaths, wills and successions, all these were with becoming zeal aided and advanced by Albert. For the wiser and honourable prince well said, “ These are the objects of most moment to the commonwealth ! these are the laws which produce consequences of pure unmixed good ! advantageous to all, and injurious to none ! These are the indispensable parts of every civil association—they cost nothing to the community—the people, in general, can thus do what is wanted for themselves ! ! ”

The marriages of Brabant are by banns, on three succeeding Sundays. Their burials are the second or third day after the death : and, very properly, a little way out of the town. The fees on burials, I think, are very trifling, and rarely demanded---but I cannot speak precisely, for I either forgot to ask ; or having asked, my memorandum fails. On marriage, the fee is 12 florins, if both parties are in the parish—if in different parishes, 24.—On baptism there is no tax. The fee is optional.

The parish priests are named by a *concurfus*, or convocation, at which the bishop or vicar-general presides : after a probationary exercise, a discourse in theology and morals. The three best candidates are presented to the governor-general ; who of the three, appoints one to the benefice then vacant. Among the useful officiating clergy, pluralities are forbid. The archbishop and bishop hold abbeys in commendam. The abbeyes in Brabant are enormously rich ; one of them, in the late struggle against the reform proposed by the Vonkists, raised and kept a regiment of dragoons. When Joseph II. so properly suppressed some religious

religious houses, he allowed 400 livres to each of the clergy so reformed.—The clergy are for the most part disaffected to the Imperial government.

Holy orders are given at the same age as with us. The ranks and titles in the church are the same. The rural deans, that very ancient office, of whom a few remain with us, as at Battle, in Suffex, and Rippon, are numerous there. In Hainault, they are called doneys de cretientè. In every parish there is a charity school. In most parishes, some other eleemosynary foundation. In St. Gudule, they distribute 700 loaves a week---5000 florins a year.

The revenues of St. Gudule, the chief parish of Bruxelles, are 11,000 florins, and 1000 measures of corn. Besides petty revenues for altars and priests. The other eleemosynary establishments in the town, in all 53, amount to 222,000 florins a year.—Of these, 3,400 were for the use of travellers in distress—and 555,000, with 2,300 measures of corn towards an hospital for the sick.—But travellers who now want aid, must go another road to find it: for there is none any longer here. That charity is abolished.

The hospital is abominable for every thing but to shew what ought to be avoided---in bad air, wooden beds, woolen curtains, and difficulty of access. There are eighty beds—and the sick are huddled two in a bed.—There is a provision for foundlings; but, very properly, they are distributed in small numbers, and nursed out of town. A practice as successful as might be expected here, in France, and in England. Where, in one district, it is ably proved by the archdeacon of Colchester, that out of 120 infants so nursed, not one had died.

There is a mad house at Bruxelles--where some patients pay—but none, without the magistrate's leave. The mode of partial payment has been long practiced in the South of France, and in the North of Italy, for all patients—and lately at York, for lunatics only. At Milan there are a
few

few beds, sufficiently neat indeed, from 6 livres to 2. And at Lyons, among other odd instances, there was a valetudinarian, who had lived for years in the Hotel Dieu there, on this establishment of 5 livres a day, in the rooms set apart for what they call les malades payants.

The propriety of the practice may be questionable, in all cases but lunacy alone; for, where the mind is not thus beside itself, why should it be bereft of what must be most precious, the soothing, the instructive applications of friendly solace, of family endearment! Thus shut out sorrow from the world, and pain apprehended and felt, and you shut out with them, some of the best inmates appointed for each dwelling upon earth, the charities of our common nature! The friends of man—who alone can feelingly persuade him what he is! Who alone can exalt him to what he ought to be—in the gratifying capability of sympathy! With all its trials and triumphs, merits and rewards—binding up the broken-hearted—being eyes to the blind—and feet to the lame!

Of the health and diseases of Brabant, it is not possible to speak at large and precisely; for the documents, so common in other countries, in this are wanting. There is no authentic shew of any thing like a register—there is not even a common yearly bill—no enumeration of diseases nor of deaths—nay, not a public register of the weather! Of course, without analogy, there can be no probability, as a guide to truth.

Other towns in the low countries are visibly on the decline. In Bruxelles, population seems, and is said, to encrease. And yet longevity is rare. There are not many much above 60 years old—and, few, if any, above fourscore. A hundred, is an age unknown.—One in 30, is stated as the probable proportion of deaths; and yet, the population of the Netherlands, has been stated at 188 persons on every square mile! A computation, more than
double

double the ratio in England—near a fifth more than Naples! and exceeded only by the Dutch—who are called 193.

The diseases, such as come about marsh lands, where water and air are bad, are here as elsewhere, more in low places, than in high, and in dry seasons, more than in wet. For more moisture, though bad; by stagnation is made worse. Thus the ague and diarrhea are rife. And till lately, the small pox, unfubdued by the cold regimen, was formidable also. September and October, February, March, and April, are mentioned as the months, the most morbid. The worst winds, are thought to be the North, North-East, and East, loaded from the vast marshes between Brabant and the Meuse. The West winds, are stated as the best: and they prevail, not so much as in England, but more than half the year. The North and North-East, prevail in January, February, and April.

The dry days have been observed to be 180—most from May to September; the rain is calculated at two or three and twenty inches, though after the professed inaccuracy of our own transactions (see last year), who shall dare to trust any reported mensuration of rain, two feet of snow, and one foot of ice have been seen. The frosts are rare before Christmas, or after February.—Hail, thunder, and lightning are rare. The great wood close to the town, act as natural conductors, disarming each electric cloud. August 12, 1763, is the last of any mischief, memorable, from hail—mists, and fogs abound.

At Bruxelles, compared with London, the seasons, both in summer and winter, are pushed 3 degrees (of Reaumur) further, both in heat, and in cold.—The barometer is rarely above 28. 9, or below 26. 9.—The mean height is 28. The mean variations, from 28. 5, to 27. 7.—Yet January 1, 1784, the barometer fell from 28. to 27. And the thermometer in the same 24 hours, fell 17 degrees, viz. from 3 above freezing, to 14 below it.—The thermometer

meter rarely is above 28, of Reaumur, or lower than 10 below freezing. The mean height, is from 18 above, to 5 below freezing. But last July, it rose above 30. January 1776, the cold dropped to 16.

The soil is for the most part sandy. There is a little clay upon the hills. Some flints of all colours. And more lime. There have been found some stones, with a little iron in them; but without hope of any thing like a vein of iron stone; there is no sign throughout of pit coal either, in the direction towards the pits about Liege, nor at Mons. They have picked up a few petrifications, madepores, and shells.---The highest ground about Bruxelles, is 216 feet above the level of the sea, the lowest 54.

The agriculture, tenures, and value of land, &c. not materially differing from Flanders, have been described there. The leases are generally from 3 to 9 years. Their kitchen gardening is better than Flanders, but yet far worse than about London. Their other manufactures, cotton, tapestry, linens, camlets, ferges, thread-lace, though the chief, are not very important. In the book trade, they do a little: (for there are twelve printing-houses)---but not so much as they might; from their better position, they might supplant the Dutch; and reprint, both from Paris, and London. In Brabant, as it is, 1,500 copies of a book, are thought a vast impression. They make their own paper; and there are two founderies for types. But both manufactures seem at a stand: not at all moveable by any advances of the art, by any of the very fine printing, in Parma, Paris, or in London!

The roads are, as in England, properly sustained, by those who travel over them; there are two or three barriers in each stage, for which our chaise and pair paid at each place two sous. Corvées, or arbitrary road-work, as existed under the old tyranny of France, there are none.---The town has had lamps, reflectors, since the year 1705.

Wine, which is chiefly French, and water-borne through Ostend, is dear. Beer is the common solace of the middling people. It has a name, but it ought to be a bad name. It is brewed at Bruxelles with the river water, which in winter is turbid, and in summer stagnates and fails.---The manufacture of Louvain is better.---The water which supplies the town is tolerably good; clear, tasteless, with little specific gravity---and shewing, on the usual chymical trials, little impregnation of extraneous matter.---The reservoir is near the Louvain road; filled by an engine, the model of the well-known machine at Marli, and it flings the water up 140 feet, with such power as to run 2000 cubic feet by the hour.

There is a public library, with some useful books in it, open three days in a week---an academy of belles lettres, who have published six volumes of transactions, if possible, more dull and childish than their neighbours---and a school of painting, with gratuitous lessons and prizes, where the masters are bad, and of course the scholars are worse.

The system of life, in regard to personal indulgence and domestic shew, is still so simple, and in such narrow compass, that we were told, 100 to 200 louis d'or were enough for all the purposes of a small plain family in middle life, who had three servants.---This was before the war. When bread, in London twopence a pound, sold at Bruxelles for a halfpenny---when meat was threepence---and butter sixpence for 16 ounces.---A man still sells himself as a soldier, wonderful to tell, for three sols a day!

Such are the memorabilia of Bruxelles.

THE FOLLOWING TABLE OF RATE AND PRICES

In Flanders, was taken very accurately the end of November, 1793. With little variation, it may serve as a statement for Brabant also.

The price of freight—by land and by water.

By water, on the canals, is regulated by the last.—

The last of hay weighs - - 1000lb.

Do. oats - - - - 2300

Do. meal - - - - 4000

Of these by the last—

	flor.	stiv.
From Ghent to Bruges - -	3	10
Tournai - -	9	0
Oudenarde - -	7	0
Courtrai - -	7	10

On an average, it may be computed at three florins by the day, throughout the Netherlands.

The custom of the country allows six days for unloading—for each day after the six, there is a charge of six florins.

Carriage by land—

A waggon with two horses, per day - 7 florins

A cart - - - - 3

Day-labour—

In summer - - - 17½ stivers

In winter - - - 14

N. B.—A florin is nearly 20 pence English.

A schelling - 7 do.

A stiver - - 1 do.

Travelling post—3 schellings each horse each post—the carriage (when supplied by the innkeeper) pays as one horse—the driver is the same amount as another.

Price of provisions :

Bread	2 ftivers—the pound—16 ounces
Coals	1 flor. 10 ftiv.—sack of two bushels
Meat	3½ ftivers per lb.
Candles	4 do. do.
Charcoal	3 flor. 5 ftiv. for two bushels
Wood	25 flor. 4 ftiv. or 1l. 16s. 4d. sterling for a cord of 12 feet square
A turkey	2 flor. 10 ftiv.
A fowl	10
A duck	11
A goole	2 0
Snipes	12 ftivers a couple
Woodcocks	24 do. do.
A hare	24 to 30.

As for taxes—

In Flanders—there is a land and house tax, by an affessement on the tenant, of the 20th part of his yearly rent.

These, with customs before mentioned, with town duties on wine and salt, &c. defraying all the expences of government, as it is called, or local regulation.

In Brabant, the taxes are the droits d'entree et sortie—on the proposed reforms, the land-tax was also devised : but the privileged orders, with their usual decency, resisting, the idea was never executed.

The total amount of taxes, in the whole Austrian Netherlands, is 360 to 370,000l. a year.

The money and money trade of Brabant are as follow :

Bills of exchange, drawn on Bruxelles,			
From Germany, are usually	15	days after sight.	
Switzerland, - -	-	ditto.	
England, - -	-	30 days after date.	
France and Geneva, -	-	do. do.	
Dantzic, - -	-	40 days do.	
Italy, - -	-	two months after date.	

N. B.—

N. B.—Each draft, except when payable at sight, has six days grace, Sunday always included—and when unpaid, is protested the sixth day.

When drawn at sight, payment must be made in twenty-four hours,

T O L O U V A I N E

Through the Fauxbourg, where the German infantry, vaunted as invincible, fled vanquished, and in the most vile disorder, before the army of Dumourier, is the road to Louvaine.—Such was the confusion and dismay, and so utterly complete the discomfiture of that day, that there seemed no trace of any thing like a plan!—general orders for any position, there were none! There was no rallying point! To great part of the army, at least, the very road through which they were to fly and to follow their fellows, was, on arriving at Bruxelles, unknown!—A young English gentleman, unfortunately then serving with the Germans, was among the first who entered Bruxelles; he was uninstructed where he was to march! but getting a horse from the stables of his father, long resident among the most respectable people there, he was led by instinct, by fortune, or by knowledge of the country, to take the road for Louvaine! For some of the army wandered more to the north—and even to the west of the north.

And through the same route, four little months afterwards, did the same army of the French republic, sold, too probably, at Dort and Maestricht,—certainly sold on the Montagne de Fer, lamentably find it their turn to fly!—traversing Bruxelles by the gate of Schaerebeck, to the road for Enghien and for Halle!—each side with nothing but a woeful balance of disaster—with an equal wreck of happiness and life!—with not less than 20,000 men hurled, unprepared, alas! to their untimely grave!

Such are the enormous, barren, mischiefs of war! that infernal combination of every woe, rushing, relentless, from folly and from guilt.

And all for nothing!—to the people!

Each army, in their flight, feeling the same sense of danger, took the same precautions to escape it. They perpetrated,

petrated what in the language of the trade are called abbatis. They dismantled the road they had passed; and they cut down trees to fall behind them---an abomination, which fails of proportioned resentment, only from the emotions hurrying against more horrid provocations---but which generations may lament, and therefore in some old tract, *de statu dæmonum*, not ill put down as a violence worthy of the devil himself!

Thus the whole country, from Bruxelles to Louvaine, has felt the force of the spoiler---a country that seems deserving a better fate from the claims of nature and of art---from labour well done, from plenty well enjoyed!

For the grounds, through the whole thirteen miles, chiefly arable, were still a model for the farmer. They were, as policy and manners delight to hear, divided into many holdings. There were so many more small farm-houses and cottages---and of course within them so many more people happy!---Villages also, very flourishing, were frequent, and each village had its church. The state of human nature, therefore, might be rationally rated high. Men, if enlightened and free, if not in bondage---to ignorance, nor pillaged by the impositions of their government, might be supposed happy; nearly as happy as man in this life may be.

The country has some pretty openings to the north, north-east, and north-west, particularly on the hill a mile out of Louvain, (*La Montagne de Fer*)---and yet more from the rising ground near Bruxelles. There the villa of M. Walckiers the banker, the palace of Prince Charles, the tower, the two smaller temples, the sloping lawn, the two side plantations, the windmill, the old buildings at Anderlecht, the adorned cottages of many less great but as useful men, with good husbandry in the fore ground, and not bad wood in the back, form together a scene, which is very chearing---as what is chearing is also good!

As ill luck, or malignity would have it, these, the best points, have most suffered from the havoc of war. The people are already trying to redress themselves. They have begun planting on each side the road; and when the road is artificially raised, they plant on each side dell, which is below it.

Louvaine is as one who has seen better days—"go to a fellow that has had losses"—or forgot, as Bentley said to the Dean of Norwich, forgot more than you ever knew.

It is a town like the pedigree of many a grandee, with antiquity probably great, and certainly greater than its merit—when times were so abject as to deem it reputable to have descended even from a ruffian of Rome, "Damnatus *et exul*," a warrior or usurper, Louvaine was fain to vaunt itself sprung from Cæsar. But as Cæsar himself is no longer of any likelihood but as a writer—and *there be many Cæsars ere such another Julius*—and as the town magistrates have no interest in preserving a preference so little applicable to themselves, they very fairly let Cæsar go as he came, and are content with tracing the genealogy of their penates to some Dukes of Brabant in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—what the man's name was it is obviously not easily to tell—for as the Turin wit said on the taxes there, "it is not possible for the patience of man to remember all of them"—or according to one of the court chaplains immortalized by Pope, it may not be decent to mention the condemnation before an assembly so polite.

As for the University of Louvaine, the prime importance of the place—it was founded at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The first lesson was given there in September 1426. And five years after, the Pope, God help him, *permitted* theology to be taught there!

It is pleasing to contemplate the declining progress of
imposture!

imposture! A being, now, like the animal incognitum, (the monsters that have eat themselves out on the Ohio) once the terror and bane of all around, now scarcely known otherwise than by description! Worse even than this, are the marks of the beast at Rome! It is known only as an object of ridicule or pity—suffered to exist in foreign countries, but as they were dull and dark—in other countries, at all enlightened and free, as in Britain, long since superseded and flung away, with indignation and with scorn, and politically annihilated every where, but in Portugal and Spain.

The university of Louvaine, like the universities of England, is formed of several separate establishments. There are thirty-eight colleges at Louvaine.

13 of them are for divinity.

1 for the Dutch students—founded in the year 1616.

1 for the Irish—founded in 1623.

1 for the Savoyards—established 1551.

3 for law—one of them founded by Winchel, a physician, as it is said, in grateful remembrance of much practice he had among the lower clients, who were so sick.

1 for medicine—founded by Bringel, a valuable physician.

The resort to this university, as to all others, has been different at different times. It is an event, resulting from some single incident, or from the fame of some particular man. While Boerhaave taught, no young physician thought he had any claim or chance for practice, but as he had attended for instruction at Leyden. When Blackstone read, Oxford had almost a similar vogue for law. Justus Lipsius gave the same attraction to Louvaine. During his time the pupils there were numbered at 4000.

Of late, the numbers have shrunk much short of this. The seductions of contemplative and monastic life, impose, less and less. While the pursuits of honourable and active business are followed more and more. The students, on

the late political vicissitude, shewed themselves, with propriety, very friendly to a reform—and so far, no longer needing to be students, they proved themselves fit for the momentous energies of practice, and the relative duties of neighbourhood and of social order.

Thence the establishment, no longer conniving at imposition, was made to decline. It was light upon the deeds of darkness. Umbrage rose from the bigotry of the priestcraft. Political superstition thwarted more. Soon after the propositions and purposes of the Vonkists began to sway, the number of students at Louvaine were not more than two or three hundred.—That expectation failing, men think it allowable to fall into the old track; and, more majorum, they do, what other people have done.

Accordingly, the town and teachers are obliged to them—for the number of scholars are again reported to be near 2000.

Nor is this, absolutely, to be regretted. For though there may prevail, in Brabant, a false philosophy, with some unhappy ideas of practice, speculative and spiritual over-much—yet, there are not wanting to counteract them, qualities and purposes, rational and very manly.

The chief government of the university is very justly elective, and periodically changed at intervals not longer than three months. An Irish gentleman, rather German in his principles or notions, seemed unexpectedly surprised at this, when a professor met the objection with more unexpected force:—

“Short durations,” said he, “short durations of any delegated trust, must be the best. For the delegations must be, obviously, either wrong or right---if right, they may continue---if wrong, they should cease.”

“I am not an Irishman,” continued he “I am not an Irishman---I wish I was. But still I can feel for all. And it is both shame and sorrow I feel at any people suffering
“ their

“ their best rights, either through persecution or corruption, to fall away, under a system such as their Octennial “ Bill!”

The university officer, to which this professor so ably alluded, is called the Rector Magnificus. He is chosen, by turns, out of the five faculties, and the choice is most wisely thus renewed every three months.

The rector presides in a tribunal, paramount, like our chancellor at Oxford and Cambridge, over each dependance of the university. Next to the rector, the chief officers are, the Conservator of Privileges and the Chancellor. They are both of prime rank and power---in the college government of the place.

The town magistrates, also of chief consideration, are two Bourg-masters, two Pensionaries, and a Council of Twenty-one.

The people to whom they have to administer and serve, seem to be gradually on the decline. They are now numbered at no more than about 12,000---whereas, in a former period, they were computed to be seven or eight times as many. It is recorded there were four thousand shops and warehouses in the place, and that the manufacturers exceeded fifty thousand. A great part of them distinguished themselves in the spirited resistance of the assumptions, by Winceffas, Duke of Brabant---and that resistance failing, they left a land senseless and abject---the grand art of weaving woollens, a staple now in English commerce, then flying with them into England.

The present trade of the town may defy a vicissitude like this, “ cantabit vacuus,” almost any change now, except in one, the sale of beer, must be for the better at Louvaine.

Beer indeed is their main manufacture and trade. They brew it from the River Dile---and then that same water

wafts it to Antwerp and Malines--while each paved road sinks under its weight to Tirlemont and Bruxelles.

This may, in some fort, explain the intellectual pretensions of the present people. For, as Bishop Warburton so neatly said to our great actor, then a boy dining with him at Gloucester, "they who drink beer, think beer."

Besides the brewers, there are few other tradesfolks flourishing, except it be they who live by the errors of the church. For, besides five parishes and the collegiate church of St. Peter, there are no less than eighteen convents for men, and thirteen monasteries for women—one of them, we are sorry to say, is for English women. In the collegiate church are eighteen canonries, chiefly for the university professors.

The privileges of the university seem sufficiently considerable. Graduation there is necessary to the practice of the three professions in the Netherlands. From the sixteenth century the patronage of certain church benefices is, during certain periods, ceded to the faculty of arts. This is the patronage, in the territory of Liege before that time, by virtue of the Concordat Germanic, exercised by the Pope, during his months, thence called the apostolic months, November and February.—With the other privilege, called "Jus Tractus," of referring to Louvaine, all the persons and causes of Liege thus mixing with the faculty above mentioned. The conservator of the university forms the tribunal.

In Tournay also, as well as Louvaine and Liege, the nomination to prebends is with the university.

And by an edict of the Empress Queen, not, as it should seem of the ages called dark, but of the present century, viz. 1722, Louvaine has a monopoly of what little mind there may be through all the Netherlands of Austria--

"Not any native of that country can, without a written
"allowance

“ allowance from government, pursue philosophy in any
 “ other university.”

The lectures are read in Latin, and in the language of the Netherlands. The rules and orders, citations, theses, inaugurations, diplomas, all are in Latin. The hours when the professors read, are from seven in the morning to three and four in the afternoon. The vacation, better regulated, because less immoderate than elsewhere, is from the end of August to the middle of October.

The students, for the most part, are endowed—in different colleges, appropriated to each different district and nation. A student, though a foreigner, and unaided by any foundation, may support himself, perfectly well, for 12 or 1400 livres (48 to 56l. sterling) a year.

The lectures, and establishments for instruction, are such as recommend Louvaine, chiefly to the natives of the Netherlands. And to them pre-eminently only, in the law line, and for their theology. In antiquities, jurisprudence, and controversies of their church and country.—For general philosophy, for the belles lettres, for experimental science, for medicine, a foreign student may almost every where be better—and cannot any where be worse. The anatomical school, the sole chief constituent of the healing art, is here, next to nothing. The professor indeed was dead, they told us; and they had failed to appoint another.

The library is supported by a small fee, demanded on each graduation. It is not a bad collection: and it might be very good—if all the books, scattered through the different colleges, were centered in this one place. The room of the library is modern; it was built in the year 1724. The Greek manuscripts left by Justus Lipsius, and the manuscript bible given by Cardinal Bessarion, are to be seen as curiosities, the favourites of the place.

The divinity school is divided into eight or nine classes.

The

The law schools into twice as many---medicine has ten or eleven---and philosophy almost twice as many more.

In divinity and law, obviously partial pursuits, and if of any use, that use local merely, the few intimations which might be wanting to the curious reader,—we, by an accident, are not able to supply.—In mathematical learning, Beck is the guide—in physics, Beuer—in the medical school, Gaubius, Boerhaave, Leber, Haller, and Cullen.----In polite literature, criticism, &c. J. Scaliger, Vossius and Groxovius, Grotius and Erasmus, as well as Putcanus and Lipsius, are cited, with allowable partialities, as authentic merit, raised on ground contiguous to their own !

The literary fame of Louvaine is, as might be expected, buoyant in the conversation of their scholars.—Though it seems difficult to point out to any epoch made, particularly prominent by them, in the whole compass of human learning. Such fame is theirs, as can be conferred by the two last-mentioned names, and by Goltzius, Van Helmont, Spiegeleus, and Vesalius;—by Sonnius too, who had conferences with Melancthon—by Murnix, the first renderer of the Bible into Flemish, and who produced the formulary of association against the ridicule and guilt of Rome, the inquisition—and by Baius, who successfully followed St. Augustin, in the strong and sure position “ that the scripture, only, ought to be consulted as the judge and guide “ of the church,”—and that no ideas could be more non-sensical and prophane than the Romish doctrine of man’s powers and works, developed through the disgusting abominations of selling indulgencies, and fictitious transfers from a fantastic treasury, preposterously imagined to be filled with the merits of the saints !

This, indeed, seems to have been the meridian of Louvain splendor, for the controversy stirred a chief part of Europe!—Baius met with multiplied honors—with opposition

tion from the universities of Salamanca and the Sorbonne! His writings were accused and condemned at Rome!—though the Pope, admonished by his predecessors' vain acrimony against Luther, dexterously avoided any personal struggle; but praised the probity of Baius, while he rebuked what he called a perversion of his skill. “D'une probité et d'une capacité reconnues d'ailleurs,” were the words of Pius V.—And the book of Baius, otherwise not very reputable, remains to this hour among the multitude of better books forbid by the inquisition at Rome!—In another obviously useful effort, the publication of classical books, so commonly remarkable in almost every other university, Louvaine seems also wanting.—Whatever at any time may have been the individual or collective powers of the place, they have scarcely ever, if ever, been so applied.

Of the prime and most necessary classics, Greek or Roman, the editions, with some memorable peculiarity, are very numerous. Homer 31 editions—Horace 38—Livy 25—Ovid 40—Tacitus above 16—Cicero above 90—Juvenal and Persius 28—Xenophon 18, &c. &c. &c.—yet no one of them all, except a Juvenal and Persius, in a gothic letter---this is the folio, 1475, by Joanne de Westphalia, issued from Louvaine. Even their own Bible, edited by the divines of Louvaine, was printed at Antwerp---and the editions, with the notes of Lipsius himself, as Seneca, Tacitus, &c. were printed at Paris, and Amsterdam. The only books of any general character printed there, were, besides the abovementioned Juvenal and Persius, some of Puteanus and Ger. Vossius, *Artis Rhetoricæ Method*, 8vo. 1571.---Neither Spiegelius, nor Vesalius, though both Louvain men, were printed there!

The deficiency was something more than mechanical. For that is every where easily supplied. There were printers enough, as may be seen at the bottom of Breviaries and the petty Latin school-books of the time, as Flavius, Mafius,

sius, Dormatius, Livius, and others. And what could these want but pecuniary encouragement and intellectual correction, to make Louvaine follow, at least, if not lead, the printing fame and trade of Antwerp, Leyden, and Amsterdam?—Such men as Elzever and Plantin may be rare, but where, with any spirit, can be the difficulty for an university, to find or to make some such man their own? Perfpicacity and toil, the praise by Lipsius upon Plantin himself, “*oculatissimus ac labori maximo*,” are, surely, possible to all!

The resort to Louvaine university is chiefly from the Austrian Netherlands.—The foreigners who were students have been commonly from a tenth to a twentieth of the whole number. Of them, the most have come from Liege and Cologne, and the contiguous districts in the north-west of Germany. French Flanders, before the war, used to send a few. And fewer still were contributed by England and Ireland.—In the records of the university, perpetuating the names of the students at all distinguished, who had done any thing fit to be written, or written any thing fit to be read, there appear not a score and a half of our countrymen, taking Scotch and Irish altogether. And of them, the greater part, were Non-jurors and Non-conformists, emigrating on the reformation and revolution. And further, like the fugitive French in the present day, working upon pity by the same untenable pretences, and precisely in the same language; “*Hæreticis pulsi et per pestilantes incesflores*,” &c. &c. forced away by the Apostates and the Atheists they had left behind—viz. in the Peter Martyrs, the Cranmers, each the hero, and worthy of the time!

Such was then, as it is now, the high untenable tone of effrontery and imposture. At present, indeed, it stains only the venal publications of the age. But then, truth was thus blasphemed even in the sanctuary itself.

The

The following is a literal copy, from the church of St. Peter's at Louvaine—where all the Protestant clergy of England, an order with merit of such force as to compel praise even from Voltaire, are branded with imputed prophanation! Where the reformation itself, is called “the consummation of iniquity,” (*summum nefas*) and each Non-juror is justified, by calling conformity, guilt.

In impias eorum leges,
Jurare constanter renuebat!!

THE EPITAPHS

ARE AS FOLLOW :

Hic sepultus est
Eximius D. ac magister noster
Thomas Stapletonus
Que Cecestriæ in Anglia, nobili loco natus
Et literarum studiis parentibus addictus
Cum in collegiis Wiccamicis, Primum Wintoniæ deinde
Oxonæ
Eum in artium liberalium
Disciplinæ cursum fecisset
Ut magnam sui expectationem
Apud suos excitasset.
At ipso suo urbis episcopo accitus,
Ecclesia cathedrales canonicus instituitur.
Sed paulo post
Profanis hominibus
Omniæ Totius Angliæ ecclesias
Per summum nefas (the reformation) inadventibus
Eo quod ille in impias eorum leges
Jurare constanter renuebat
Loco cedere, et sibi fuga

Ut poterat consulere coactus
 In hac regiones concedens,
 Duaci primum constitit, ubi catechisten ad tempus egit:
 Donec tandem ad supremam
 Magisterii dignitatem
 Et cathedram erectus
 Sacras scripturas publicè
 Summâ cum laude interpretatus est
 Inde Lovanum
 A sua majestâte Catholica evocatus
 In hac academiâ
 Sacræ theologiæ professor Reginus
 In hac D. petra ecclesia canonicus
 In collegio Hilharibecensi
 Decanus existit
 Demum post 42 annos in exilio transactos
 (Quos fera prælectioni
 Aut scriptioni, omnes impendit)
 Cessit e vita
 Relictis laborum suorum monumentis
 Partem Anglice ad suos
 Partem Latine, in commune
 Totius reipublicæ bonum descriptis;
 Quæ, quanta fureit ejus industria
 Quanta animi pietas,
 Quam accensum veritatis Catholicæ
 Propagandæ studium
 Omnibus en lecturis!
 Testatum facient.
 Lovanii tandem in Brabantia
 Sanctissime diem suum obiit
 12 Octob. 1598---Regnanti in Anglia Elizabethâ.

The aforefaid Mr. Stapleton wrote a few tracts of a
 spiritual tendency, and some upon church history, and high
 church

church authority :---among them also was a brief, and feeble, life of Sir Thomas More.---They were printed in octavo, 4 vol. at Paris.

But to do justice to the muse of epitaphs, if any such muse there be, this sort of literature is in general not so bad at Louvain.---There are some inscriptions, with becoming energy and awe by very venerable men, who have done it for their own burial! There are some, with no less simplicity and strength, composed by others. The most eloquent and impassioned modern writer upon the Continent, praises, not unjustly, the ancient epitaph. Which mournful and didactic, is therefore abrupt and brief.---Yet, his instance :

“ Sifta viator---Heroem Calcas.”

Good as it may be, is not better than the following at Louvaine :

“ Lege, viator, et luge.”

And,

“ Expectat hic

“ Viam universæ carnis, &c.”

In the more diffuse style also, as upon the tomb of Garetus, there are lines, not, indeed, with such consummate beauty as in the fragment upon Danae, by Archbishop Markham, but yet with no small correctness, fancy and taste.

The following are the inscriptions, which seem to be the best :

Can. Reg. Ord. August.

Memoriæ

J. Garetti---Qui mortem obiit---1571

Superis reflorescit.

Rectæ perpetuo tenore vitæ

Et constanter, & ad perennitatem

Doctos qui coluit, pios et omnes

Non ipse impia, que nocere possunt

Sectatus studia, eruditus ipse,
 Hanc Gariteus urnam habet, situsque
 Hic est. Cum aonidum choro. Vel ullum
 Si commercium habes, deum preceres
 Exhorter, monloque te, viator.
 Ejus denique, carne qui solutâ
 Humanas animas laboriosis
 Viventum* præcibus docet, juvari.
 Ne gravare pios juvare manes
 Lectis et violis rosisq, casta
 Illius venerare busta, fama
 Qui notissimus, editisque libris
 Indelebile prorsus obtinere
 Nomen, perpetuis meretur annis.
 Et si vermis homo cinisque fiat
 Morte, & palliduli cadant ocelli
 Nullo unquam, Meliori qui per orbem
 Vivit parte fui, interibit ævo
 Dum clari Phario solo colossi
 Stabiunt, nomen erit Garetianum,



Justus Lipsius---bur. at St. Francis---written by himself two
 years before.

Quos hic sepultus, quæris? Ipse edisseram
 Nuper locutus, et stilo, et lingua fui
 Nunc altero licebit. Ego, sum Lipsius
 Cui literæ dant nomen, et tuus favor;
 Sed nomen. Ipse abivi, abivit hoc quoque
 Et nihil hic orbis, quod perennet, possidet.

* One of his printed works, 1564. De Mortuis Vivorum Precibus Juvandis.

Vis, altiore voce me tecum loqui?
 Humana cuncta, fumus, umbra, vanitas—
 Et scenæ imago, et, verbo ut absolvam
 Nihil!

Extremum hoc te alloquor
 Æternum ut gaudeam tu apprecare
 Justus Lipsius,
 Vixit annos 58---mens. 5,
 Obiit Ann. Christi, 1606,
 10 Kal. Apr.

The following is the inscription on a marble sarcophagus.

Justi Lipsii,*
 Quod claudi potuit,
 Hic Jacet.
 S. P. Q. Antwerpiensis,
 Incliti viri famæ, orbi notæ
 Virtuti cæloque recepti,
 H. M. P.

On

Alardus Amstelodamus---by Erasmus, at Louvaine, 1544.†

Lustra decem numerans, studiis impensa juvandis,
 Impendens et adhuc, talis alardus erat.
 Excepto quod erat furdaster : Cætera Felix
 Lingua fatis pensat, quod gravat aurículas.

* Moretus published all in six volumes. 1 Critical, 2 Epist. and Miscel.
 3 Hist. and Antiq. Admirande. 4. Polit. and Philos. 5. Tacitus. 6 Seneca.

† His works were Theology, Philology, Comments on Erasmus, and Translation of part of Hippocrates, Epist. ad Damasetum de Atra Bile.

Ant. Sanderus,
 By himself.
 D. O. M.
 Antoninus Sanderus,
 Presbyter,
 Piis fidelium precibus
 Me commendo
 Et a misericordia Christi,
 Exspecto.
 Donic veniat immutatio mea.

Amen.

He was Regius Professor of Theology. And this short inscription, in the true temper, may leave little doubt, that he strove to practice what he taught.

Lupus,

Reg. Professor and Provincial---by himself.

Hæres peccati, naturâ, filius iræ
 Hic jaceo, dignus nomine, reque, Lupus!
 Indignus, non re, sed solo nomine, doctor—
 Verbis, non factis, me docuisse fleo,
 Perdocuisse alios, et non docuisse se ipsum
 Quid juvat? O Mundi fumus, inane, nihil!
 Agne deus---patris doctrina---redemptio mundi---
 Hunc, tibi prostratum, commiserere, reum.
 Et latro, et meretrix, gratis, tua regna subintrant,
 Gratia peccatis, fiatet ista meis.

The seventh and eighth lines may consecrate all the rest. There is the strong expression of a contrite heart. That must be felt by all. They who can imitate it---happy are they.

The inscription upon Mich. Baius, eminent as he was, is not worth repeating: it is nothing but dates and titles
 through

through fifteen lines, reg. profefs.---head of his college, dean, conservator, and chancellor---of no small consequence at the time, and to himself---but ever after mere dust in the balance.

Inscriptions in any language but Latin, are rare.—Throughout the Netherlands we saw but one in French, and one or two in Flemish, viz. at Bruges, on Racridorp, the physician to Charles V. Rickius and Lipsius, are the names which appear to have contributed the most.

There might be, for the credit of the place, a memorial to Goldsmith, who, with Sam. Johnson and Dr. Darwin, raises the poetry of our time to the high level of Pope. For Goldsmith's degree, M. B. was conferred after some short stay at Louvaine.

The reform of the establishment at Louvaine, which made such a stir, through Europe, in the year 1787, and which was among the projects of Joseph II. the most meritorious and the least successful, was in the following distribution.

A special commission was appointed to form for the Pays Bas, a system precisely similar to that prevailing in the Emperor's hereditary dominions of Germany, upon church government, the ordering of public study, and the licensing of the press.

The base of this operation was to be the preceding practice at Vienna, by the commission, (aulique) lately for the same purpose, created there. But in all extraordinary cases, in the deviation from any former rule, in the creation of any new principle, special reference was to be made to the Emperor himself.

The minutes of each meeting, before confirmation or revision, "*Avant la mise au net*," were regularly to be sent to the minister plenipotentiary, and through him, at his order, were to undergo the alterations of the council.

Such

Such was the act, made by Joseph, under the administration of the Minister Belgioioso.

On ecclesiastical concerns, M. Leclerc, Baron de Fultz, and the Prevot Dufour, presiding, these were the subdivisions of them.

1. Canon laws—in public ecclesiastices—their illustration, change, abolition.
2. Bishoprics and arch-bishoprics—their coadjutors—whether there should be any new diocese? Whether any of the old should be suppressed? To define and limit their power—consistorial or official—which was held a chief source of abuse.
3. To be definitive also on every object, hitherto, held at all liable to the Court of Rome. Extending this, even to the prohibition of sending any money to Rome—or to any religious establishment, out of the country. With all reservations, superiorities, patronage, and pretensions whatsoever. The whole of which are in effect, very properly abolished.
4. Parishes—what to be abolished? If any new benefices wanted? Their patronage, endowments—with the proposed dispensation with vows, suppression, indulgences, processions, pilgrimages, images, &c. supposed miraculous.
5. To determine the church services, in each place, according to the population.
6. The appointment to any benefice to be by election.—Concours, as it is called—this is as before stated. The clergy, after proof exhibited of character and talents, to nominate three persons to fill each vacant benefice—of the three, the prince to name one.
7. The state of convents and monasteries—their excesses and disorders. To limit the number of such buildings and the numbers in each—and their endowments. Pen-
fions

fions to the monks and cures who were abolished (they were 400 livres)—and other applications of property in the religious houses suppressed.

The same people were to fix the general plan of academical study.

In the detail, the arrangements being under these professors—

Divinity, Abbé Stoger.

Law, M. Vanderheyden.

Medicine, M. Melly.

Philosophy, M. de Meyer.

Humanity School, M. Des Roches.

The Hospitals and Eleemosynary Foundations, M. Burhā and M. Vanvelde.

FROM LOUVAIN TO LIEGE.

And memorise another Golgotha.

Shakspear.

For thus, alas! the road had it through St. Tron and Tirlemont from Louvaine to Liege! Had all the amateurs of war been present, there was enough of the sublime, &c. to have satisfied the most sanguine of them all!

It was now many a mournful month since the dire mischiefs had been first bewailed! And yet through many a long mile, there was the cry of havoc still! Heaving forth from every object around.

Through a main track, almost every house was pierced through and through. In each poor clay wall, there remained the hideous stigma of every cannon shot! Of many houses, battered and burnt, there was not left one stone upon another! Of the few straggling trees, that continued on the way side undestroyed, not one escaped, unstained, from the abomination of spilled blood! The bones of horses and of men were scattered over every field! the fragments countless, as when one heweth wood upon the earth! entire skeletons were yet to be seen—not yet dry, nor denuded quite!

Every face was in sadness—every heart seemed faint! The father bereaved of his children—the widow and the orphan, through astounding sorrow torpid, in silent supplication for bread!

Calamity and death, at any time, in any form, cannot but be full of awe! Yet human violence, more fell than accident, seems to make disaster doubly dreadful!

One poor fellow, a farmer of the best life and conversation, fell in his own house in the last solemn duty of the day. A cannon ball rushed into the room—and killed him! his wife and children also at their devotion, kneeling all
around.

around ! An excellent young man, but the day before a bridegroom, was another victim ! He was coming forth from his chamber, when a random shot struck him. He dropped down dead !—and his bride, young and beautiful, her swelling heart literally burst !—she shrieked out, “ O “ God ! ” and never spoke more ! A brave boy, not fourteen years old, was in the field—a dæmon, in the shape of a hussar, furiously assailed him and roared out, in broken French “ Grace ? Grace ? ”—Questionab'y thus—

The poor boy, either did not know what was meant, or disdained if he did. He replied “ Et pourquoi, Grace ? ” when instantly, the ruffian let fall his sabre, and the boy, from his head, down, was cleft in twain ! It was in another such scene of horrors, conjured up and perpetrated from the storehouse of all ill, that our gallant countryman, Colonel Eld, had a picture, which he wore hanging about his neck, driven into his heart ! It was a miniature of a lady he had left in England—who had his plighted faith !

Horrors like these, too hideous to be born, were most rife and raging about St. Tron and Tirlemont, in the following villages, Driefsche, Visscot, Tirhaegen, and Roere—about Overwinden, and between Neerwinden and Landel.

There, it seems, after the best information, scarcely possible to doubt, that the army of the French Republic was finally sold ! For M. Dumourier made the attack at Neerwinden, suo ex motu, altogether—without the customary forms of deliberation and council. There was not even any formal reconnoitering of the enemies position ! Though the enemy were posted with manifest advantage of the ground ! Though their force, 52,000 effective, far exceeded the force of the French. Though they were fortified with artillery more exceeding still !

The engagement, the first day, lasted but three hours, viz. from three to six o'clock, and in that short lapse of time above three thousand men were murdered !

If traditions are at all true, the dismay and disasters of former wars, do not fade away, on comparison with these three days of horror, between Liege and Louvaine! This was the very ground, chiefly between Neerwinden and Landen, where a century before (July 1694), there was another dire consummation of the inspired poet's worst imagined curse, "the people being sold for nought"—when, the Marechal Luxembourg bought, with such prodigal guilt in blood, the barren honours of the field.

We were shewn the place, by a divine old man. He was a substantial land-holder—venerable in hoary headed strength! but more, from the strong wisdom of age!--with all his ideas and wishes justly bent upon good will and peace.

"There," said he, still sighing heavily from his inmost heart, "there is the fatal spot---there---there---now, near
 " a hundred years are past, since the earth was thus blasted
 " by the despots of that time! Then, thirteen of my kindred, I have been made to know---thirteen were doomed
 " in one day to die! God help their endangered souls!
 " I hope they had no misdeeds, as to the death of
 " others!"

The excellent old man broke from us in silence, and in tears! We found, after enquiry, he had a fresh grief too—but that, why we know not, he was too proud or too sore to tell. We looked after him as long as we could, with strong emotion! emotion yet soothing too! for it was sympathy additionally ennobled by every preference, rational and good, by pity and by esteem!

The country in this route, continues productive of every growth, but anecdotes and instruction. For almost every object, artificial or natural, roads, soil, husbandry, habitations, &c. have no specific differences, from those mentioned in the preceding chapters.

Tirlemont, three leagues from Louvain, is a paved town,
 which

which has been large; but is shrunk and shrivelled by age, by fire, and by war. It once was of prime political consequence; and had that fourth rank in the assembly of the states of Brabant, which is now held by Bois-le-Duc. But now, like the ebb'd finances of one out of place, every thing seems to hang about it lose and empty. There are no longer houses to fill the walls: nor people enough to fill the houses.—There is a spacious open area in the middle of the town, with a good church, and a better inn.—The church, however, twelve or thirteen persons, probably, think well enough;—at least, if it be in the power of so many canonries and a deanery, to make them think well.

These are in the patronage of the chapter of Liege.

There are, moreover, no less than six convents for men! and seven for women!—But no other trade or factory was stirring when we saw the town—except that dubious craft of turning human creatures into hulans!

At the inn, we had a gay table d'hôte; with some foreign officers, and an English gentleman, of vivacity and of taste.—He said, “ he had been told, by people probably “ disaffected to England, maliciously and eager to defame “ it, that the new levies were for us.”

“ They are, said a Hanoverian leader, “ they are in the “ service of Great Britain!”

“ In our pay, rather than our service, Colonel!”—was the dexterous replication of our companion.

“ They are called the *legion* of Y---k”---continued a walloon.

“ *For they are many*”---said our whimsical countryman.—Our lively friend, we found, had been no slight traveller. And was then on route, as we understood, to mix in the hunting parties of the English Viscount B——, in the electorate of Cologne and Westphalia.

He had been also at the Duc d'Aremberg's establishment for the chace, in the neighbourhood of Louvain. This, he described

described as being very ample still---100 dogs---200 horses---with keepers, riders, &c. &c. in proportion.---Stags and foxes were the usual hunt. But now and then, more ambitious, a wolf and a boar.

The chief misfortune in Duc d'Arenberg's life, the loss of sight, is well known.---It was thus in a shooting party, that the sad accident befel him. The party with him, were, his father, and our former engaging ambassador at Bruxelles, Sir William G——. The ground they that day meant to go over, they divided, as usual abroad, into equal parts, each person going on in an appointed direction, and knocking down all before him. Sir William and the father advanced through the woods with more speed than was expected. The son advanced with less speed. He was by some accident delayed. Embarrassed and deviating from his direct line. As he was thus pushing on, as well as he could, through a very close and dark thicket, the rustling, most unfortunately, came to the old duke's ears as the approach of some *gros gibier*, as it is called, some piece of large game. And with the sudden heat of a keen sportsman, he urged Sir William, who was next the place, to fire.---Sir William, alas! did so. And the loading, luckily not a bullet, lodged in the young duke's eyes! A disaster, like this, happening to a son, on the importunity of the father, and by the hand of a friend, made up an enormous mass of hideous woe, at first hardly to be borne! And such are mere corporeal ills, and specifically so light, when compared with ills upon the mind, that the loss of eyes, though so grievous in the extreme, seemed the least fore predicament of the three! literally, less dire than the agonizing thoughts of those who had, though unintendingly, inflicted agony upon another.---Time too, the chief assuager of all harms, seemed likely to be more active for the former than for the latter. Be it as it may, the Duke, then young, bore his calamity like a man; who, in the perfection of moral
thought

thought and action, derives his principles from the best appointed source.

Indeed, privation of this sense, seems, with much less effort of moral energy, supportable more readily than in another. For social comforts, the strongest stay of man, come, through hearing more potently, than through sight. And even for mere self-preservation in the abstract, conversation, preferably to all that books can do, offers aid much more constant and complete.---It is easier also to find substitutes for vision. Memory, and the other powers, all proportionably more alive and active, are found to join their forces, and among them to do what is wanted, astonishingly well. And above all, the blind, free from dejection, the symptomatic torture of the deaf, the blind generally have gay spirits, which never fail. All this has been, very cheerfully, seen in recent well-known instances. In a late prime minister's undiminished flow of talk---in Mr. Stanley the musician: who with memory admirably apt, even beyond his art, used to play well at whist, and carry his visitors about to the prettiest points of scenery, near his villa on Epping Forest---and again, in Duc d'Arenberg, who, like our young Lord D. still has got on horseback, and with a long leading-rein, has even followed the chace.

As to the chace, thus incidently mentioned, it is but fair to say, that it does not here, as in some other parts of Europe, offer the same violence to just and civilised feelings.---The chace is open. Each owner or tenant may do what he will with game, as with any other vermin, or good produce upon the land!---Nonsensical violence there is none, like *droits de chasse*, thwarting nature, and perverting justice---with resentments beyond all possible provocation, straining right into wrong, and to objects so insignificant as a hare and patridge, sacrificing that most solemn trust, the life and liberty of man!

Abominations,

Abominations, such as these, ended through France, with the Revolution!—

Italy also, through decency, or through prudence, has already vouchsafed to amend in this point of duty, lessoned by the near amendment of their neighbours. The farmer may be at length allowed to reap freely where he may have sowed—and if invaded by the boars and foxes, he now may rid himself of his invaders—“To give the devil his due,” said one of the most enlightened noblemen in Italy—“To give the devil his due, we do owe this change to the great changes in France—! Till then, there was less danger of human punishment in Italy from a farmer murdering a man, than if he armed his hands to get rid of a wild boar!!!”

Such misdeeds, enormous transgressions of what is human and divine, were perpetrated formerly in France by every puny monster with a lordship or a manor! But the tyranny was perhaps no where so outrageous, as in the systematic wrongs of the H—— of Condè.

The game establishment at Chantilli, has at different times, condemned, terrible to tell, near a thousand men to the gallies! Many hundred peasants, it is now well known, fell murdered by their keepers! Literally hunted down and shot! And the bodies of the dead were thrown into the next ditch, or hid under a little mould, grubbed up in the park!—Such were the abuses, when each power and privilege of man, were superseded and overborn by the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and by—vermin the most vile—as those who could execute the extremity of tyrannical abuses for a trifle, so insignificant as a chase! abuses which now, thank God, are no more—but which only a short interval past, really raged, with no hope but in the melancholy virtues, to yield any thing like refuge or mitigation.

Αυτοὺς δὲ Εὐλαρίᾳ τευχέε, κυνεσσιν

Οἰκνοῖσι, τι Πάσι!—Δίος δ' ἐτε-λεῖστε Βύλη!

Apart

Apart from this, which properly moving to indignation every just and virtuous man, should have had a chapter in Beccaria, the recollection of Chantilli may not be unacceptable.—For Chantilli was the most extraordinary establishment of the kind in Europe!

The following long lists were copied from the household registers there!—And, what seems unaccountable, they never were printed before—not even in France!—The copy was taken in the year 1788, and the gentleman who kindly assisted me in transcribing it, is of all cotemporary Men but Doctor D—— most fit to perpetuate by an ode, the vicissitudes so extraordinary in the place. This statement, as an object, in natural history, is no small curiosity! And as such, it is philosophically interesting!—But it interests much more and edifies, when referred to a political consideration. The necessity which urged for French reform in that department of life; and the rational approbation wherever reform can be wholesomely effected.

THE FIRST LIST

States the total gross numbers of game killed at Chantilli, year by year, through a series of 32 years—beginning with the year 1748—ending with the year 1779.

FIRST OF THE GAME.

54878	33055	26371
37160	50812	19774
53712	40234	19932
39892	26267	27164
32470	25953	30429
39893	37209	30859
32470	42902	25813
16186	31620	50666
24029	25994	13304
27013	18479	17566
26405	18550	

Q

BIRDS

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Their bill of mortality—The numbers in detail of each, specific description, thus registered, to have been killed at Chantilli, in the above-mentioned series of years—

Hares	-	77750	Bustards	-	2
Rabbets	-	587470	Larks	-	106
Partridges	-	117574	Tudelles	-	3
Red, ditto		12426	Fox	-	1
Pheasants	-	86193	Crapeaux	-	8
Quails	-	19696	Thrushes	-	1313
Ralles (the male quail)		449	Guynard	-	4
Woodcocks	-	2164	Stags	-	1712
Snipes	-	2856	Hinds	-	1682
Ducks	-	1353	Fawns	-	519
Wood pigeons		317	Does	-	1921
Lapwings	-	720	Young Does	-	135
Becfique (small bird like our Wheatear)		67	Roe Bucks	-	4669
Curlews	-	32	Young ditto	-	810
Oyes d'Egypte	-	3	Wild Boars	-	1942
Oyes Sauvage		14	Marcaffins (young Boars)		818

GAME KILLED IN ONE YEAR.

By	Pieces of Game.	By	Pieces of Game.
M. de Cayla	- 460	M. Vaupaliere	- 75
M. de Canillac	953	M. Loftanges	247
Comte d'Artois	553	M. de St. Hermine	29
Duc de Bourbon	403	M. Belinage (three of the same name)	10868
Duc d'Enghien	9	M. Damezega	522
Prince d'Henin	170	M. St. Cloud	29
Duc de Polignac	330	M. Boazola	- 471
M. de Roucherolles	93	M. Goulet	- 10
M. de Choiseul	195	M. Brioux	- 62
M. de Tremouelle	86		
			M, de

By	Pieces of Game.	By	Pieces of Game.
M. Balli de Crufol	196	M. Sarobert	- 78
Abbè Baliviere	54	M. Bateroy	- 6
Baron de Chatelie	26	Mr. Franklin	119
M. de Valou	- 8	Mr. Franklin (his fon)	198
M. Nedouchel	- 16	* * No other English gentlemen are in the list.	
M. Mintier	- 770	Stag hunts	- 90
M. P. de Tallemont	17	Boar hunts	- 207
Conte d'Authueil	403		
M. d'Authueil	- 822		

The prince's name does not appear in the lists 1779--- That year the prince did not shoot. --But from the years 1748 to 1778, the archives of Chantilli, with all due dignity rehearse—

That, the pieces of game, killed by S. A. R. Monfeigneur le Prince de Condè, were in number 65-524.

That the nine pieces killed by the late prince's grandson, the Duc d'Enghien, were all rabbits.

That the pieces killed by the Duc de Bourbon were these,

Pheafants	1451	Partridges	1254
Hares	1207	Red ditto	143

And by C. d'Artois, these

Pheafants	978	Partridges	1109
Hares	870	Red ditto	115

The establishment was also thus extraordinary throughout! viz.

21 Miles of Park!

48 Miles of Forest!

The Horses, when the family were at the place, were above 500!

The Dogs, 60 to 80 couple.

The Servants, above 500!

The Stables, are well known to be called the finest and best in Europe.---They are called so by those who know not what is good.

As a building, it is, in the French style, superb—As a

stable, it fails in the first requisite, fitness and accommodation!—What does it signify, that there may be 136 places for horses to put their heads in, if those places are scarcely five feet wide, and subdivided only by swing bars?

Stalls, enclosed on each side, there are but 40---and they are scarcely six feet wide in the clear. The height and width above 50 feet each, and the space in the centre, are the excellent parts of the building. This central space, an octagon of 80 feet diameter, and almost as high, is the place where the king and queen supped with music in the gallery, and jets d'eaux, about the statuary of the horses.---Some of that statuary is not bad.

In this part of architecture, as in every other, as indeed in all the arts and actions of men, the pretension to positive good, must in some sort, be adjudged by each comparative approach to it.---It is not how much, but how well.

Thus analysed, What is this boasted building of Chantilly?—With all that lavish waste and ornament, basso-relievo and statues can do for it (and the very fanes are horses heads)---Yet what is there so pretty and complete as the small stabling at the Duke of Queensbury's, at the Meuse, or Lord Milton's?---In skilful contrivances for use and comfort, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Egremont, the Duke of Bedford, with their loose rooms, all exceed Chantilly!

It still remains to say---that the Duke of Devonshire's stables at Buxton, are the best in Europe---the best in plan and execution for accommodation and effect.

The Duke of Orleans has the only building, of the kind, an Englishman could think complete in France.---It was at Paris, opposite the Palace Royal.

The Dog houses at Chantilly, are also far inferior to what we have in England---particularly at the Duke of Richmond's in the park at Goodwood, where there is a good characteristic façade, from a grey, grim stone-work, in Doric, making an object to the house and grounds---While
within,

within, the arrangements of distributing the dogs, their rooms for eating, sleeping, airing, &c. when sick and well, with running water and underground drains,---the whole shewing as far as can be shewn on such a work, both humanity and skill. And there is pecuniary magnificence too---For it is said to have cost five or six thousand pounds. Dante in the *Inferno*, usefully figures the lower limb of one man, escaping uncondemned; saved by one act of casual bounty, having once kicked a stray bone into the reach of a poor chained up dog!--After this we hope to hear no more of the Suffex Squire's flouting at this achievement, as inexcuseably flung to the dogs.

After this, without some little distance and bar of separation, like the space above, it seems not easily possible to say much of St. Trond, which can say so little for itself--which is a little dirty town, with a dirty inn---one parish, with a dozen prebends, and a deanery!

The magistracy, made up of two bourg-masters and seven echevins, are named, half by the Prince of Liege, the other half by the Abbaye of St. Nond.---To shew that the magistracy, have not always been what they ought to be, there are half a dozen convents in the town, humble and scanty as it is.

In the ten leagues from Tirlemont to Liege, the three large, rounded, grassy mounts near Tirlemont, are the only noticeable appearances in the way. They are evidently artificial, and less likely to have been a funeral folly of any Roman, than a device to commemorate a triumph of some Goth.---But if the reader has a mind to make a question of this, it will not be debated---he may have it which way he will.

Aperere procul montes, ac voluere fumum.

We must haste away to the hilly scenery, with the mines and manufactures of Liege!

For popular politics, as well as pit-coal fires, a rival to Birmingham itself!

LIEGE.

L I E G E.

BRACTON, the Judge of Harry III. in his work *De Consuetudinibus*, lays down the law upon stray sturgeon, that the king may claim it all. But touching a whale, he opines, and most people must with the same, that the king may have a head, and that the queen may be well pleased to take up with the tail.

De sturgione observetur quod rex illum habebit integrum—de balena autem sufficet, si rex habeat caput; et regina caudam.

These are his words—and the reason is, from due regard to the wardrobe of the queen, that her august and sacred person may never want whalebone. Which, by the bye, proves the ugly use of hoops and stays to have prevailed among the deformities of the 13th century.

Now the city and country of Liege is like the sturgeon laid down by Bracton. The prince would have it all—head and tail, inside and out, body and soul—civil and ecclesiastical—temporal and still when time shall be no more.

The people, however, happen not to be altogether of the same convenient way of thinking. They have got up a rude notion, that all can look after one another, and that each may take care of himself. And in the mere spirit of trade, they seem loth to pay others for what they vainly fancy all men able to do for themselves.

Hence they have been at different times, of late, rather refractory and rude. They grumbled, forsooth, at such trifles as the taxes! And when the prince only wanted to bring in a successor, in the shape and title of a coadjutor, they, flocking to tell, put themselves on the defensive, and resisted!

refisted! As much as protesting in downright political blasphemy, they would not perpetuate the breed.

No, they could not be prevailed upon! Not even when the Prussian army, with their usual beneficence, marched into the town. Not even when they were offered the nephew of the late Emperor. Nay, not even when his late Serene Highness, Monseigneur Le Duc d'Orleans, equally ambitious of doing good, had graciously condescended to prevail upon his half brother, Abbè St. Farre, to have submitted to the toils of the high office. Still amidst all these offered blessings the people, eye on them, seemed insensible—they and their town magistrates, Chestret, Fabris, &c. persisting to say, nay!—For the language of this part of Europe is, according to Steevinus, beyond all others fruitful in monosyllables.

Such was the very uncouth state of things, when they conspired with the French. And parting with their prince, would fain have formed a government upon the plan of, if not in union with, the French Republic. And when the consequences of a republic were urged—and their dangers to liberty and property, the hardy Liegeois disdained to answer at large, but called upon their fellows to look at Genoa and Geneva, at the Swiss, the Americans, and the Dutch! It was manifest there was no talking with people such as these.

So the allies, as they are called, with logic of a stronger sort, made the people know what they thought should be done! Dumourier insensibly let fall the wreath, which amidst theatric captivations, wit and beauty had placed upon his brow! The French, however favoured, were forced to fly. And all the blessings were restored, of a Prince-Bishop and Chapter, Canons, Convents, Masses, Indulgencies, and Processions!

And finally, that the towns-people might know when they were well, and to make them remember it, the Prince
of

of Cobourg made a levy upon the town.—The amount of the imposition was half a million !

How the French lost Liege, or as they there were too apt to say, how Liege lost the French, is a fact that will make no great figure in history. For it was by a device as far afunder from skill and prowess, as a mere bargain and sale !

Hence the whole economy of the campaign ! Hence Dumourier, quite unprepared for what he pretended, without an army at all adequate, without even the charts and plans for the route, M. Dumourier wasting time and strength at Williamstadt, at the Moerdyck, and at Dort. Hence the refusal of reinforcements, (10 or 15,000 men) urged by Miranda and by Bournonville. Hence the siege of Maestricht unsupported and abandoned. Hence Lamorriere and Champmorin were left with force ill matched to their work—to keep the Prussians in check, and to cover the left side of the Meuse. Hence Valence, when he ought to have been aiding the army of observation on the east, was suffered to lose himself so long at Liege. Hence Lanoue, not able to dispute the passage of the Roer—was attacked on the right and left, driven from his cantonments, and his position after it, evacuating Aix-la-Chapelle, and retreating to Hervè. And hence the 35,000 men who were thus let pass at Wyck, had all their subsequent successes, in the attack upon the retreat, ere the junction with Leveneur—in the attack at Tongres—in the enforced retreat to St. Tron—and so on, at Neirwinden, La Montagne De Fere, &c. to the flight through Bruxelles, and the final evacuation of Flanders and Brabant !

Yet the French Republicans, retreated and retreating, continued formidable all the while. And in the last great action near Louvaine, they would have finally defeated the Germans, but for a corps of Emigrants, who had sallied out of Maestricht. The Emigrant regiments of Saxe, of Bir-

cigni,

raighn, of the French royal allemagne, were the men whose prowess turned the fate of the day.

Among the many wonders of this extraordinary retreat, the conduct of M. Yhler, a French general, in saving the last detachment of ten thousand men, was the most rational and the best. In value as well as number, it was a counterpart to Xenophon's ten thousand. M. Yhler had to collect his men from all the out-posts, piquets, and advanced guards, posts of observation, foraging, recruiting---and such was his speed, his skill, and his success, that he collected them all, and conducted them, without loss, to the main body of the army at St. Tron.---Though the last six battalions had to repulse and route a corps of cavalry, that pursued and harraffed their rear!---and though they had to make their way through Liege, the head quarters of the enemy!---the French, led by M. Yhler, marched through Liege in the night! And the army of the enemy, either were not aware of it, or dared not to dispute the passage if they were!

The consequences of this to Liege, must appear and be felt heavy by all!-- for, added to the cause of reform, thus obviously, to unknown time, deferred---there have arisen interruptions to free intercourse and security.---To pay the German imposition, there is a house-tax, now collecting, from door to door!---While, what is worse than all, there is a large diminution of the people to pay it!---For, no less than 18,000 inhabitants of Liege departed with the French, in their retreat!---And all those people, lost to their native settlement, continue adding to the population and to the welfare of France. Some, indeed, in the army; but the greater part in the mine works, in the founderies, and in the factories of fire-arms, so rapidly augmenting by the French!

For at St. Etienne, near Autun, on the west between Macon and Lyons, a prime establishment for such work; it

has been much extended and improved since the revolution. When the work began, it was necessary to have aid from England: our first mechanical genius, Mr. Watt, of Birmingham, had been consulted before—but on this occasion, being otherwise occupied, the French applied to another chief artificer of our's, Mr. John Wilkinson, whose skill has made the names of his furnaces, Burtham and Broseley, every where known and respected.---There he made the first cylinders for that of St. Etienne, for Paris, &c.---but at present, such is the sure creative power of necessity, the French trust no aid is wanting but their own. A young man of Lyons is the chief engineer now; and has already displayed a genius able to advance his very useful art; and accordingly, the works are spreading in all directions,---in the mine and smelting furnaces; but most in the founderies for cannon.

In such a number as 18,000 persons thus leaving Liege, there must have been many vicissitudes, very violent! many a fortune, by the shock of accident, thus going to the bottom!---Poor Fabris, was among the most remarkable of these. When I saw him first at Liege---he was in the fullness of municipal power. The bourgmaster there. He had mixed in politics with the Prussian administration: and, indeed, had been received at Potsdam with little less than the vain pride of embassadorial show.---He is now, I hear, keeping a ginguette (a sort of suburb hop and cake-house) in one of the Fauxbourg's at Paris!

Yet, notwithstanding all this change, by accident and human violence, and in spite of all this loss in the population of Liege, the politics of the place remain unaltered! They are highly popular, and seem to wait only for a convenient season to give their government a radical reform!

For the people of Liege would be independent in the extreme. They affect to be too plain, they pretend, indeed, to be too poor, to bear the taking indulgencies, the
winning

winning splendors of a court.—They object also to the mixed constitution of the person they employ for their chief magistrate; and assert, that the ecclesiastical part of the character seems hurt by it.

This objection we repelled, as might be expected from Englishmen, in due allegiance to truth. But in vain!—for we were asked immediately, where is there such another family? All of such equal consideration—each as virtuous as wife!—Reference was then made to the very authentic annals of Liege; and they were stained, undeniably, with infamy, not seen in any other list of bishops, that we could recollect.

So long ago as the tenth century, Huduin, afterwards archbishop of Milan, came with money in his hand, as avowedly to corrupt the election, as a perjured candidate would be in a rotten borough—if there could be such a candidate, or any borough ever rotten. In the eleventh, Reginard got into the place, by money, to Conrad the Emperor! Some little time after, another prince-bishop was a convict, on the complicated guilt of selling canonries in the church! He was tried, cast, and condemned! The man's name was Alexander: the date of his reign 1130.—In the same century, two of them were cited to Rome, on a charge, little less than of privately stealing!—viz. having made away with, to the count of Flanders, some lands about Malines, belonging to the church of Liege!

Another abuse, enormously oppressive, and from which it is impossible to separate, justly, clamour and resistance, is the *monstrous number* of ecclesiastics!—draining the country into the veriest inanition of poverty; and yet more, if possible, spoiling society, by the bad example of plunder, wasted often by ignorance, always by sloth! &c. &c. &c.

The number of churchmen, like the number of any other men, applying to collective life, must be an affair of relative expedience; ascertained by rules derived from the

propositions of each community to which they apply.--- Though a great political question, it is at once made very tractable, by arithmetic and analogy.

The population of Liege has been much over-rated, when called 100,000.---Before the late diminution, 80,000 might be the fact. Yet the ecclesiastical establishments are as follow :

A bishop. He is a suffragan of Cologne---and alternately with Munster in the imperial college of princes.

A suffragan bishop ! The first suffragan was in the 13th century.

Eight grand deans !

Twenty-seven rural ditto !

Two hundred and one prebendaries !

Thirty-two parishes !

Seventeen monasteries !

Eleven convents for women !

Twenty-four sec. abbayes !

With provosts, treasurers, chancellors, officials, chaunters, &c. &c. out of all number.---The archdeacons are seven.

All this in the town, merely!---And, tantum suadere malorum, making the ecclesiastics to amount altogether to 8000 ! That is, within a ninth or tenth part of all the clergymen in England !

For in the territory of Liege, little as it is, no more than 105 square miles, three are 1500 parishes!---With two or three priests to each parish---and to every chapel and convent, almost as many more---the canons, also, are above 800---the nominal population of the territory, never more than 200,000---and now, probably, may be less.

In Westminster, so far exceeding the population of Liege, the parishes are but eight---the prebendaries, happily, no more than twelve:

The bishop, elected by the chapter, is confirmed by the Pope, and had investiture from the emperor.---But that is

no w

now dispensed with---and the bishop only does homage for his fiefs.

He has the prime authority---he can issue edicts and ordinances, for ordinary regulation and police---he convenes the states---their resolutions are presented to him---and when revised by the privy council, are sanctioned by him---in his name they are promulgated, and assume the commanding character of laws; to which, in his name, obedience is enforced. He names military and state officers; who take an oath to him and the state. He can coin; but the new money must be according to the fixed denomination and standard. He is, most wisely and usefully, restrained from levying any new tax, from making war, or even any alliance, without the consent of the people, testified by the states.

Three-fourths of the land and houses, through the whole district of Liege, are the property of the church. And tythes are exacted with a rigor and minuteness, which English clergymen, in general above such enormous meanness, do not know; and would disdain to practice, if they did. There are many hops about Liege, and the harpies abovementioned, however inconceivable, decimate the poles! There are some vineyards too; and though hardly worth a word, there also the same nimble exaction is at hand, and tythe is taken, sometimes of the grapes, and sometimes of the wine. Of trembling contributions, the prince bishop has one from a small chapelry! It annually pays him, why, we know not, 80,000 measures of wheat!

The revenue of Liege, about 1,200,000 florins, results from a 60th levied on all merchandize passing the Pays de Liege, by land or by water, a light duty on wine, and a petty imposition on land. Of this 1,200,000, the bishop modestly swallows, for his share, 800,000! Each canon has about 200*l.* sterling per annum. A deanry costs the people about a double canonry. The parochial clergy are paid

paid not with the same disproportion as in England, and in France before the Revolution---we heard no instances of insufficient income, as in our establishments, mocked as it were by cruel mercy, in the tardy augmentation of Queen Anne. Their provision, in general, is from 60 or 70 pounds sterling to 120 or 130.---There are some churches which produce more: but very few indeed, if any, above 300 or 350*l.* sterling a year. And this is ample for celibacy; and in a country where life is accommodated for half what it costs in England!--No man holds two livings.

The appointment of the prince bishops, in distant periods, occasionally usurped by the emperor and the pope, is now vested in the chapter---they name the coadjutor too, who succeeds, of course, on the bishop's departure.---The present suffragan, after all the compositions abovementioned, is M. Stockhem, a son of the baron, whose ancestors have been so often archdeacons of Brabant, &c. and who have been honoured with subscription monuments by the chapter, even at Calais and Bologne.

For a canonry in Liege, proofs of nobility are generally demanded.---Though in some instances the custom is not enforced, as particularly in the admission of Granville (afterwards archbishop of Malines, cardinal and prime minister of Charles V.) He was, *un homme nouveau*, without any hereditary distinction whatever!--And again, in the case of Wazon, in the eleventh century, who was not only a canon, but the prince bishop, elected unanimously by the whole chapter.---And he had been a singing boy in the choir!

Where the pedigree may be imperfect, they prop it (like a crazy joint-stool with a bit of wood under it) with a certificate of college residence---five years in the law-line are supposed to do; and in divinity seven!

The patronage of church livings, chiefly with the bishop and the collegiate churches and abbays, is not, we were told,

told, so well administered as by the *concurfus*, or election, properly established by Joseph II. in the Netherlands.—By the *privelegium tractus*, the university of Louvain presents to livings lapsing in the month of November every year, and alternate year in January---the emperor and the king of Prussia, and a few other possessors of manorial rights, claim, here and there, some patronage---also purchased.

Another virtuous regulation of Joseph II. the abolition of *dotes*, or receptions into convents, is, we have reason to fear, eluded! The emperor prohibited the abuse: but we heard of its being done secretly.—And we could not but feel the more regret, as such a perverse payment had been made for the sacrifice of a fine young woman from England—Miss ———, the niece of Lady C———! 12,000 livres was the money paid for her!

The short story of Miss ——— was interesting. She was beautiful, highly accomplished, and very good.—Among other admirers, whom she could not help, was M. le ci-devant Duc de M———. His duchess was only at Maestricht; but, as the devil would have it, she was shut up with the siege.

The duke was no disgrace to the late French court---or to his plan of action, which was surprise!---so there were none of the impediment a virtutis; no time lost in reflection, no morbid sensibility, no false shame!

The lady, however, received him as insignificance and guilt ought to be received.—She brushed him off directly—and left him ridiculed and failing—

“Flagitious, and not great.”

Her affections, manifestly worth winning, were then fairly ventured for, and won by a young man---not only of her own country, but who had merit also like her own---But soon after that, they were separated---He had left her for a journey of a few days---but, alas! they never met
more

more. He was doomed to go, where no traveller returns. He died suddenly!

Thus the poor girl was given over to grief!--Astonished with the stroke, she had no strength to rally!--and they who should have rallied for her, seemed also struck stupid in their turn. In the thick darkness of a bad persuasion, they carried her to a cloister, and laid her in a cell!

Not four months after, error was glutted with another victim! From the same family, another victim to the veil!

Such are the seductions of romance, however dull and monstrous.--Such the possible triumphs of nonsense and barbarity, overbearing humanity and truth.

The details of the pious fraud, it was not possible to hear without astonishment and disgust---yet an ecclesiastic that we met, praised them all--and complimented his order on the activity of their zeal!--"Comme elles étoient eveil, "leès! Bien! divinement bien!"--were among the least extravagant of his words.

Shakespear's "Divinity of Hell"--may be among the words of the reader.

L I E G E.

THE government of Liege is placed in the States, viz.

1. The Chapter.
2. The Nobles.
3. The Tiers Etat of Liege, and from the other towns in the Principality.

They meet apart, or altogether by a delegation from each of the three constituent corps, viz.

4. Canons.
4. Noble Gentlemen.
4. Private Laymen, for the Tiers Etat.—Half of these are chosen by the Walloon towns, half by Flanders; with two Bourg-masters, and two Substitutes, who in the absence of the Bourg-masters may vote.

The Prince also has a power of sending three or four Deputies, but they have no power to vote—with a Greflier for each Etat, and two Receivers.

On each occurrence exceeding the power of the Delegates, then there are the general meetings of the States*.—They met for instance, at the end of 1793, to authorise an imposition on each house to repay the money seized by the Austrians. They are convoked by the Prince.

The two Bourg-masters and Twenty Council who form the town magistracy, have been, since the year 1648, nominated every year, half by the town and half by the Prince. The town here, like the definition of the world by some clever writer, is a smaller circle within the greater. The town, here, means no more than that part of it which have the elective franchise, viz. The City Chambers and

* From Liege, as from the rest of Germany, the final appeal is to the Court at Wetzlaer.

Corporate Companies, each of which consist of thirty-six—and who draw lots, divide and subdivide, as they do at Venice, and with the same effect; to thwart, intrigue, and to make corruption yield to the less odious dominion of chance.

What armed force is in Liege is paid by the States, and therefore most properly appointed and officered by them. They were but five or six hundred men, at 5 sols a day, (4½d. English) and were no more offensive than so many constables in red. Their annals have not to blush at any barbarous treaty for troops. Though a town perfectly mercantile, they have no such trade as dabbling in human blood!

The Councils and Tribunals are not, as they might better be, elective, but are named by the Prince, viz.

1. A Privy Council, generally, but not necessary, of Canons and Noblesse, from each baillage. Other persons may be appointed. The number is ten. The Chancellor presides. This court has an appellant power—it revises proposed laws, and proposes them upon criminal punishments and taxes.
2. *Chambre des Comptes*—the number indefinite.
3. The Tribunals, Civil and Criminal, viz. 14 Judges, properly named, not by the Prince, but by the States—and to them
4. Appellant Jurisdiction---a council of nine---selected as they should be, from each order.
5. A Feudal Court---fifteen members.
6. Allodial Court---thirteen members.
7. *Tribunal de Vinty Deux*---has an inquisitorial power over every court and office---sometimes it forms a court of police, and sometimes occupied in external negotiation—as with Louvaine, they formed the *privileges cum tractus* mentioned before. Very properly they are renewed every year. Of these 22, each order supplies four judges, and each

each of the outlying towns, as Dinant, Tongres, St. Tron, Thuin, &c. one or two.

The Prince, like every other citizen, is amenable to some laws---and when he may be supposed to escape, they attach upon his ministers.

The advocates, the prolocutors, and procureurs are here, as elsewhere, enough in all conscience to take care of themselves, and to do their client's business. The first, like the first never-failing riflemen in America, are numbered exactly at one thousand. The last are two hundred and forty.

The administration of law is in faint imitation of what has happened elsewhere, a little costly and slow. The courts, with great tenderness to the judges, are closed for a quarter of a year. But there are no such fine doings as a stamp tax on each law proceeding---nor any benevolencies, like sinecure places, from the perquisites of the court. Thus, therefore too probably, the love of law may rage unchecked by any controul, and certainly there cannot be any encouragement hence ingeniously as virtuously derived, for the poor in spirit, nor any premium to foster openness, to conviction---and talents for silence.

The judges are paid by the States a settled stipend---but they are allowed also fees upon each pleading of every cause. Of course, there result a gain from this consequence like the former, and equally good. There never can be a dearth of hearings upon every cause. It cannot be doubted but that the judges are accessible and candid---with the most easy compliance, the most winning promptitude, to revise and to re-hear.

The stipend to these gentlemen is four thousand florins. But by fees and dexterity they can make the thing mount to six or eight thousand more.

That I believe is the utmost ever got. It was one of the judges who told us so---and he added, "that his profits,

* from the place, both fees and salary, never amounted to " more than six thousand."

But a friend, who was present, rather shrewdly reminded him—" that he was but a young man--propositi tenax, and " a little hard of hearing."

It is required of each law student to have passed seven years in study, before he can be called to the bar. And from thence, without any definitive demand for more years, he may rise to the bench. The judge, with whom I was in company, was but twenty-six years old. But, *vivere bis*, by double diligence he had lengthened his days---and like the most lamented judge in another land, who sunk under something like subornation of perfidy.---He was in temper as well as accomplishment, much older than his years.

As to the execution of the law, the capital punishments are various, viz.—For murder, the convicts' limbs are broken, and a coup de grace given to his heart! for highway robbery, the offender is strangled. At the revolution the malefactors were condemned to be hanged at the lantern. The woollen manufacture is the hard labour, when that is the punishment. For simple theft, the penalty is banishment.—The torture is still inflicted, and with a barbarity known only in states of the vilest despotism and superstition—medical people attend, as at some military punishments!

Insolvent debtors are imprisoned—and for the smallest sums. The creditor is forced to keep the debtor, and according to his rank, ten days. Then, if the debt shall be unsettled, the debtor is formally committed to prison; and the claim upon the creditor is only for the goal allowance, of bread and water.

There are privileged places, as in Italy and Spain, where the guilty can escape the laws. This protection, manifestly infamous, is exhibited to the natives only—but for debt and for every crime except murder. The revolutionary spirit

has been excepted also! But with none of that whimsical solemnity sometimes seen elsewhere of interdict, "as men
 " must fear eternal vengeance, and the displeasure of the
 " state"—like the well known anti-climax in *Hudibras*—

The God of War,
 Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar!

The final appeal to Wetzlaer, may also, in one sense, be classed under the criminal law of the country, and among the efforts of capital punishments. For the causes now before that patient and long suffering court are more than 180,000! We could not help asking how old any of them might be—and we were very properly referred at least to the dark ages, if not to the creation of the world. Compared with this, our own chancery, though hitherto thought superlatively grave, and staid, must reluctantly give up the palm. For we have, I believe, not often heard of any suit as old as the revolution. And it was thought a thing to wonder at, when a late chancellor, who had practiced in that court twenty years, ended literally with a decree upon the identical suit in which his pleadings had begun!

And in pure equity—the case not clear—
 The Chancery takes your rents—for twenty year!

The prisons in Liege are a disgrace to society conscious of any thing like responsibility to God or man. The stairs and walls, which led us up to the door, were almost impassable with the most hideous filth. Nothing but humanity or curiosity can get over it!—while the noise of a fierce watch dog was almost equally irksome to another sense.

The goaler came slowly on the ringing of a heavy sounding bell, and, with some difficulty, let us have admittance! The descent to the cells is down forty or fifty stairs—the passages are pent-up, narrow, and dark. And the cells themselves, not quite seven feet square! of stone, ill-wrought
 on

on every surface but the door! without any light! without any external air! with nothing like a window, but a small hole (six inches by four and a quarter) opening into the passage. The stagnant water from the old fortification, and its drains and ditches, oozing through the walls!

The prisoner is bereft of every thing. He can have no provision against heat or cold. Common cleanliness, the possibility of it, is denied him. He has a little straw, and there he may lay his head. He is in chains. He is without spiritual consolation. And rye bread and water, a few ounces of each, are all his food!

And this in a country where the chief power of government is with ecclesiastics!

As to the other great objects of human care, which should be human health and the art of healing, these are some of the chief circumstances at Liege.

Medical school there is none. The students who would thus qualify beneficently to turn science to profit, generally go to Leyden, Paris, or Vienna. Vienna was beginning, under Joseph II. to promise accomplishments of the best order. An hospital, rather magnificently planned, and an anatomical school, in which, at least, there was a magnificent adventure of expence. For the preparations in the museum at Florence were all copied, and conveyed, not in carriages for fear they might shake and spoil, but by horses and by men!—And so, they actually traversed the whole laborious route, over the Appennines and Tyrolese Alps, from the Arno to the Danube! But since the loss of Joseph, this hope seems to have been lost too—almost the whole has fumed away in projection—there survive only a few transactions—one very moderate quarto volume, and no more! The professors, Frank and Scarpa, contributed to those transactions—and our prime anatomist, Mr. Cruikshank, decorated the establishment by becoming an honorary member.

The

The reputation of Vienna is accordingly less than Leyden, little as that properly is. And Paris, when accessible, is the place German students all appear to prefer.

They have a pharmacopeia of their own; in the year 1740, compiled from Paris, from London, and Vienna, from Etmuller, Fuller, and Bate. They also apply to the best foreign works of the kind. Those of Edinburgh and London, are well known there, as the best.

The chief physicians and surgeons, are supposed to get no more than from 250 to 300*l.* a year—which, comparing the Liege fees of two *escalins* with the London fee of a guinea, proves the labour to be equal to English practice of five or six thousand pounds a year. Humble as that requital seems to us, it is found ample for the necessities and comforts of life at Liege! For the country is plentiful, and taxes, only, are scarce. And, accordingly, it is thought worth contending for! The number of practitioners in each department are exactly thirty-one.

The hospitals teach a traveller nothing but the evils of neglect, in the chief requisites of cleanliness and air. One of these establishments is for 350 people of the town—the other for 120 strangers. I hope it will be thought that we enquired after any English that might be there. We did. And luckily we found there were none.

In a society like this, where, if government in any part fails, it is not for want of paying.—Where there is a court of clergymen, indeed nothing less than a legion of sinecure ecclesiastics, and of course a great quantity of book learning, and not a little intellect too, may be thought to be floating—it is monstrous, that the whole seems on all sides running to waste!—that there is no one establishment of useful science—not a single effort of mind to work in the most ordinary way for the public good—no philosophical registers, no ephemerides—not even what London has annually from the parish clerks, a bill of mortality.

Con.

Consequently there must be a want also of each inference authorized from thence on health and sickness---upon life and death.

The local ailments most rife and fatal are rheumatism, palsy, and diseased liver.---The first comes from vicissitudes of weather being very sudden and strong.---The two last, from hard drinking, which is a popular failing of the place.---Many pulmonary consumptions might be expected; but there are not many.---Notwithstanding the pit-coal fires, the large use of tobacco, and such wide-spread multiplied labours upon metallurgy and in mines.

The trade of Liege is active, ingenious, and comprehensive of much variety, viz.

Iron works	Watches
Steel	Black lace
Copper	Tanning
Coal mines	Paper
Alum	Woolens
Copperas	Soap
Lapis Calaminaris	Aqua Fortis
Verdigris	Hats,

and perhaps printing too should be mentioned; for the Liege people pirate, and not ill, the publications of France and Germany.

Their muskets and pistols are much cheaper than the English. In the barrel they bore a little better. In the lock they are not so good.---Some people however prefer them altogether, to the English manufactures at Sheffield, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton! And accordingly, a commissary, with a salary, Mr. ———, was sent to Liege last summer as a contractor for 50,000 muskets!

The French Republic managed this matter more adroitly; and drew better use from the gunsmiths of Liege. For near a moiety above one third of the best workmen, have been induced to leave Liege; and are settled some at Charleville, but

but most at Paris, and at St. Etienne.---We saw very well looking pocket pistols, for three crowns the pair !

The alum is as good as any in the world. The French think it the best.

In the Nail-trade they deal very largely. It employs 12 or 14000 manufacturers. The Dutch prefer them to our work, and they have almost a monopoly also, at the Hans Towns, on the Danube, and the Rhine, with the contributory rivers of course---the Moselle, the Nekar, and the Mayne. The iron ore from Luxembourg, is thought better than that of Liege.

Their Watchmaking, in common with the rest of Europe, yields in solidity to the English. It yields also in fineness and elegance to Geneva and Paris. For Paris furnishes some very fine work. The most of it is fabricated at Geneva and in Switzerland. The best gold watches at Liege are sold for 10 and 12l.

Their manufactured gold is, very wisely, coarser than the standard. To that, like the Swiss and Genevois, they have to work upon a metal more tractable than ours ; and consequently can finish with more speed, and with less cost, and indeed with more lustre too.

This improvement, by encreasing the alloy, was some time since suggested for the trade of London, by Lord Stanhope. But the people he addressed, I mean the craftsmen, had not wit enough to understand him. And so, the standard, impolitic as it is, continues. And the English, with all the advantages of capital, cannot cope with the Genevese workmen in the market.

The silver and gold, manufactured at Liege, are authenticated by a town mark.

The Hats made at Liege, as at Malines, are of the low priced sorts, far better than in England ; and they are cheaper in the proportion, as eight or nine are to fifteen. The materials are better ; there is less cotton used in them

T

and

and more hair. The fine hats, the manufactured cottons and fine woollens are not so good as in England; their coarse woollen cloths, ferges, &c. are better. The sheep, which are small, and well flavoured like the Welch, excel also in their wool. Those from the country about Hesbage yield the strongest wool. Those about Campane the finest. The bow strings for the manufacture of hats, Liege has from the French. England used to have them too. They are now made by our own people, urged by the all-instructing lessons of necessity! That necessity, which has made our former customers the French, already independent of our markets in the grand articles of fire-arms, gunpowder, bread-corn, and woollen-cloth.

Let us hear no more on the unbalanced mischief of the war, and that many millions have been wasted on the people in vain! It is not quite true. The people have got something, if not as much as they could expect.

They have learnt to make a few bow-strings for the hatters!

The Coal-mines, which have been six centuries at work, continue very considerable still---Added to their own consumption, they sell into other countries, to the amount of 250,000 crowns a year.

The Price at the pit is 10 florins for 2800lb. weight. In selling the smaller slack, bought chiefly by the bourgeois at Liege---the colliers give at the same price, 400 weight more.

The Mine we examined, which was that of M. Braconier, an advocate and a gentleman, who is applying this pursuit, so much better than the jargon of law, the powers of a large and lively mind. The local circumstances and modes of working are as follow :

Discovered to the augre. The mine had 7 veins.

1st 16 inches thick	5	2 feet thick
2 24 ditto	6 }	16 inches.
3 7 feet	7 }	
4 4 ditto		

The best vein is the 4th--which is 80 to 66 toises from the surface. The present pit, in the 3d vein, is 32 toises deep.

This is a new work; on the road to Maestricht, the first water was drained by horses; and when they could do no more, a fire engine was raised--the cylinder 6 inches diameter, was made at Liege.

For a further and cheaper drain, a tunnel (as at the Duke of Bridgewater, &c.) is now forming, 18 toises from the surface; to issue into the river Meuse. The tunnel to be 4 feet wide, 3 feet 6 inches high.

At the pits, which are walled throughout, they draw not with ropes, as with us, but with what is less hazardous, with iron chains--the whimzie (as they call the upper cranework in Wales) being all under a cover of wood.

The lands at top, and consequently to the bottom too, are subdivided among different owners. The royalties on the mine, which in England, are from a 5th to an 8th part of the produce, are at Liege no more than a 24th. Where the tunnel, or underground canal passes, there is a payment to the landlord of a 60th more.

The colliers wages are three escalens for six hours. The colliers, in all countries, earn hardly, a good deal. But being proportionably voluptuous; they are thence in a great proportion too, disorderly, unhappy, and poor. It is so in the coal countries of England---And I was told it was so in Liege. Accordingly we looked for it, but really did not happen to see it. And indeed I rather think, it is an appearance less and less to be seen. The poor at Liege, as at most other places, God knows may be unhappy, but not disorderly, for they are deeply now, and immoveably, devoted to political speculation and reform! And politics seem to be our first consolation for the poor; not only from the moral chastisements of disaster, but as they form

an object, filling the whole mind, and except religion, agitating it, beyond all others, and perhaps better too.

At Liege, some of the old mines are working under the Meuse, as the Newcastle mines are under the Tyne, and at Whitehaven, under the sea itself!

As for Foreign Trade, Liege is a customer to France for wine, brandy, oil, and silk---to the Rhine and the Moselle, for wine. Draperies, cottons, drugs for dyeing and for medicine, they draw from the English and the Dutch. On these there are import duties; that on wine is 25 or 26 florins the ton.

The Landed Property, a prime object of skilful curiosity every where, is thus circumstanced in the Pays de Liege.

The Rent of Land, by the *bonier*, (a measure equal to four acres English) is from six crowns to 70 livres a year. The leases, not long enough for any stretch of agricultural improvement, are often for less than nine years: and seldom for more.—There is a partial land tax, incompletely laid, and worse collected.

The Soils are various—black mould, clay, sand and stones.

The Husbandry;—In the best arable lands so invariably, wheat. The price of corn, from the confusion of measures, was not to be ascertained—but the price of bread amounts to the same thing—viz. The best white bread six sols 5lb.—brown bread five sols 4lb.—the price was but half as much before the war!

In the lands of inferior value, the rotation of crops is, barley the first year,—oats the second year—wheat the third year.—The 4th year is fallow.

The intermediate crops, are potatoes, and cabbages.

The Grass gives two crops—sometimes, but very rarely, there have been a third —Hay before the war 100lb. weight fold for two *escalins*—since the war the price has been doubled.

The

The Grazier's Art, so admirable with Mr. Bakewell and Mr. Chapman, is not unknown here; the mutton is not inferior to any in the world.—The black cattle also are very vigorous. And the dairy farm very good.

Duc d'Attemberg, Baron d'Aigremont, the family of Cherette are the chief owners of the land, of which the church is not seized.—As the churchmen too, vulgarly huddled together in towns, are mostly absentees; agency is become a trade—And at Liege, as elsewhere, agents make themselves thrive, while their employers are kept away.—With similar ingenuity, the Emigrants and Austrians were harassed in their flight. Their little property, like that of the poor French Princes when in Holland, sold for almost nothing!—One sharp fellow told us that he had made in this war an amazing profit upon 800 horses!—"Though" added he, significantly, "Though, after all, what was that " to the horses of Hesse?"

The precious effects of the present disastrous troubles have been felt at Liege, in all directions!—And among others in the money-trade.

Before the war, the merchant and the manufacturèr could borrow any money he wanted at 2 per cent!—They now must give $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 per cent. for it!—That is the highest interest allowed. And here, as in the Netherlands, every loan must be registered.—And they flight the sagacity of Englishmen, for confining that security to two fifty seconds of the nation, Middlesex and York!

In the Police of Liege, there is the humane discretion to protect the poor, from usury as it were—that monster of the deep! who pervades and actuates the plundering of a wreck!—Accordingly, the town Connives was not at such a dubious being as a pawnbroker.—There is in lieu of it, a subscription establishment, a Monte de Pietè—where the poor man goes in his distress, and where with as little mischief as can be, the poor man is relieved.

There

There is a director and an estimator, both of approved repute—with 13 clerks.—They attend every day, and all day long.—On each pledge that is produced, they lend two thirds of its value; at an interest, for many years past, not more than 5 per cent.—But now, since the war, and its horrid impositions, &c. raised to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—The pledges are kept sixteen months; and then if not redeemed are sold; and the owner receives any surplus there may be upon sale.—The sales are public; and constant—every four months, and of the property left unredeemed the corresponding anterior three.

While the late troubles raged, and while a foreign army were approaching, the establishment lent in a few days, less than a month, 65000 florins, chiefly upon trinkets, watches, &c.—When one of the subscribers told us this, an emigrant officer was in the room—and he exclaimed with much earnestness “Would to God, we could have done so too, “when some of the allies took such care of our moveables, “in the retreat out of Champagne!”

This establishment was religiously respected by the army of the French Republic. Long as they were at Liege, there was not for a single moment, any thing like violence or fear.

The subscribers, who form the fund, are incorporated, and receive a stipulated interest of 4 per cent.—The remaining one per cent, (and it was no more before the war) is enough to pay all the charges of management, clerks salaries, sales, &c. &c.

In the town of Dinant there is a Monte de Pietè, a dependence upon this. Those at Antwerp and Maastricht have no longer any connection with it.

The Insurances from Fire, are the same as through the Netherlands; viz. at Antwerp and Amsterdam.—The latter, when common buildings, is a quarter per cent.

When

When such a vast multitude of the citizens, hastily left Liege with the French, it should have been specified, that all the civil officers, constituting the municipality, were among them.---And when they took the final farewell of their friends---they said with affecting fortitude---

“ Freedom is our object. We hope to find it in France.

“ But if not, alas!---We will follow it to America.”

“ America, thank God, is open---and with blessings---

“ ample enough for all mankind !”

For architecture, painting, and statuary, Liege has little or nothing to say!--The princes we suppose, have been disciples of that philosophy, which impugns the fine arts for emasculating the mind!---And so, they too, “ have “ never built a pigeon house !”---Notwithstanding their wealth, and the rich scenery on the Meuse, to boot.

When Dumourier was there, he lived in the old palace---when the wreath was put upon him at the play-house, he was opposite to what in London is called the King’s side, the first box from the stage !

There are libraries at St. James and St. Benedict.

Of other memorabilia Liege is but bare.---There occurred but two inscriptions at all worth copying, one on the seminary, the other on the tomb of our countryman Sir John Mandeville, the physician, who, multo jactatus, after three and twenty years travelling, settled at Liege---and there he died.---His inscription at St. Jaques, is this---

Hic Jacet

Vir Nobilis

Dominus Joannes de Mandevile

Alias Dictus ad Barbam Miles,

Dominus de Campdi,

Natus de Angliâ,

Medicinæ Professor

Devotissimus Orator,

Et

Et Bonorum Largissimus Pauperibus Erogator,
 Qui toto quæse Orbe Lustrato,
 Leodii, diem Vitæ Suæ Clausit Extremum

Nov. 17, 1372.

As Vossius has thought the journey of Mandeville worth mentioning, any body else may do so too. It was written by him in English, French, and Latin. Vossius says, he had seen it in Italian: and knows it to be in Flemish and German.

There is also a translation of it in Spanish, viz. at Valentia, 1540.—Prior to that printed at Venice, viz. in 1534. The Flanders copy was the first, 1483.—And what is remarkable, that of London was the last, viz. 1696.

On the Seminary

Founded by Chapeuville, the Vicar General;---the inscription is by Poletus.

Salve Clara Domus, Studiis Sacrata Juventæ!
 Salve iterum Venerande Domus! Tuq. Inclyte Pubes
 Quem Præstans Chapeuvilleus amet. Ubi, Candidus, ille
 Divinas Referabit Opes, et ———*
 Strenuus Incumbens, Plena ad Subsellia Pandet.

The following also may be interesting, as it keeps in mind the position of the English, living at Liege, in the most important moment of its annals.

Liege 21, Fev. 1793.

Le general, au Citoyen le Croix, Commissaire de la Convention National, Deputé pres l'Armée de la Belgique.

* The word obliterated—They who wish for more minute intelligence, respecting Liege, may I believe find it in other books. I asked one of the Judges in the court of Liege, and he told me Louvrex was the best authority on their constitution.—Though some years ago, at one of the Paris sales, there was a manuscript chronicle of Liege, beginning with the Siege of Troy!

Afin de vous mettre à portée, citoyen, de connoître précisément les motifs qui m'ont déterminé à avoir égard à la demande du comité de surveillance de Liège concernant les Anglois qui se trouvent dans la ville, Je joins ici copie, tant de l'ordre que j'ai donné au Général Thouvenot que de la liste de ces Anglois. La correspondance que la plupart d'entr'eux entretenoient, soit avec les émigrés, soit avec la Garnison de Maestricht, a rendu nécessaire cette mesure de précaution, tant pour eux-mêmes que pour la chose publique.

Liste des Anglois dénoncés par le comité de surveillance de la ville de Liège.

B. Grainger, sur quai d'Avroy, sa femme et une demoiselle.

Partira seul jeudi par la diligence. (N'est point parti).

Madame Tailla, femme d'un Médecin Anglois, logée aux Dames---Angloises, quoiqu'elle ait une Maison à Hocheporte.

B. Dallman, la mere et une nièce, au fauxbourg Saint-Gilles, maison de Conna.

Partiront ensemble Vendredi. (Ne sont point partis.)

Milady Cliford et ces deux filles, maison de Madame Pechat, quartier Saint-Jaques, logement réservé pour le Général Dumourier, maison de Chanoine Leuvreux.

Stanhoppe avec sa femme, Garde-National quartier Saint-Jaques, Maison du Comte Lannoy ; ou en rejoint.

B. Cearel, sa femme et enfans, grand ami de l'Envoyé de Hollande, logé chez Bolen Imprimeur, quai sur-Meuse.

Partira avec sa famille judi. (C'est parti pour Bruxelles.

Milady Fitzgerald, avec une nièce, que l'on dit grande amie du nonce ; son frère sa soeur. Hôtel de Flandre.

B. Richard avec sa famille, Maison du Trésorier Bonhomme, sur Avroy.

Partira jeudi à huit heures du matin, avec sa famille, avec des Chevaux de louage. (Est partipour Bruxelles).

Madame Ryau, Convent Sant-Claire.

B. Pourès, Irlandoife, Manchande, au coin de Place
venant du Palais.

Partira avec un fils, par la Diligence. (N'est point parti.)

Certifié par nous, Maréchal-de-Camp, Commandant dans
la Ville de Liège, le 21 Fevrier 1793, l'an fecond de la
Rèpublique.

Signè YHLER.

N. B. Ceux qui ont la marque bà côté de leurs noms,
ut été plus particulièrment dénoncés comme fufpects.

TO AIX LA CHAPELLE.

THE charm of scenery, that safe and elegant delight, is to be had rather in high order through the environs of Liege--in the common road to Aix la Chapelle, to Chanfontaine, and to Spa, and in the water-passage on the Meuse, each of Nature's ingredients, inequalities, wood and water, are in good proportions, and are well mixed and combined. The river is full, the hills are large, and the plantations frequent.

The Meuse, though when we saw it rather discoloured, is very interesting. It goes freely, and spreads well; the curvatures are sweeping, and the reaches are long—the views from it are full of space and animation—the banks open; and the hills are flung about, in all attitudes and aspects; with woods in fine varieties, to improve their shapes and pretensions, and with objects to adorn them.—Till the lands flatten about Maastricht, the landscape-traveller will find it worth his while to see the Meuse. And when left by him, the historian and the moralist may take their stand upon the ground—a ground that seemed for ever wet and tainted with tears and with blood! A ground they may make to yield its proper produce, some pabulum and prophylactics of life!—to strengthen man's heart, and give him a cheerful countenance! Instead of the fools-cap and the laurel—with which entire nations, infatuated, have made disguises for those monsters, who browse and feed full upon corruption and woe!

The roads to Aix la Chapelle, &c. are upon high-grounds, and ridges—not unlike that fine track (which is called the Hog's-back) between Guildford and Farnham. The lands also here fall and open upon each side—with fore-grounds of boundless amenity, and with distances of unbounded space.

The ideas of grandeur predominates. But it is from ex-
pansion, cultivation, and use—pastures, cattle, hay-making,
corn-fields, hops, manufactures, roads, villages, churches,
thickets, groves, woods, and scattered trees, all are in great
abundance.

About Spa, like the Derbyshire Matlock, the character of
the country has more captivations, from wildness and irre-
gularities—the idea of grandeur there may be, prevails from
what is rough and mishapen, from sharper edges and
stronger lines---from surfaces more broken, falls more pre-
cipitate, wooded rocks, romantic water, deeper hollows,
higher hills!

Indulging a little leisure in one of the most enchanting
scenes about Chanfontaine, some scattered trees, which al-
ways shew to more effect from the top of a hill than the
bottom, discovered, with uncommon minuteness, each sin-
gularity in each; of age, of colour, and of growth. The
analysis was made at once---how much the vigor and beauty
of a woody scene may be aided here and there by deformity
and decay. A Swiss gentleman who was there, recollected
well the good-sense of the Pope, on the power of contrast
and the doctrine of final causes; but the eloquence of Pope
was unknown to him---for he quoted not the fine verses
themselves, but the translation of De Cronfaz, in flat,
cold, prose.

At the bottom of the plantation, were a few young
thriving oaks---clinging together, and precariously holding
up a crumbling soil. The impression was very delicate.
For it associated with the idea of a rising family, that could
sustain their falling stock---the ground, from which they
grew!

Aix la Chapelle may now be entered without any neces-
sity of leaving your chaise; or, probability, of its being broke
to pieces, and so leaving you. Formerly, indeed till last
year, the road, for ever dirty, crept in a bottom between

two high perpendicular banks---and it was so narrow (not seven feet wide) that carriages could neither turn nor pass. The horn, therefore, (necessary also on other roads of Germany) was kept constantly at work by one postillion, to prevent meeting with another !

Now, parallel to that road, but on the high ground above it, another road is made---as wide as Knightsbridge at Hyde-park-corner---and dry throughout as any road may be that has convexity and air. Different princes have been talking of this almost from the time of Charlemagne. The army of the French Republic did it ! on their march ! in a couple of days, though dark and short as in December ! and though the work was a league long---though the road stuff was to be fetched from some distance---though they had a wood to clear---to *level hollows*---to fill them up with fascines !

A clever partizan of the popular politics, giving this a dexterous turn with a strong hand, made us the more observe this---“ they *filled the hollows*,” said he, “ but the hill, “ as here, wherever slightly and wholesome, was not lowered an inch !---As the late Duc de Penthièvre, &c. &c. “ each honest harmless man, never lost a shilling of his “ estate ; but only the weeds and vermin on it---(he meant “ the game) feudal usurpations, the tyrannical impositions ! “ ---the tenants were his ; but they ceased to be his slaves ! “ ---They had their rents to pay, as before---but no more “ *corvées*, *lots-et-ventes*, *droits de chasse*, *droits de change*, “ *tous les droits de diable* !”

The French certainly did this good work. And good works, whatever they may be, are, as certainly, seldom to be done in vain. For, if their new road was a point to them in their rash advance to the Roer---it was of ten times the value, when they were forced to retreat !

God forbid that any man should be suspected of exulting in the successes of despotism. Trash and iniquity, like that,
must

must be openly soon, as it is tacitly now, in just abhorrence and disdain, wherever men are men, with hearts in their bosom, and an atom of any thing like wit and judgement in their head.

And God forbid, too, that, at excesses from the opposite source, the aversion should not be equal!—Nullo discriminate. No matter from whence it comes, Rapine and ravage should be resisted by all. The French had no authority, from rectitude, to invest Aix—because, unlike Piedmont, Flanders, and Liege—at Aix the people did not wish it.—And because that wish not expressed, as through some other countries undeniably it had been expressed, the French attempt sunk into the deep enormity of an invasion! and therefore, unequivocally, it was abominable; upon every principle of responsibility to God and to man!

Accordingly, when the people at Aix relieved their town, I felt, as every independent mind should feel when in joy, at hearing that there is relief from the oppressor.

And the people there, as they may have every where if they will, had the honest well-won satisfaction of thus relieving and righting themselves altogether! For thus the peasants took up arms! or rather, they made head against the French—for many of them had no other weapons but sticks and stones! and with these, and these only, they encountered the troops, even such troops as the French!—They received the first fire—and then rushing on, in a mass, overpowered the French before they could fire again!—taking two pieces of canon! and driving all the troops before them out of the town!—In the same manner, on the same principles, and with the same success, as the Marseillois, seized the two canons in the Caroussel court of the Louvre, against the last active conspiracy of the Swiss troops, with the army of minions who were within!—in the same manner as the tactic-mongers, the most hackneyed in the trade, have been, at once, driven from the field, by men—
arising

arising from the less shewy, but the more honest arts of making clay-moulds, and minced pies!—By men, however, with the unconquerable will, on Nature's sole advantage-ground, and raised, as by a voice from Heaven, to arm in self-defence! instinctively to combat for liberty and for life!

This success of the popular spirit at Aix—when the town was rid of its invaders, was on March 2, 1793—the day after the defeat of Valence at Aldenhoven, the first defeat of the French.—The women of Aix have behaved with as much fine decision as the men—for when different despots have tried to entrap a corps of recruits from thence, the perpetration of the mischief has been stopped by the sense and spirit of the women.—“ Why,” said one of them to a foolish fellow who seemed desperate for a cockade, “ Why, “ what would you cease to be a man?—are you tired of “ having a house over your head—a dinner upon your “ table—with a wife and family, and friends, to put you “ in good humour, and help your appetite to eat it? Go “ and be a vagabond and a slave—and be knocked on the “ head as soon as you can!—for your destiny can doom “ you to nothing but a short allowance of rye-bread, and “ a bit of a blue rag upon your back, and five sols a day “ in your pocket.”

The foe of mankind could get no such abettors from Aix! But at Aix, as in most other places, he contrives not absolutely to lose his market altogether.—His trade is a pretty brisk one!—and with the fore-hand of the fox, he continually, perhaps, has got not less than the most enormous share of the lion.

They are a company who are impud with him. Four of whom are often sible, at the card tables every night, in winter and summer, as bankers or dealers!

The games are rouge and noir, trente-un, and birabis—they have no games but what are adapted to all capacities,

not

not of skill, but of chance.—Hazard, with great gravity, is forbid.—The time of the play is till midnight; the two last hours, a half-crown may be staked; but till ten o'clock nothing lower than a crown can shew his head.—At any time, whether of the gros jeu, or the petit-pont, there is no limitation upwards—you may be ruined as fast as you please—you may stake what you will—the bankers are expected to cover it.

Formerly there used to be very deep play, both at Aix, and at Spa. But since the holy war (indeed thence alone probably called holy) the gamesters have been, in all senses, shallow.—The few times that we happened to be looking on, a few louis-d'or, never more than fifty from one player, could be seen.—And generally, at every deal, more silver than gold.—And the coin, of both sorts, was all French.—The resort formerly, too, used to be very different from what it is at present—and the records of the rooms, still vaunt the princes who have been there—as in some stables of Spain, they regularly commemorate each most egregious ass they may have had come from Castile!—Among these, the princes to wit, there have been not only the common figures of courts, the Navarres and the Valois, your grand-dukes, and your infantas, but those rivals in romance, the King of Sweden and the Czar!—The inscription touching the latter is as follows, at Spa.*

Petrus Primus, dei gratia, Russorum imperator, pius, Felix, invictus, apud suos militaris disciplinæ restitutor, scientiarum omnium, artiumque protosator—validissimâ, bellicarum navium, proprio Marte constructa classe—auctis, ultra finem exercitibus suis! Ditionibus tam avitis, quam bello partis, inter ipsas bellonæ flammæ in tuto positæ—ad externas se convertet, variarumque, per Europam, gentium lustratis moribus per Galliam ad Namureum atque leodium, has ad Spadanæ aquas, tanquam ad salutis portum pervenit—saluberri-misque præsertim Geronsterici fontis feliciter potis, pristino
robori,

robore, optatæque incolumitati restitutus fuit annō 1717—du 22 Julii, revisis dein Batavis, avitumque ad imperium reversus, æternum hocce gratitudinis monumentum hic apponi præcepit—anno 1718.

At that time the Geronstere spring, about a mile out of the town, had more vogue than the Pouxhon spring—indeed was taken as the best.—There is a trade still for the waters of Aix and Spa; but it is, and probably will be, gradually less and less.—For what are the waters without the change of air, the change of scene, and the refreshing gaiety of the jaunt?—Whatever they are, it is obvious they may be had wherever chymistry can be had, with fixed air and fossil salt, with sulphur and steel. The English and the French used to be the chief buyers of this folly—but if ever there should be a peace again; and any body have more money than they know what to do with, they had better give it to encourage first-rate useful parts in their own country, to such men as Pearson and Black, Lavoisier and Fourcroy, than mock expectation with bottled vapidity from the waters of Westphalia—*febres discutere calculorumque vitia*, &c. is the praise of Pliny, and therefore enough to pass, well diluted, through the puffs, to the end of the world, of the lodging-houses and the dippers at the wells—but who has ever found them ague-proof—or, what would be a more signal blessing, deed, a solvent for the stone?

Their power as a discutient, can be only over gold, and over gloom—for it is hard indeed, if in the fusion of so much money as such a journey will cost, some quantity of bad spirits will not fume away.—Curiosity, and the love of change, both natural emotions, are no doubt instructively occupied on foreign travel, when their objects are becomingly, the mind and the manners of men—but apart from these, whether right or wrong, there is nothing at Aix or at Spa, that an Englishman cannot have better, dry-shod, without stirring from home.—Bath has no competitor

in Europe, for the combined captivations of town and country--and for mere scenery, it is not Germany, at least in this part of it, which can be mentioned, with the more exquisite perfections of nature, on the Devonshire rivers, if not upon the Hampshire coast, upon the Severn and the Taaffe, the Wye and the Dee !

Vos patriam fugitis—vos, dulcia linguitis arce.

Of the martyrs to dissipation, that is the gaming-table only, at Aix, too probable no bad little book might be made.—But, as the artist said to the prince, Heaven forbid that we should know these things as well as those who are doomed to live by 'em !

The French fugitive noblesse are now the chief support of the place.—Of course, any traveller may go in boots ; and some, they said, were there in linen, which was the colour of them !---And to ingratiate with these gentlemen, in the anti-room adjoining the saloon, there are frugal luxuries as they are wonted to desire, of tarts and small-beer, of Dutch cheese and gin, ennobled with a little sugar, as liqueurs !

Of two among these wretched beings, the gaming-table-wreck we saw—one of them at the table put fifty louis d'or in his basket !---at the first deal of rouge & noir he put down twenty-five ! and he lost !---at the second deal his stake was fifteen. The deal went round, and he lost again ! ---at the third, he risked at once the remaining ten louis d'ors ! But---while the betts were collecting, and the cards shuffled, he seemed to recollect himself—he felt in his pockets---first one, and then the other---and with a quick short action of his left-arm, pulling out two great French crowns, and a little one, he looked at them on both sides, and then, after a short pause, desperately staked them also !

The fellow who kept the table had covered the ten louis d'or—and now, he answered also, to the last forlorn hope
of

of the two great crowns and the little one ! It was, for all the world, like the response of echo on despair.

An accident prolonged the deal—and, in that moment, it was impossible not to think of a similar fatality in poor Goldsmith ! who looking over a whist table, and, feeling in his pockets as if to count all the little money he had there, leisurely offered a bett “ of five pounds seventeen and fixpence upon the odd trick.”

At length, however, the deal came—and at the ninth card, it was determined. The last ten louis, the two great crowns, and the little one went, where their fore-runners had gone before ! The poor fellow, who was twirling his basket, instantly dashed it down ! He started from his seat, and forcing through the circle, where he overturned two chairs in the way, he literally tore his hair!—and with horrid blasphemies, bursting through the folding doors in the middle of the room, he departed, and we never saw him more.

Another, who was also an emigrant, and had seen better days, had arrived at Aix, in the utmost need—pennyless—without hope, but in a friend. His friend did not fail. But his friend’s circumstances did. Poor himself, in every thing but spirit, he could not, as he wished, relieve the poverty of others. He could, with the utmost effort of privation, part only with a few crowns.

With these, the new stranger entered the great room at Aix—and getting upon one of the rush bottom chairs in the outer circle at the table, and making a long arm, he tossed two crowns upon the board. Winning that, he doubled the stake, and won that too. So he went on, encreasing at each deal; till, actually getting fifty louis, he was so daring as to venture them !—His venture, yet more wonderful, prospered, and he got one hundred louis d’or in one evening.

He had the wit to cut a winner—after opening the

last rouleau to see that there might be no mistake, he let all the money glide gradually over one another into his pocket!

With many a bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out!

He buttoned up, hurried by the centinels down the great stairs, and went with impatience, not unamiable, to tell the glad tidings to his friend. And though gone to bed, he knocked him up!—They talked the thing over, as may be thought, with sufficient energy, rapidity, and glee. Till at length, sobering into purposes more composed, they rationally looked forward, and reckoned on the hundred pieces of gold as one reserve and sure refuge sufficient, certainly in Germany, to make a man, if that man is a Frenchman, impregnable against want for two or three long years! He made a solemn resolution, if not a vow, never to game again.

To have made all sure, he should have left the town, but, as the devil ordained, he did not. He went next night to the redoute, but with no other purpose, but to take some little refreshment, to talk away an hour, and return.

Insensibly, however, he fauntered by the table of rouge & noir—till, looking on, he became giddy, and fell in! Fortune failed him! And he followed her till he was fleeced of all that he had won!—We actually saw him borrow a livre or two, to pay for his petty refreshments in the rooms!

Indeed, of all the emigrants who were here, we could hear no instance of any endeavours that were cheering! No activity in the pursuit of skill, no labourious industry in any study that might sustain them. One of them told us he had tried to apply himself to printing, but stooping for an hour or two in the day over the types, had made his eyes ach—and the ink, from the press ball, had, he feared, indelibly discoloured two or three fingers of his right hand. Another we found, quoting some prince for an example, with talents to be a mechanic, and had given his mind to
turning

turning—and indeed he had given five louis d'or too!— But, *ferre reculent*, his arms after attempting it a week, were too tired to proceed—he forfeited his money, and would not practice any more!

In such a number of fugitives, and some few of them, no doubt, in the honourable predicament of suffering for opinion, there must be men of merit, with masculine spirit, with plastic powers, with mental resources that can never fail. With two of these I have familiar intercourse. They are virtuously and usefully occupied in teaching languages—and they know, I hope, I prize them, as all men must prize manners, intelligence, fortitude, and skill. The one was a Vicaire-general in the north-west of France, the other a Procureur des Communes.

There is a third, of whom I have been ascertained, and of course must wish to know, who has learnt gardening since he has been in England, and now is in a nursery earning ten shillings a week! which he wisely and honourably prefers to an eleemosynary support, very manfully offered him by a farmer of a superior nature in Norfolk. This gentleman, who, capable of such high action, cannot in any circumstances be called unfortunate, is to have the first small farm from Mr. C. of Norfolk. And for the sake of both, every one must wish it to be soon!

Yet, what are all these to the more marked vicissitudes, to the more signal merit in surmounting them, of another foreign gentleman, whom, after long trial, I rejoice to call my friend. He was not of France, but of a country which is better in sky and soil, and in all other influences, perhaps, but what is the life of all, the want of despotism being extirpated.

Life had opened on him with all the benefits of birth, that is thought lucky. His family were good people—he had hereditary wealth—he was bred a scholar—accident had flung him into fair commerce—and nature's dispositions

tions had organised him to be a gentleman. He was blessed with a wife, of kindred merit; and he was, as early as he could be, a father. He understood life too, and seemed formed to make it happy---and farther, his establishments in town and country, in his hospitalities, and in each act of neighbourhood, of order, &c. there was that fine taste predominating throughout, which, as far as it goes, implies a blessing of radical perfection, in the first vital principles of humanity, sensibility of heart.

From all that was thus ascendant, he was cast down! and bereft of all! All of which, being extraneous and separable from himself, he could be bereaved! On an action in itself indifferent, he had a contest with government—and not able to cope with unlimited guilt, instigating unlimited power, on the alternative of menaced evils, exile, rather than imprisonment, was what he chose to take. As he fled out of one door, the soldiery, sent to seize him, entered at the other. And thus was he torn at once from every thing precious in life! but a mind that had resources and an uncondemning heart!

In the first delirious spasms of anguish and alarm, he threw himself about Europe, almost from one end of it to the other! till checked by the spent force of the little fortune he had left, he quieted, and came to himself. It was obvious he must do something, and that it must be done quickly.

Luckily, at the time, he happened to be near Geneva, where man aspires to deserve the free blessings he enjoys—where ingenious labour is in every hand—where alone science and manners make the streets, prolong each good impression of the schools.

There, in one of the unrivalled little towns, on the border of the lake opposite Savoy, my friend, a wanderer no more, joined himself to an enlightened artizan—and, soon, with unceasing study, he learnt to be a watch-maker.

With

With this acquirement, and with the French language, which he had mastered at the same time, he thought himself able to struggle up after fortune, though the following her might lead him as far as London.

To London he came, and there I first knew him. Subsisting by his labours in languages, certainly with ostensible repute, but, no doubt, with latent melancholy, and arduous self denial.

After a few months thus virtuously and usefully employed, we were able to obtain for him a less irksome establishment at Paris. And there in his leisure from a literary pursuit, he bent the whole force of his mind to anatomy. And with such singular zeal and success, that in less than three winters, he actually earned by it four thousand livres a year! His labours in literature at the same time continuing.

Led by one or other of these pursuits, he ran over a very wide range of the most active life. And the politics of the revolution flaming on all sides, he kindled too, and became a politician!

Here, as elsewhere, he was equally prompt, intense, and indefatigable. He stood forward well, on more than one occasion! And his talents, as ever happens through the thick and magnifying medium of party, were seen double.

The last time I was at Paris, in the memorable July of 1792, he surprised us at our hotel, in a dress that had more parade than usual—and a singularity or two, like the petty devices of some uniform. I afterwards found that it was so. That he been that morning sent for by the last wretched Louis! who wanting aid, that might give him capacity and truth, literally offered him a place of minister! Declining that, Louis made another offer, which was pecuniary, of some value, with no office attached, and with no responsibility whatever! That too my friend had the magnanimity to refuse!

If the well known wonders, which happened after the following tenth of August, my friend was thus involved; and he most perilously escaped with his life! As he stood in one of the St. Honoré shops, with a broken pane of glass in the window, he heard his name mentioned with a menace! and from thence, providentially, he never went to his own house more! In the middle of that night, some persons broke into his bed room, and not finding him there, they burnt the house.

They followed after him through all his usual haunts; but again and again in vain. For he had the wit to avoid all these, and to betake himself to a house where, literally, he had never been but once before, and then upon a little commission for me! and where the politics were directly in opposition to his own!

The gentleman of the house was a member of the Jacobin Club; and but rationally no further zealous for those politics, than as they might begin in general good will, and end in general good!

That, and that alone, seemed the glorious personal impulse of my democratic friend, when he was thus accosted by my friend the aristocrat—without more ado his house, his heart, were open to receive him. He sent his servants out of the way—and then secreted him in an apartment nearly joining to his own. And after nineteen days of never ending care of tenderness, the most inventive, and all attendance solely by himself, he contrived, by a stratagem not a little formidable, to get a passe-port, and to remove my distressed friend out of Paris! Nay, not stopping there, he drove him in his own cabriolet to Rouen, and there again he dextrously prevailed on the municipality to grant to his fellow traveller, as to an English gentleman, a passe-port for England.

At Rouen my two friends parted, both, as every body will conceive, with emotions of the highest order! one delivered

livered from death ! the other with yet finer transport, exulting as the deliverer !

Where the last of the two, the democrat, may be, I must say with sorrow, I know not. I could have wished, as for an object most exalting, to have met him here ! It seems, not easily possible to wish for more, than to meet him hereafter !

His name shall not be lost, as was the kindred virtue of the Scottish peasant, who saved Charles Stuart.

As for my other friend, he who fled to England, he arrived at my house, fine re & fine spe, destitute of every thing but his mental powers, and with looks that at once vouched for the trials he had passed !

No longer in dismay and danger, a little time served to restore his wasted health. His spirits and powers rallied undiminished—he turned his back on politics, and commerce he determined should be his object again. On the mere unresponsible word of another zealous gentleman and myself, two merchants in the city of London, with as much virtue as policy, generously advanced what money he wanted ! And thus enabled, in less than two months, he embarked, freighted with no small capital, for ———.

There he settled, and with successes so proportioned to his great fidelity and skill, that he has already established a mercantile character, and indeed a mercantile house, in a town, one of the most opulent in Europe !

Such are the things to shame, if any thing can shame, the sloth and ignorance of the shabby beggars that have been suffered to disgrace active life !—while emasculated vermin have been held forth as if they had been pattern men—and, apart from the plunder of almost every one but them, who should have given the most, the popular imposition has been aided by false pity—and the victims of speculation being held forth as the martyrs of faith ! Such were the

suggestions the low company, at the gaming table, excited in the rooms at Aix.

The profit from this mischief is computed at no less than 120,000 florins, per annum. Of which 15,000 florins, for a licence, are paid by the fellows who keep the bank! At Aix, this revenue, for permission to do evil, goes to the town; at Spa, the Bishop of Liege lays his hand upon it.

Aix, besides this, has a little other trade in woollen cloth, coals, steel works, particularly needles, thread lace. Their cloth is in good repute; they work it up well, and with a good deal of Spanish wool; some of the best has been sold for 3*l.* sterling the yard. A considerable manufacture is at Vervier, between Aix and Spa—M. M. Simony and Sauvage are the makers.

Of two and thirty canons and other dignitaries, the Pope and the Emperor are the makers. The patronage is six months to each, except when the University of Louvaine, in alternate years, collates during January and May. By the Concordat (Germanique) the Emperor names to the first prebend.

If the canon was a creature at all useful, there is one regulation, as to residence, which would be exemplary. His residence must be, through one entire uninterrupted year, before he can be permitted to receive any emolument from the sinecure—and if he should enter the choir once, after the church service be began, what is past of his probation is undone, and he must begin his residence again. This is good. But at an English chapel, Lincoln's Inn, there is a decorum better still—for there no interloper, irreverently past his time, can disturb the office. There, as soon as it begins, the aisles are closed, and beyond the outer area at the bottom, there is no entrance for any body.

Each existing Emperor has one of these canonries, and swears allegiance to the establishment to defend the rights
and

and persons of the place. In general the Emperor, as a canon, is represented by two chaplains, in each hard labour of the office, receiving the revenue and chaunting the masses. Charles the Fifth, however, was there himself, assisting at the cannonient and humming them himself.

Aix-la-Chapelle is a town of high antiquity, the Aquægrani of Tacitus and Cæsar. The present French name is from Charlemagne's chapel. The town hall is said to have been his palace. They will shew you too, if you have nothing better to think of, the marble chair of Charles V. when the emperor used to be crowned at Aix by the Archbishop of Cologne, as he is now at Frankfort by the Archbishop of Mayence. And they would shew you Charlemagne's fine library, if they could.—But though better than his own collection at Worms, the books at Aix, were according to his death-bed order, immediately sold, and the money given to the poor. It is further made historically interesting by our two treaties, 1668 and 1748; and by men labouring with more capacity and use, when Luther and Calvin, near a hundred years before, (1574) chased away popery, substituting something better in its place.

The magistracy of Aix are two Bourgmasters—one named by the bourgeois, the other by the nobles. These, with a Mayor, a Senate of eighteen, a Council of 126, with other officers, an Ecclesiastical Court of twenty, and I know not how many more, receivers, to the tune of two and thirty, twenty-two convents for men and women, may seem to make up a mass of government, in all conscience enough for a little allotment of 20,000 acres—where, in eighteen villages, and at the extravagant calculation of eight persons and a half to a house, the population has never been carried to more than 25,000! There are in all above fifty lawyers of every sort—and when they have contrived to get all they can out of a client, they dispatch him to Wetzlaer. There is the last refuge of the unfortunate in the shape of a final appeal.

Moreover in all causes ecclesiastical as well as civil, supreme, the people are pleased to have the Elector Palatine, as Duke of Juliers, to take care of the one, and the Bishop of Liege to take care of the other! So what can Saint Barnard mean, when he takes the liberty to say of Aix-la-Chapelle, " That it is a town which may be good for the body, but it must be bad for the mind!" The penal laws are imprisonment for debt—labour for small offences—and for great offences, death by decapitation.—The debtor is sustained at two-pence English a day by the creditor.—Torture upon suspicion, is still perpetrated, and, yet more wonderful, the people bear it.

As far as the good or evil of the body may be influenced by physicians at Aix and Spa—the account stands thus—they have ten pound for the season, or for a single visit two or three escalins. One of them, Hanster, speaks tolerable English—another, called Limbourg, can speak what he pleases, French, English, or whatever he will. At least, if he do not, it is the fault of his industry, and not his parts—for he is a very lively, knowing fellow.

This is the only inscription to be found—at St. Mary's.

Sub hoc conditorio
Situs est corpus
Caroli,
Magni & orthodoxi imperatoris,
Qui
Regnum francorum notabiliter amplecticavit
Et
Per annos 46,
Feliciter
Rexit.

The felicity of a reign cannot be too often mentioned as the test of its truth!

FROM AIX TO JULIERS.

AFTER passing the town guard, of 40 or 50 marvellous proper men, and inserting here another omitted memorandum, that the little territory of Aix is an interesting scene, as an Italian poet says of one of his country women, at once sparkling, neglected, and gay.—The road to Cologne is such, as a clever engineer, like those towards Bath and York, would delight to mend.—For nothing can want mending much more.

And this too upon principle. For, at Aix now, as at some of our watering places in times past, the ways about them, have been purposely kept bad, for fear of too much resort—who, not like the puppets of Aristophanes, immaculate and unconfuming, might lower the manners of the place, and raise the price of meat.

After this the ample plains of Aldenhoven gave forth an interest of another nature. Fit for such superior beings, as Charles the ninth, or the late most christian king's great grand-father—the Macedonian madman, and the Sweed!

At Aldenhoven, blood was shed like water upon every side! And the whole region, still stood aghast at the scattered bones! and at entire skeletons of men!

At Aldenhoven, the people of the French republic, under Lanoue, and Valence, were sold to the Germans—and not for nought!—The Germans were made to pay pretty dear for them!—The discreet, exalted gentleman, who commanded, escaping unhurt!

Had discretion been impersonified, and with an estimate of character, according to the rule of Horace, what words could possibly be equal to its deserts?—what words, but those which came from him, like a colliquative Diarrhea, —when he tried to make, a test of action, from the prince's raise!

As

As if virtue could stand by and bow !—And manhood—moody manhood, had nought to say, lofty as he may look !—Tho' truth and spirit bid him on !—Tho' wit and liberty would make him venture !—Though heaven has blest him with a form erect !—and placed before him, palms pluck'd from Paradise——if he is, but ever upright, and ready to reach them !

Horace, however, tho' "himself had been a foldier," never saw any thing like Aldenhoven,—nor any other horror in battle !

His shield left behind, he went upon court ! Where, discreetly, turning his back upon death and ruin, he could know nothing of war, but the fortune of those who bask upon the parade of it—patronage and promotions, contracts and commissions !——Where, besides these and other winning adjuncts, in the court-dresses of the object, he could see no more of that, than of nature !——Where Bellona, in the lavish graces, in the prodigality of pleasing, peculiar to himself ; contrived, somehow or other : to find favours for almost all !

Rain'd influence——to judge the price
Of wit and arms ; while both contend
To win her smiles——whom all commend !

So much for Horace and Aldenhoven, the fame of the court of Rome, and the blessings of war, as there and then by law established !

Juliers, the town so called, succeeds immediately to Aldenhoven.—To the river Roer is a sort of selvage, or salvage (as Skinner's etymology would certainly have it here) —For all the town knows it was the river only, that happened to save it ! And with it the only strong, fortified hold, through the whole electorate of Cologne and Treves, between Juliers and Coblentz !—The French under Lanoue had a piquet of horse and foot at the bridge over the Roer, on the south-west side of it.

Juliers

Juliers, in its walls and works, looks well-conditioned and imposing, and seems throughout, like the Venus at Dusseldorf, to be in perfect good keeping.—The works are modern. But the place as a position is very ancient; as a Roman position, it appears in the itinerary of Antonine.

It appears also in the records of a yet better progress;—in that bright, ascending path of liberty and truth, when the people of the Netherlands discharged and discomfited their abominable prince.—Then, after the twelve years truce, following the last shabby failures of the tyrant, even in his own bay at Gibraltar.—The petty fortrefs of Juliers was a pretence for hostilities!—The Archduke Leopold was sent by the Emperor to seize it, and so to secure succession to the Dutchy.

He was, however, dislodged by the Dutch—And thus the forces of the Emperor, as well as Spain, forced to yield, to the good commanding genius of the people.—A people, small before, and of no reputation, yet proved to be invincible, when, according to heavens instincts daring, they broke the yoke, and made themselves free from the oppressor!

By the treaty of Munster, (Art. 88.) Juliers, (stating both town and citadel) was ceded to Bavaria, whose family had it from the tenth century; and the Elector's troops, 300 of them, held the place, when we saw it.

Such have been the vicissitudes, and such is the political existence of Juliers.—The Civil controul of the place is in a Bourg-master and eight Echevins, (inferior but co-operating magistrates) chosen by the people. On ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the Elector divides the patronage of all livings with the King of Prussia, and the Elector of Cologne.—The value of church livings in the dutchy, is at the highest 3000, at the lowest 300 florins.

The town of Juliers is, very properly, not a prey to sinecure ecclesiastics—We heard of no such impositions as multiplied

tiplied Chapters and Abbays. As the population is not quite 2300, they support no more than one parish. And what refers to good conduct in a point higher still, the communicants at the sacrament, have been more than 1200 !

This, a fact obviously interesting, was told to us, by one of the clergymen in the place. --The young people, I believe, are on this article, better ordered than with us. They begin to frequent the altar at an earlier age than we do ; and continue, less interruptedly, the practice so well began.---

The Dutchy of Juliers, forms with Cleves and Gueldre, the states in the electorate of Cologne.---In the circle of the dutchy are seven baillages, besides the town of Juliers, the Abbaye St. Cornelle, two baronies, and two contès, one of which is Metternich. Aix la Chapelle is locally in it too, but politically it is out---as being what is called an Imperial and free city.---The population of the dutchy is called 296,500.---And the measurement of the territory is 75 square miles.

FROM JULIERS TO COLOGNE.

THE road for some considerable distance, is through flourishing aged woods, which belong, half and half, to the Dutchy of Juliers, and to the Electorate of Cologne.---These are followed by two or three miserable villages, where there is nothing to be seen but hay and straw, and nothing to be heard of, but another memorial of mischief---in a battle near Berghen. It was on the plain, the south-east side of the village---A bloody business---for which M. Turenne has to answer.

At Kulick's-dorff (Anglicè King-street) a village and convent, two leagues from Cologne, there is a hill in the road, where the eye wanders, not undelighted, over a vast quantity of ground. Far below Duffeldorff on one side, and on the other the seven mountains beyond Bonne, to the round hills over Mayence.---In the intervening grounds, large undivided lawns, corn fields, potatoes and hops---with many trees, particularly good road-side vistas, and among them the spires, towers, and pinnacles of Cologne.---For extent, variety, and charming animation, it is among first-rate views!

And so on roads, through the whole distance, not paved, which in summer therefore are good, but in winter evil,---with well grown vistas, but no hedges, and of course no cattle also---with few farm-houses, and consequently where the farms must be large---So, your chaise, if you have it, pay what you will to the postillion, slowly will enter Cologne.

C O L O G N E.

Maxima Cognati Regina Colonia Rheni,
 Hoc te etiam titulo musa superba canet.
 Romani statuunt --habitat Germania--terra est
 Belgia, ter Felix!—nil tibi diva deest.

Scaliger,

Cologne is not a little interesting.

In the first place, you may have Rhine wine and Westphalia ham, at not more money than elsewhere you must give for pale town-made bacon, and dead small beer—with no bad bonus into the bargain, of fish from the river, and gibier from the woods!

2dly---It was the birth place of Nero's mother, so the reader, when he has dined, may, if he can, write about Agrippina, as well as in the fine fragment of Mr. Gray!

3d---Which would have come first, if the dinner, at a most excellent table d'hôte had not come in before it---The people are worth talking about---For, true to themselves, they are full of popular politics. Their constitution, once Republican, and in fact, still pretends to be so in form, That constitution they are labouring to restore! To reform what is living; to regenerate what is dead!

4, 5, 6, &c.—There is an university—Inscriptions—A new theatre, dedicated to the decent graces, Musis Gratiisq; Decentibus, with never ending farces out of doors, almost rivals to the shew, tricks, and the mummery of Rome—And which as times go, is new and comfortable also, and worth all the tricks in the world—There are few if any taxes.

So

So that if the immortal flatterer of Augustus had been, like the wife of Claudius, born here, he must have escaped what is perpetuated by Dryden, as an aspersión on him of hereditary taint. There being no taxes, his father could not have suspiciously traded by a place in them, nor could the prostitutions of genius, been imputed, to the meanness of birth.

The people of Cologne, are distinguished by political preferences by allegiance to the duties of citizens, by ambition for their rights. They are equally active in both.

Their government, fundamentally like the admirable Republic of Rome, should be Republican also. There are manifestly the base and plan of the same happy splendors; but, further, those splendors are made to fade away. The plan is abandoned, and without order or effect, pestilent rubbish is, clumsily, piled upon the base.

The people of Cologne are, constitutionally as the phrase is, acknowledged to be free.—With legitimacy, equality, moral, civil, and political. The laws, with each privilege of them, and each penalty, are ordained to be administered to every individual alike, each franchise is properly the appointed appurtenance of all—Offices are elective—Every citizen is an elector, and is also eligible—and when elected, is bound to bear each faculty of his office, in popular consideration, equally to all!

Moreover the town is so far undergraced by the corporation spirit!--All occupations are open---And every occupier is a citizen!

These principles of political association, universally wise, because just and beneficent to all, seem to have been, however, offensive to the few at Cologne, who, by indirect ascendancy, would usurp over the many! And undue influence has appeared at work, to taint and wither, the representative system—to stifle the best organ expressive of the

popular will ; and thro' by a senate packed by means, equally perverse and venal with their end. Self-elected, sordid, and uncontrollable, gradually to betray each much valued privilege, each dear bought right ! To restore vassalage—and with each assumption of ill-got power to replunge the people back into the fifteenth century---in every thing but the ignorance of political intrigue, and the refined slavery of those doomed, foolishly, to bear it !

The ecclesiastics too, proportionably almost as multitudinous as at Rome, are active abettors of all such abuses ; and call in superstition to connive at the impositions of fraud ; while the retainers of the elector have gone a shorter way to work, and with a stronger arm—Attempting to invade rights incontestible by nature, policy, and time.

But the people of Cologne have hitherto successfully been able to cope with all. *Tam marte, quam mercurio*, force repelled by force ; detection counteracted intrigue ; ridicule routed folly. When unbiassed suffrages and purchased immunities were litigiously called in question, they were ready with a sufficient answer, though they went with it to Wetzlaer, where, in the historians maxim upon the *summum jus*, there is consummate injury in consummate law ! When lately the ministers of the Prince called out his troops to enforce an arbitrary toll, upon the Rhine, the people also immediately beat to arms—and mounting their cannon on the walls, each man stood literally with the match in his hand—ready, if the Prince's people had crossed the river from Dreutz, thus to have encountered him with the salute they thought due !

In the public objects before men's mind, what can give more just animating rapture than the contemplation of a people, free and enlightened, and pure—temperate while they enjoy blessings—strenuous to defend them !

So

So much for the bourgeoisie of Cologne—as for the rest of the people, the clergy and the elector, they are as follow :

The Clergy are :

11 Chapters	40 in each, ⁴	440
19 Parishes	10 ditto,	190
In 19 Convents for men	30 ditto,	570
In 39 Ditto, for women	20 ditto,	780
Total		1980

There are 49 chapels besides these ! with nearly double the number of ecclesiastics !

These, with all other ecclesiastics, without any public or fixed functions, who live by masses, the orders attendant on the sick, the quæ solæ or initiating devout, &c. must be numbered at 2500 !

For the chief chapters, a pedigree (four descents, two on each side) must be produced, as in the chapter at Liege—of course with the same allowances as in the memorable case there specified of the Cardinal Granville. The number of the canons is 60—of them, 24 have the right to chuse the arch-bishop, and to be chosen.

The value of church preferments is thus—

The Grand Doyen—600*l.* sterling—by beneficial accidents, like a lapse or fine in England—increased a fourth more.

The Canonries—from 200 and 300*l.* down to 30*l.* sterling.

More than one canonry has been held by one ecclesiastic—but that obvious abuse—plurality in church livings, with cure of souls, is not known.

The livings—are from 500 florins to 300.

Of the aristocracy the larger part are in the church. Those who are officially ennobled (with such frippery as the gold key at the coat pocket, from being chamberlain to some of the petty princes in Germany), are contemptible absurdities, known here less than in most other towns. The
more

more wealthy capitalists now are ranked with the noblesse. For the heralds, like drill serjeants in distress for recruits, are content to take pedigrees, like men, under the standard!

The Arch-bishop of Cologne, receives an oath of fidelity from the towns people, as protector, not sovereign, of the city. He is elected by the chapter, and to be eligible he must exhibit admitted proofs of birth and pedigree in the first order of nobility. The present gentleman is of the house of Austria, the Arch-duke Maximilian.

As elector, he has sovereign power through the electorate, to enact laws and to execute them—to raise taxes—to make alliances, peace, and war—to coin—to have a military establishment—to grant dispensations, licences, pardons, immunities, and all church livings—life and death are in his hands—and, with the ordinances of religion, which he regulates at will, the inhabitants of the district may feel his opinion beyond the grave!

The Dutchy of Westphalia, the Domain of Comte Necklinghausen, and the Bishopric of Munster, are held under a complex commendams by the arch-bishop. The revenues of the Cologne Electorate, more than half of which come from Munster, are 206,000 sterling pounds. They are the produce of toll duties on all freight passing up or down the Rhine—and in certain local impositions chiefly, stated as amounting to 30,000 a year. Those impositions are in Munster chiefly!—The taille on land is varying as the agriculture may be vineyard or tillage. In the great disproportion of two to the last, and nine to the former. A variety in part not wholly improper, to give a virtual premium to the plough, and to mark, what Rousseau and Hume well observe, the final preference corn must have over wine, the necessary over the luxury, in each of those trying emergencies, which sooner or later may happen to all.

The application of the revenue is, as might be expected, chiefly into the pocket of the prince—to pay the interest of

of the debt, and for other objects of use, as in literary and scientific establishments---of parade, another name for influence, as in the court at Bonne, and in some petty establishments and administration in Westphalia.

The government of the town is in bourg-masters and a senate. The bourg-masters are six. Two of them are in the regency for two years, and then are succeeded by another two.

They are chosen by the people, and, to say the truth, have been generally such as justify the choice, faithful to their trust, honestly administering to the wants and wishes of the people who employ them. We could not hear any instance of intrigue and perfidy---nor, in the records of that town, is there any memorial of mean adventurers stealing into the office, and then with more mischievous corruption felling what they had stolen. It was not in Cologne that the bourg-master, redeemed from bankruptcy by a bribe, therefore betrayed the town, and yoked it to the then minister, to help him through his dirty work.

The bourg-master, when in his functions, is preceded by the fasces, as in old Rome, and wears a grave robe of purple and black.

A senate, as it is called, sit with the bourg-masters, and form a criminal tribunal and a court of police. They hear and determine in all cases which they try: but the sentence is reserved to a superior council, where it is submitted to the elector.

The senate are 49. Of them 42 are chosen by the people. But seven, effacing each vestige of what is right, truth, freedom, common decency, and common sense, seven come in self elected! And what is more wonderfully disgusting, the people suffer them to take their seats!

Over these the people still retain, most properly, a power inquisitorial and controuling. They form into twenty-two tribes or wards, in which the drapers are the first; mem-

bers

bers delegated from each constitute a convention or council, who sit every three months to audit accounts, to review the proceedings of the senate, to approve or to condemn them. These deputies from the tribes or wards are chosen every year, so that their independence and purity are not at all endangered by time. This, a republican form, the people of Cologne cherish as the best part of their constitution; it is the most ancient also. As the best critic pronounces on the popular part of the English system, "*Vetustissima, si antiquitatem spectes---si jurisdictionem, capacissima---Si dignitatem, honoratissima est.*"

Ecclesiastical causes of the town are cognizable by a tribunal which the elector names, with the fiscal and official are the prevot and ten eschevins, who form the court; they must be natives of the town, and well circumstanced in life, as we should say, esquires. Over seven baillages, besides the town, they exercise in the elector's name a jurisdiction both civil and criminal.

The punishment of death is, with the sound policy of humanity, rare. The warrant for any execution must be signed by the elector. Where labour is the punishment of the guilty, they beat stone (tarras) to powder for the builders. The carcan, or pillory, is often used. At Bonne it is near the gallows, a piece of masonry forty feet square, up six stone steps. At the will of the judge a debtor may be arrested; but not, if he is insolvent. This optional power in the judge seems dangerous, as opening a wide door for abuses, but we did not hear of any abuses entering---nor, what is better, were there any prisoners entering either.

The appellant jurisdiction is in the Council of Revision at Bonne. The process costs the appellant four or five thousand livres. Thus Cologne escapes the delays and costs of the Court at Wetzlaer. It appears wonderful prostrations that every other town in Germany should not similarly assert itself, and chuse their proper judges.

The

The police of the town, the town should be instructed to amend. It is defective both to the living and the dead. The first are starved by whole multitudes into beggars, through the ecclesiastical abuses---by the multitude of priests and the errors of their church, in regard to sloth, and a life they inculcate, at the best, speculative over-much.--- And as to the latter, when apparently dead from drowning, a mischance common on the Rhine, there is a neglect of all the means, in stimulants and warmth, to revive suspended animation. They bury also too soon, viz. on the first and second day. So that the fabulous resurrections of pretended saints, a pious fraud not uncommon in the annals of Cologne, are, though false traditions, not absolutely without use---If they ever have, as it is said they have, checked too hasty burial of persons not dead, but in a trance.

They have no laws to regulate buildings, so as to make them less liable to fire---nor when the dreadful evil comes, are there any mitigations by insurance. The nearest establishment of that kind is at Amsterdam and Antwerp---of course our own fire offices are as fit for the business, and by a little activity they might have it---by any of our bankers, like Lockhart's, &c, who are known, and indeed respected through Europe.

The population of Cologne may give a timely lesson to any sapient state, more active for the prosperity of the new world than the old, and astonishingly labouring, by forced emigrations to multiply the inhabitants of America!

By similar ingenuity some intolerant and fanatic administrations have thinned Cologne; so that the houses mouldering, have shrunk on all sides from the town walls, and the inhabitants are not now a quarter the number that they have been! So long ago as the tenth century the houses were 10,000---and two centuries after the town furnished 30,000 men fit to bear arms! At present the whole population of the place are not many more. They have been

computed at 40,000. But on a late alarm when a strict numbering was made, the bourgeois were but 6000!—Reckoning renters, merchants, tradesmen, artisans, and some of the clergy.—Those living by masses and literary labours, unincorporated in any convent or college!

Nor can decay, in any degree be wondered at, under the brutal impolicy which was with base submission suffered to stigmatize the tyranny of madness! Individuals and whole orders of men, whose skill and industry were the most actively useful, were thus, by the persecution of fanaticism and folly, forced to fly from the place. The Jews in the fifteenth century, and the Protestants in the seventeenth, no less than 1400 families at once were all banished—and so far manufactures and commerce were lost at Cologne, as in France after the edict of Nantes!

For the decay of trade was more than equal to the decrease of population! And though the respite of persecution has again permitted the Protestants and Jews to re-enter the town, yet they have not been able to recover the time or restore the markets which were lost. Indeed the toleration to them is very mean and bare—without the right of citizenship, without the public exercise of religion being allowed!

What business there may be, is chiefly done in Protestant houses—and of the following articles they carry outwards, the four or five first, are the least inconsiderable—hemp, salt provisions, wood, tobacco, wine, trass tuff-stone, tobacco-pipe clay, gins, millet, dried fruits, pot-ash, iron, copper, ribbands, a few stockings, and a little lace—the lace is 2 and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, very cheap. The manufacture employs 11,000 children.

The iron comes from the forges of Nassau—the hemp and salt provisions come from Westphalia—the wood from the Upper Rhine and the Neckar.

What foreign goods they want, they buy principally of the

the Dutch, viz. groceries, spices, drugs for medicine and dying, paper, oil, cottons, and English lead and tin.---The sight of these upon the quay, with the names of our countrymen stamped upon each particular mass, made memory return to its first best bias, and cover over neighbourhood and home.

Cum fociis, natoque penatibus ac magnis diis.

When Capt. Cooke was surprised with the Wedgewood plate floating unbroken off Kamtschatka, the excitement was more whimsically fortuitous; but the emotion was the same.

Such are the small remains of trade at Cologne. The seats in the Senate there are not, yet, ever sold.

The carriage of their trade, upon the Rhine, is circumstanced as follows---

22½ kreitzer to 45 the quintal, or 100lb.---sugar pays 45---coffee and spice 30---wine to Cologne from Mentz 12 or 14 rix-dollars, including the customs on the river.

Mentz is thirty-six leagues from Cologne. The Rhine runs powerfully from three to five miles the hour. For pulling up against stream, the horse towing costs 9 to 12 rix-dollars, and in harvest, or when forage as well as horses may be scarce, 16 to 18 crowns. There is a man to every three horses. The time in going up is from nine to eighteen days; in coming down three days, with delays at the custom-houses, &c. The river is at times so swelled and rough, that trade cannot pass for twelve or fourteen days together. The swell, though but rarely, has been 20 to 30 feet. The boats carry from 1000 to 2500lb. weight.

These were the prices of some provisions, &c.

Bread	6 fols	7lb.	Brace of partridges	6 to 8 fols
Brown bread, half price.			Honey	6.
Meat	2 and 2½ lb.		Sugar	20 to 32
Butter	6		Best tea	6 livres.
A hare	6		Coffee	22 fols.

A man servant, and to feed himself—twelve livres a month.

The keep of a house—60 to 70 florins this year. But this year is, by the war, one third dearer than usual.

A coat of silk and cotton stuff, including the taylor, thirteen florins.

English boots, a louis---half-boots, ten livres.

Taxes, ten per cent. on foreign goods.

Thirty sols on every connean of wine. There is a drawback of fifteen sols on exportation.

Labour, eight to twelve sols a day.

The interest of money 4 per cent.---Every mortgage, to be valid, must be negociated before a judge, and enregistered.

Land---to rent---two to four little crowns the arpent, near double our acre---to buy, 300 ecus to 300 livres the arpent.

Rents are paid in the produce.

Coals (from the neighbourhood of Dusseldorff) thirty sols for 136lb. weight.

Westphalia hams, ten sols.

Masters of languages, music, &c. two crowns (but whether great or little, fails to be remembered) for eighteen lessons of an hour.

House rent (also of that the memorandum is obliterated) but it is extremely moderate.

On the whole---we were told, and in such a manner that we could not disbelieve, that 100l. to 150l. sterling was ample for a moderate good family of five or six persons!

The revenue of the town of Cologne, as there is no territory out of the walls, cannot be considerable---the wine duties have been mentioned---the corn duty is 27 sols on each load of wheat and rye. These are all the taxes. For the debt of Cologne, uninflamed by any abomination like war,

war, is a trifle;---not more than a million of livres. In countries lightly vexed with impositions, intelligence like this, is not always with ease to be obtained. And a very sensible observer, Baron L——, rather smartly touched upon the obvious reason, why,---“ Among our neighbours “ the Dutch, &c.” said he, “ such questions can be answered as soon as asked; because every man can speak, “ upon what every man must feel so woefully in every article and effort of life, in the forriest food and raiment, in “ the ground the labourer is doomed to toil over, in the “ very window where he draws the common light and “ common air!”

The town, very properly, wastes no part of their revenue on military force; it is little more than so many constables in red. The town's-people are divided into quarters, officered, &c. as reputably as our train-bands. They keep the town-gates—and if they do not also keep themselves, it is not their fault. For they certainly make pretty free with travellers, as they pass into the town.

The Electorate is loaded with 6,000 men. Part of them are supported by the chapter---part by the Dutch---to be forth-coming upon demand. In the present war, most of them are demanded,---Their pay is two shillings a day, and two pounds of bread!---They are clothed every two years! Red and white are the colours of their trade,---Such are the materials, cheap as dirt all over the world, by which they metamorphose and manufacture them into the hired heroes at Cologne!

The arts in Cologne do not particularly flourish nor abound; Reubens was born here. The register of his baptism is in St. Peter's church: and there, on taking a copy of the register, he gave, with his usual magnificence, a very grand picture! the Crucifixion of Peter—painted, I believe at Antwerp, 1642,---The picture has a great deal of truth
and

and fire, the carnations are exquisite, and some of the anatomy, particularly in a contraction or two, correct and forcible. The value of the performance was, however, for a time misunderstood; and Reubens piqued at it, is said to have offered for it a monstrous deal of money, about 3,000*l.* sterling. A sum impossible at that time; for if the painter could have been weak enough to have given the money, the parish officers would probably have had the wit to have taken it.

In a family-house called Juback, Reubens is said to have been born---and there is said to be a fine family picture by Le Brun.---Architecture, with any pretension, except at the cathedral, there is none. The cathedral, as a vast unfinished gothic mass, has no competitor, but the Duomo at Milan. Conrad, the bishop, in the thirteenth century, was wise enough to begin it---and as nobody has been so wise as to finish it, there is a proof, strong as all the intervening ages can make it, for Horace and his *Nos nequiores*---that men, like their houses, grow worse as their pedigrees grow old. A marble portal of the Maison de Ville, was the only bit of Grecian architecture to be seen in the town---which, with all its antiquity, has found no prince in the same humour with the emperor, who so elegantly wished to leave the town stone, which he had found brick.

Brick, plaistered, or wood, with three to six stories, and a roof of tiles or slates---cornices and architraves to the doors, &c. of basalt---with iron bars to the windows, tin spouts down the front, to within twelve feet from the ground---and gable-ends to the streets, as Queen Caroline said, made Old Brentford look like Germany---this is the fashion of building the common houses---in removing floors and propping the walls, the workmen seem as bold and sure as in London.

The collection of Baron de Hupfch (the antiquities are
the

the best of it) is rather better than most private cabinets in Europe—Comte d'Oettingen and M. de Merle, also have some things worth seeing.—The Duke d'Arenberg resides at Cologne often, and his establishment is the best. Prince Charles too, has passed some time there; but he has no house of his own. Our countryman—Viscount B. has been long fixed here; and with a hunting establishment, the best in Westphalia.

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLOGNE.

THIS is the most ancient university in Germany—the daughter of Paris—the mother of Louvaine—and

Matre pulchra filia pulchrior,

said Pope Urban VI. when comparing it with the parent stock—though what he said had more eulogy than truth.

However, this Urban might say what he would, when he did so much for the place—for he granted, at a time when when popes could grant the rights, immunities, and some endowments there.—The establishment was founded by the magistrates—or, in other words, by the people—1380 was the date.

The government of the university is administered by the four most ancient bourg-masters, with the grand provost of the cathedral and the chancellor—and the following, which is a literal copy from the college regulations of the present year, will shew all that any body can want to see, of the whole establishment, discipline, distribution of time, lectures, and professors.

The correspondence and conversation of the professors are almost entirely in the French language—the lectures are in German or in Latin.

T H E O L O G I E.

M. Le Doct. Nobis—Dogmatic Divinity—from seven to eight in the morning.

Le R. P. and Doct. Vassen—the Sacraments, with practical instructions—eight to nine o'clock.

R. P. and Doct. Curten—Moral Action—nine to ten.

Doct.

Doct. and Regent Krosch—the Divine Virtues—ten to eleven.

Doct. and Doren Marx—the New Testament and the Acts of the Apostles—(Traitera des Principes de la Veritable Hermeneutique)—eleven to twelve.

And occasionally also, at the same hour, the same professor reads, and very well, on the Pastoral Character and Office—and treats summarily on the Application of the Church Laws at Cologne—laws, derived in part from the archbishop, in part from the synod.

The Regent Carrick—on the German church.

The scope of these lectures is, from the 12th century to the Council of Trent, inclusively—one to two.

Doct. Schmitz—on Moral Virtue—two to three.

Licentiate Frangenheim—Moral Divinity—three to four.

L A W.

Doct. Biermann—Sur le Droit du Change—in summer from three to four.

Doct. and Trefoncier Hillesheim—the Ecclesiastical and Civil History of Cologne—Monday and Saturday—ten to eleven.

This professor having been noticed for the freedom of some political opinions, inseparable from any spirited good man, and inalienable from all—he now, in his introduction, is specific—that the liberty he enforces is literally conformable to the spirit of law, and those clear definite principles which, from time to time, have even been (*mirabile dictu*) licenced to appear !

Doct. and Trefoucur Gyer—Institutions of Canon Law—eleven to twelve.

Doct. Zaaren (he is the chancellor)—practice of Canon Law—Monday and Wednesday—one to two.

Professor Wilmes—Criminal Law—theory and practice—in winter, four to five.

His text book is from Professor Bohmer.

Dean Dumont—Ecclesiastical Law—Monday, Thursday, and Saturday—eleven to twelve.

These lectures follow Schenkl (Syntagma Juris Canonica).

Professor Cardauns—the Statute Law—in summer, seven to eight.

These lectures are among the most agreeable to a miscellaneous hearer, for they refer not only to the town and electorate of Cologne—but also to the contiguous interests of Cleves and Berg, and the electorate of Treves and Mayence.

Licentiate Classen—the Practice of Law—in Cologne—twice a week.

This too, now and then, is interesting; from historical statements and local facts.

Professor Brener—on the Process of Law, through the German empire—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—three to four.

This lecturer takes for his chief authorities, the printed works of Knor and Putter.

Licentiate Wunsch—the Practice of the Ecclesiastical Court—with all their Recorded Cases in the Consistory—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—four to five.

Licentiate Duhmen—on the Decrees of the Council of Trent, and the Concordats of the German Nation—Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, in summer—eleven.

Professor Nuckel—on the Feudal Law—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, in summer—four to five.

These lectures are grounded upon Bohmer—the last edition is used.

Licentiate Dolleschal—Jus Germanicum Privatum—four to five.

This professor teaches after the printed works of Selchow,
M. Blanch-

M. Blanchard—Law of Nature and Nations---four to five.
Martini's work is the text-book here.

Licentiate Bolshoven—History of Germany—and German Law.

On both subjects, the great outlines and leading principles are collected from the historical works of Putter.—In summer, ten o'clock---winter, three.

On practical questions, the professor follows Bohmer.

Licentiate Duffel---the Ecclesiastical Constitution of Cologne---(Jus Eccles, Specialissimum Eccles, Colonienfis)---Saturday---two to three.

M. Hanum---on Canon Law (after Schenkl)---every day but Thursday.

Prof. Nuckel---the Pandects (after Bohmer)---nine to ten.

M. Blanchard---the Institutions (after Heineccius)---eight to nine.

Licentiate Bleiffem---Private Rights of German Princes.

These lectures are amplifications upon Putter's *Primæ Linæ, Principum Germaniæ*.

In civil and ecclesiastical law, there are private courses also, by five or six of the last-mentioned professors.

M E D I C I N E.

Doct. Passera--De Formulæ---ten to eleven.

Professor Meyer (he is the prime professor)---Therapeutics---and Clinical Lectures---nine to ten.

He follows Boerhaave---and his Aphorisms de Cognoscendis & Curandis Morbis, are before him.

Prof. Walbraf---on Botany---in summer, at seven,---Natural History, ten.

In Mineralogy, he follows the system of Cronstadt. In Botany Reufs is the guide.—These are in Latin.

Professor Best—Anatomy—three to four—through the winter.

—————Physiology—eight to nine—after Easter.

The Anatomical Lectures are in German—those on Physiology, in Latin.—Haller supplies the authorities, &c. for the last—Leber, for the first.

Professor Haas—on Accouchemens.

Plenck is held of the first authority for these.

This Professor also gives a few lessons on that department in Anatomy, which respects anatomical judgment and opinion as evidence in law—the opening and examination of parts, &c. &c.—embalming.

Professor Cassel—Materia Medica—four to five, in summer.

Our Dr. Cullen's works are the authorities.—These lectures are in Latin.

This Professor, too, has a few lectures on what he calls *Le Medicine Judiciaire* in Germany—and he is attended by the students of law and divinity.

Prof. Rath—on Pathology—in Latin—after Gaubius—two to three, winter and summer.

M. Brach is the Professor upon Surgery—five to six.

These lectures are in German, after Plenck.—In winter, Practical Lectures are given, and the operations demonstrated.

M. Simons—the Diseases of Children—eleven to twelve.

M. Muller—Chymistry—after Jacquin—ten to eleven.

These lectures are in Latin.

W. Hume and M. Manver, give a few lectures on general Therapeutics.

PHILOSOPHY.

Professor Winter—Physics—six in summer—nine o'clock in winter.

Prof. Dolimen—Logic and Metaphysic—same hours.

For

For all these, Beck is the author in the highest authority
---and for Mathematics also.

Prof. Cremer—Ethics—after Schwan—one to two.

Prof. Nobis—Mathematics—one to two.

Prof. Schwadorff---Physics---after Brewer.

Prof. Beck—Logic---after Contzain.

M. Letiman---Practical Philosophy.

M. Knippfchild, also gives lectures on Physics and Ethics
---and

Professor Everts, on Logic and Metaphysics, through the
the year, at 7.

The first follows Brewer---the second Horvath.

Prof. Heyden---Reads on Elementary Mathematics---and
on Experimental Philosophy, in summer.

This is the Astronomical Professor---In teaching he uses
Erxleben and the Supplement of Lichtenberg.

Prof. Wallraff---Delivers a short course of lectures, on
the fine arts, taste, &c.

M. Chateaux, has a course of History and Geography---
And M. Brachor in the use of Philosophy, of History, after
Steinecher.

There are other professors, and those not mean men,
who hold private classes, and with whom as with the Italian
repetitions, the students, after any lecture, may go over it
again.

Such are the establishments in the university of Cologne
---Which, for their own purposes in the two first faculties,
divinity and law, are considered very sufficient---In experi-
mental philosophy, and in natural history too, particularly
mineralogy, Cologne is not defective. As a school for ele-
gant learning, belles lettres, and for medicine, it does not
seem auspicious. The chymistry is the best part, the ana-
tomy is the worst. Anatomical preparations fail, and the
subjects to supply them, are I believe, fewer still. An
hospital,

hospital, on a good plan, is in contemplation.---But till it be executed, that part of the medical study must continue wanting in the extreme. There is as at Liege, two small wards, to receive strangers---but ill ordered, as to cleanliness and air.

At Liege and Aix, the poor used to send their new-born children to Paris, to the *Enfans Trouves*.---The same sad custom, we are told, disgraced Cologne before the war.

On the Anatomical Theatre there is this inscription :

Theat. Anatom.

Hic est, quæ Medicis servit, Palæstra Chirurgi;

Corporis hic monstrant ossa, quod ora, docent.

Hic privata, capet, capet hic, Res-Publica, fructum.

Architypon, Pictor, Sculptor, et Artis, habet.

Hic vitæ vitium, vitare, volentis, imago

Ipfamet hic habitat mors, sine morte, domo.

Deo

Et salutis publicæ gratia

Erigit Magistratus.

Here, her first well-form'd hope, may Painting place,

Where Art meets Nature---And where Truth joins Grace!

Here must the Surgeon arm his useful hand

And learn to save the wonders he has scan'd!

Here, too, should Medicine ponder every pore;

Else, vain pretension, wastes each potent store.

Thou who madest nought in vain, such spirit give

To die for others---when we cease to live,

Thus dear to God and man, such works must stand.

The people raised this!--and their servants plann'd!

As a student of any class, rank, and in any line, the expences at Cologne are very moderate; the greater number of young men do not spend more than forty or fifty pounds a year. And really there seems no reason why they need spend so much.

What

What they can get for their money, may not be so much, nor so well made as at better places, where also the fashion to study is the same, viz. Edinburgh and Pavia, and perhaps Gottingen too. But what they may get, is by no means insufficient, for the more obvious purposes of speculation and practice, as applying to either life.—*Par negotiis neque supra*, like the thick coarser woollens, and sweet light brown bread, not ill adapted to the markets of Germany. The laws and operations of nature, experimental science, and languages, in which colloquial Latin is to be reckoned, as well as the leading living languages of Europe; all these may be very copiously, though not very elegantly, learnt at Cologne.

The fees on graduation are of course like every thing else, in a cheap country, cheap too. To the chance customer, however, who is a stranger, the degree of Doctorate is dear, viz. From two to three hundred half crowns—For they say, not improperly, that “if a fellow is foolish enough to pant “after such trumpery as a foreign rattle, he certainly should “be made to pay for it, pretty smartly!”

Yet to buyers of a certain class, the thing has bonus enough to make it pass for a bargain. For, if the fees are heavy, the examinations are light. So that, like a classic done into the vulgar tongue, it is adapted to gentlemen of all capacities!

Though there is an observatory, with the necessary apparatus, and the present state of the university, excludes all idea of any deficiency, but that of the little necessary care, yet meteorological observations there are none. Periodical statements of that kind, form a gratification at once elegant and cheap. Therefore it is a wonder, to be blamed, where ever they are wanting.

The curiosities of early printing are known at Cologne—and not known altogether, like the ass between the bundles
of

of hay, by approximation only. Yet at first, undoubtedly there was no competitor with Faust, &c. of Mayence.

But Cologne in the mean while, as to all this merit and this praise, was not insensible nor unpartaking. Zell (de Hauen) flourished there ! And Arnold Therhoerner. Their Thomas Aquinas, though after the first editions of Rome and Mentz, was in 1470, and is much prized. And so is the Cologne edition of St. Augustin, in the same year ! And a bible, of great antiquity (though precisely how great, is inascertainable, as it has no date) is attributed (See Meermaun) to Zell at Cologne.—Cologne also, as further interesting to Englishmen, as there our own William Caxton began his career for the public good, and printed there in 1471, the work of Le Fevre (*Le Recceail des Historyes de Troyes*—The book, three years after, was the first printed in London. And the year before that, 1470---J. Kochholf, gave his edition *De Proprietibus Rerum* and *St. Augustin*.

In a later period Cologne was less active. The Plantins with Moretus made Antwerp carry all before it. Then, *Publicè Utilissimi, Bonorum Elogio Boni*, are applicable only to them. Nay, insensible even to the fame of Elzever, nothing like his New Testament and Justinian, were attempted at Cologne, though with all the obvious advantages of the schools there for divinity and law ! The princes and printers there, like the postilions, motionless and dull, neither produced, nor promoted, any one edition of a good work, for good reasons, rare. The memoirs of the Rochefoucault and Pascals letters (*Provencales*) are the only first editions which occur. And the last, abetting the rage against the Jesuits, an emotion in its excess wrong, thus seems to show no motive better than prejudice, intolerance, and spleen. Wechel about 1530, was mentioned by our connoisseur at Cologne, as the best old printing there.

Of Inscriptions also, the place, though an university, and so, necessarily with some talents in it, is equally bare. St.

Bruno

Bruno, it might be expected, would have had something said for him by his fellow countrymen. A more useful man, Adam Schall, the mathematician, who died at Pekin, forming a calendar there, was also a man of Cologne. So was Reubens—and so Vondel, the Dutch Virgil. And when a female mind, like Maria Schurman, could accomplish itself in twelve languages, and write well in four, besides her native tongue, a town, without any elation at all extravagant, might also have commemorated her.

Yet the church walls and tomb-stones are silent over them all! But the last, favoured by Christina, of Sweden, by Vossius, Huygens, Gassindi and Balzac, is secured in fame, as long as the errors of Rome may last, by being among the writers, prohibited there.

She was a disciple of Calvin—And what may further secure her name, the esteem it deserves,—she wrote, in Latin and rather ably, on the powers of the female mind. *De Aptitude Ingenii Muliebris ad Doctrinas, et Literas Meliores*, is the title, and with modern instances, it might do, sketched into English.

Every reader will, no doubt, be ardent to cite for himself.—The examples should be, nay, probably they will be, irresistible; in a line too as long, as it is from Streatham to Naples!—With the charm of each dramatic fiction realised in England, by our Tragic and Comic Muse!

The following two inscriptions were given to us, but it was not mentioned in which of the churches they are.—The second, has merit, rather extraordinary! Merit, arising from novelty and importance. The arrangement is singular, and the expression often exquisite.—The best are the third and fourth lines, the parenthesis in the seventh, and the whole of the close.

I.

Jacobus Merlo---1644

Conditur hoc tumulo, Jacobus Merlo, sacerdos

Curio dum Templo, Maxima Cura, Greges.

Qui, Cæcis Oculus---Claudes Pes---Panis Egenis

Defectis Requies---Exalibusq Domus!

Manfuetus, Suavisq Bonus; Cenforque Malorum

Castus, et Innocuus, Justitiæq Tenax.

Lux Vitæ, Morum Speculum, Pietatis Imago

Sal Populi---Cleri Regula---Forma Gregis!

Laudibus his, Tantis, tamen Unica Gloria, Major

Post, Scriptis, Nituit Congrua Vita, Libris.

The epithet in the last line is happy, and so is the power of condensation in the second and fourth, in the seventh and eighth---What Merlo wrote was on speculative and spiritualized theology.

II.

Murmellius 1538

Non Murmellius, hic Jacet Sepultus!

Sed Tantum Cinis Aridus Poetæ

Sed Pulvis Gelidæ Levis Favillæ

Parvæ Reliquiæ Silentis Urnæ!

Ipse, ad Sedereas Abivit Oras!

Felix!---Elyfias futurus inter

(Ærunnis pro cul omnibus) Catervas

Quare, nec Lacrymās, Viatur, Ullas

Nec Mæstas Gemitu cic Querelas

Virtutis Comes Interire Nescit

Mortem Præterit ipsa, sola, Virtus!

This excellent person, whom all must wish to follow, in merit and final success, had fame in his time, as a philologist and divine. He had been a student at Cologne. As a professor he gave celebrity to a Dutch university.---These beautiful lines on him were written by Pasiphilus.

Arnold

III.

Arnold. Mylius---A. D. 1604.

This tomb, gives a vestige of art, as well as what is more important.

He was a printer. And he did singly, what the London printers, the late Mr. Strahan and Mr. Allen, contrived to do together. Like one, Mylius was a citizen and senator, at Cologne. And like the other, his epitaph adds, that from his delicate integrity and rational piety, he may hope to be admitted, where citizenship is better!--The manuscripts of Scot, (the subtle doctor as he was called) are in the library of the Augustins, and his other remains also continued to moulder in the choir--The date on the stone over him is 1308, with the circumstances which befel him, that he first drew breath in Scotland, and breeding from France---that he lived in England, and that he died in Cologne. This intelligence is in two letters of Latin not worth repeating.

The course of exchange at Cologne, is thus at par---

On France	80 rix dollars for 100 ecus 60 sous	Tournois.
On Amsterdam	155 ditto	— for 100 rix dollars banco.
On Brabant	140	— for 100 Arg. de change.
On Francfort	111	— for 100.
On Hambourg	153	— for 100 rix dollars banco.
On Vienna	130	— for 111.

A rix dollar is 4s. 6d. English.

In drawing on London, I believe, they regulate by one or other of the first four.

Of money at Cologne.

Of this that is modern money, the wary traveller will take as little as he can---for what pretends to be the best, will not go beyond Bonne; and of the best not a little, is very bad.

Not so of the ancient coinage in Cologne---which makes a figure in the collections of the medalists there, from the sixth century to the present. The tenth century, 200 years

after the archbishopric had been formed is the date of the first archiepiscopal coin. Till then the little specie in circulation came from the interior of Germany, from the Franks, and from the Romans—*Formasque nostre Pecuniæ Agnoscunt, atque Eligunt*. Though the bulk of what little business they might have had, must then have been managed by barter,

FROM COLOGNE TO BONNE.

THIS short ride, of four or five leagues, is interesting. There are not the abrupt, romantic charms of the Rhine above. But the scenery is powerful—from the extent of the surrounding hills, whence the eye roves from Cleves to Mayence—from the gay spirit and varied plenty of a valley twelve or fourteen miles wide—and from a river beyond all others in Europe, unless it be the Elbe, of a temper that is magnificent. As was well said of Dryden's genius, and in his own words,

“ The long majestic march—the energy divine.”

The road, too, is in itself sprightly and handsome—with many well-continued flourishing vistas of elms and limes.—The agriculture too, begins to impress the traveller with a little force of novelty.

In the electorate of Cologne are the vines first seen upon the Rhine. There are none higher north.

The culture of the vine, as of almost every thing else, has some difference or other in different regions. In the chief wine countries of France, about Bourdeaux, in Champagne, and Burgundy, the vines are kept down to two or three feet high.—There is a pretty specimen of this in three acres of vineyard at Painshill, near Cobham, in Surrey—where the skill and unconquerable toil of Mr. Hamilton (the uncle of Sir William) shewed the power of cultivation! over every difficulty predominant! forcing fruitfulness from the waste, and amenity from a moor-heath! While in foreign trees from all lands, and in the precipitated enlargement of them all, there is the cheering demonstration for genius, that climate and time must obey it!

Such are the vineyards there.

Those

Those in Italy are hung in fine-formed festoons from tree to tree—gracefully waving with the common wind. Of all Italy, about Modena, the beauty is at the best. Horace has this well, but Milton paints the vision, which in the country before-mentioned is bewitching—he paints it with more glory.

They led the vine

To wed her elm—she, spoused about him, twines
Her marriageable arms!—and, with her, brings
Her dower—the adopted clutters, to adorn
Her barren leaves!

There is a little vineyard, after this fashion, in the gardens of Germany, except that there is some fruit-tree instead of the elm. There are also some vines reared about poles, like hops. But the greater portion of them grow, as in France, supported upon stout laths; and, in general, are about five feet high.

The Rhine wine most esteemed is not here, but about Oppenheim and Mayence; at Hochheim, a village at the north-west extremity of the Mayne, where it unites with the Severn. Yet there is some wine about Cologne and Bonne, which is not bad. And that upon the black basaltic hills is the best. For black, as is well proved by the familiar experiments of Dr. Franklin, is the most powerful agent upon heat; to attract, and to retain it.—This wine, of which there is not a great deal, is reddish; from the fruit fermenting entire; unstrained from the husks and stones.—It is sometimes called *claret*.

In the garden-grounds of Cologne, a full third of the whole space within the town-walls, there is so much vineyard as to have yielded 16,000 and 18,000 aume of wine—the aume is a measure of 42 English gallons.

The agriculture in this part of Germany, yields hops and cyder, both but indifferent, particularly the last. Their corn, of all sorts, is clean, large, and heavy; but the oats, rye, and barley are better than the wheat. Much of it was housed before the end of July, and the farmers, who
were

were active, had given the land a ploughing.—The hemp and flax seemed uncommonly vigorous and abundant.—The grafs lands they cut twice.—Pasturage must be little; for there are no hedges. And that evil leads to another; for the want of enclosures, enlarging the lots of land, encourages the takings to be proportionably large.—There are farmers, we were informed, who rent so immoderately as four or five hundred acres!—and have ten horses, fifty cows, and other stock proportionably large.—Their forage, failing of hay, is in the artificial grasses, chopped straw and coarse bread—which is, and probably ought to be, thought better for horses than unbruised corn.

The soil, for the most part, is a light sand. Gravel rare.—The rents are generally paid, not in money, but in a stipulated part of each crop. The leases from three to nine years—a term too short for any improvement of much cost.—The mere price of land is cheap: commonly less than a rix-dollar (4s. 6d. English) an acre. Labour too is cheap, eight to twelve shillings a day. For his markets, &c. the farmer has the river-carriage as well as on the road.—*Sua si bona norint*, the farmers are happy here! They are not labouring under ruinous impositions, with which some countries are lashed by the demons of rapine and despair!—and they must soon be politically free. As surely as there is progress in light, and immutability in truth!—as surely, as under the providential sway of what is wise and good, the same principles, like the same planets, must be the fit apparatus for all!

Whatever may be the efficient cause, the barbarities of feudal usurpation at length fall away! they are hurrying to the dissolution they deserve—to the darkness from whence they came. Even in Italy and Germany, they will, in a few short years, be known only by memory or description. Yet, even then, they may raise offensive sensations, like the monsters who have devoured one another on the Ohio, at their

horrid quantity of mischief-doing power, yet possible to be conjectured from their remains—in the enormity of their phangs, in the havoc of their grasp!

As to the people, their short description by Tacitus may be taken as authentic still—in their person they are coarse and bulky—their countenance is stern—their eyes are often light—their hair reddish. And what must be true of every people, may be said safely of this: viz. that the capacity for skill and labour must be differing in different men. Tacitus thinks they are able to bear heat and thirst with less force of resistance than they can cope with hunger and cold. I have travelled in Germany, in the middle both of winter and summer;—I was sure he must have been pleased if he (Tacitus) had been with us in the chaise—he would have seen, as we did, that they are equally insensible to both! *Cælo solum assueverunt.* In constitutional habitude, happily or unhappily, inaccessible to each extreme of thermometrical heat or cold, they sit aloof and indifferent, and bid equal defiance to both!

Again also, in contradiction to Tacitus, and his *argentum quoque magis quam aurum sequuntur*, I must aver that the love of bullion seems dead in them—a French half-crown, nay, once, (to save the gates of Mayence) a rix-dollar, with its jolly flat surface forwards, we offered to a postillion—and it was offered in vain! And once, on the other side of Mannheim, I have seen blows also tried—and likewise in vain!

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire—
No dangers fright them—and no hardships tire!
O'er hope—o'er fear—extends their wide domain—
Unconquered lords—of pleasure and of pain!

The last experiment was tried by a young foreigner of some fashion. I endeavoured to restrain him, in the obvious probability of the postillion not dying in his debt. For I was in his chaise.

When.

When the coup de grace was given by the young gentleman, and the thing seemed, in all reason, done enough, he replaced himself on the seat beside me—and then with great gravity explained, that there could be no apprehension at all. “ That he travelled as a nobleman acknowledged !—
 “ that he had the gold key at his pocket ! as chamberlain
 “ to the K— of P——!—and the M—— of A——!
 “ And he then shewed me with his passport, another prince’s
 “ voucher of these pretensions (the P. B. of T.) as a cir-
 “ cular warrant, as he said, for such rights !”

How unanswerable all this was, it was impossible to deny. —I did not attempt it. And at parting, I had his good word, “ for being open to conviction, and prompt to the
 “ admission of truth !—an enemy to all barbarous innovations—and steady for the settled order of things !”

“ Who call it freedom—when themselves are free !”

B O N N E

IS the residence of the Elector, and has been so since the thirteenth century. Then it was that the prince bishop first left Cologne---and for no bad reason, because Cologne had left him. Even so long ago, the popular and republican politics, were potent and prevailing at Cologne. The town fired; and Engelbert, then bishop, went off, like empty wadding, to Bonne! However, in one sense, the principle of combustion seems not to have been wanting at Bonne. The palace has been burnt four times. The last destruction was in 1777. Then, upon a plan of Clement Augustus, whose memory is, very justly, more dear to the people than his plan, the present palace was built. And, in part, there is the same wild, straggling profusion---similar multiplication of superserviceable objects, with which Louis XIV. among other infections of bad taste and cruel waste, tainted Europe! The Elector Palatine, of that time, carried the Cacoethes to Manheim, where he built like a quarry above ground! and from him the evil, though with less virulence, was brought to Bonne. A palace was built, as much too big for the revenue, as, some think, the revenue is for the state---and enormous departments reared, in all the foppery of awkward pride and false pretence, for the parade of taste and science, rather than their use.

The present Elector, who has the reputation of being a man of sense, has, accordingly, introduced a better order of things. He has abolished some establishments---and reformed those which are suffered to remain. He has diminished his household. And like a man of humanity and honour, he has checked his expenditure, to keep pace with his income---“ debt and mendication, said he, “ are equally guilty; and till my nature forsakes me, I will shun the
“ shabby

“ shabby infamy, both of one, and the other !” What he said, he has done. Without any deficiency towards those who trust him, without the least fresh burthen upon them, who pay for his support, he has proceeded with new dignity ; because with new wisdom, with new use !—He has made œconomy administer to public good : and what he has spared from himself, he has well distributed to the advantage of others !

As his objects were not influence and error, but independence and truth, he has disbursed on the public service what was saved on the reform of his household, &c. He has formed and supported, very sufficiently, a college at Bonne. With establishments for general learning, divinity and law, he has bought and built (a very pretty building it is) a school for experimental science and anatomy. He has provided a botanical garden for the public. And, till time and chance may supply another collection for the students, he has opened his own library to all, with reading-rooms, desks, fires, &c. &c.—and every accommodation that can be wanted.

The theatre, in his palace, he has closed. As bad, in itself—because, low, dark, ill-aired—and worse, as now a gaiety out of season, referring to the unexampled horrors of the time !—when one half of Europe are writhing at death’s door, for nothing but the guilt and folly of the other half !—There certainly may be modes of letting money go, more usefully, than upon experiments of idle mirth, and of doubtful pleasure.—“ A theatre !” said he, “ like Racine “ and Corneille, nay, such as our own Lessing has made it, I “ think, with each man of taste, a great object of rational “ preference for every people—but what are fictitious woes, “ when each heart is rent with woes that are real ?—The “ too real woes of all around us, call for every particle of “ time and of sympathy we can spare !”

The theatre, of course, has given way to better things.

The college, or university I believe it is called, has, besides pecuniary support, the personal countenance of the Elector. With much delicacy, he proposed himself to be the chancellor—probably, thinking it brilliant even for his station, to preside over those pursuits, which, when accomplished, form the most useful successes of human nature.

The next chief officer of the foundation, who is called curator, is M. Von Spiegel.—The professors are these: M. Maderfladt, a clergyman, and M. Vanetti, give the botanical lectures—M. Rougemont, a Frenchman, anatomy and physiology—M. Worser, in chemistry—M. Wagel, in medicine.—The other faculties are with M. M. Hidderic, Schneider, Thaddaus, and Ginetti. Mr. Kidgell, so well known in an affair with Mr. Wilkes, is the professor of the English language. Not knowing Mr. Kidgell, we could not call upon him: as we might have been inclined to have seen the interior, upon such a vicissitude in such a man. But he was shewn to us in the streets. And then, the only time we heard him mentioned, they spoke of him without disrespect. He walked composed, and without any infirmity—upon the whole, strong and portly, beyond his years.—This little mention of such a man, probably will, from some motive or other, be interesting to many people—but to none more than to Mr. W——; for his good-humour, and forgiving nature, are, if I think rightly, equal to his wit.—After the well-known perfidy of Lord ———, some years elapsed without their having any further intercourse. It was in the Beef-steak club-room that they met—and being both before their time, were alone. Mr. W. then greeted Lord ———, and, with courtesy equally unexpected and commendable, held out his hand, and said, with the most frank good fellowship, “Sir, I hope we are no longer other-
“ wise than friends. This is the first time we have been
“ together for many years. Let us employ it, if you please,
“ in

“ in the best way we can, and forget we have ever been
“ afunder.”

What he will fay upon this, I know not. I forgot to tell him of it, the only time I saw him since my return---as to ourselves, it was a fight that made us pensive;---with the melancholy and the pity of him, whose pilot yielding to an improper propensity, fell from his station, and was lost!

“ O nimium cælo, ac pelago confide sereno!

“ Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jucebis, arena!”

Mr. K. was said to have had Roman Catholic orders given to him by the archbishop of Mechlin. But he wears a lay-habit---and indeed he still keeps his benefice in England. So that the report is impossible to be true.

The students, at present, are about fourscore. The expence of their residence is more than at Cologne. The session begins at both on the day of St. Martin, in November, and ends about Midsummer. At Cologne, as has been specified, there are some lectures which are continued through the year.

The botanical garden, though young, is advanced, and comprehensive, though small. The rock, and the apparatus for aquatic plants, are both too small---the other departments are less objectionable---the plants are in good order---and the whole is well kept. There is nothing yet very rare; but of common things, there are some specimens rather uncommon. As incertain human characters, that may occur to every one, though not be good sort of men, they may be good men of a bad sort. Of those specimens, we noted---a *potentilla fructifera*, a *Lavatera triloba*---an *antheos Æthiopicum*---cactus *coccinellifera*---and a *nereum oleander*---though a specimen, finer still of that, is in the garden of the Elector.

In the anatomical school, not yet amounting to what can properly be called a collection, there is nothing remarkable,
but

but a curiosity of woe—a human calculus, tremendously as big as a human brain !

Medicine is well stated by Johnson, to be an admirable occupation, as it enables a man, with most reputable profit, to turn science to account !—he might have further enhanced it by a moral preference ; by a thought, nothing less than consecrating, on the purifying effect upon the temper, from pain and sickness, apprehended and felt.—These are the masters of life, which at once teach all of us what we are ; to think about others, and to know ourselves.—And if Chilon and Linneus be right, this is the characteristic distinction of man !—His completing attribute of complex excellence, both in duty and privilege, in merit and in reward !

Et cælo defendit Γνωσις σωτηριαν.

The calculus had a string passed round it, in each direction—and it was one foot seven inches—by one foot five.—In the subdivision of German measurement, eleven inches make a foot.

The growth of a college should be a cheering object, as it implies the advance of science, active for human good. But it is not an unmixed emotion here. For it is impossible to overlook, that there has been a waste of time and money—that both had been better employed upon the old, and yet vigorous, establishments at Cologne, than in an attempt, very likely after all to fail, of building a new bottom at Bonne—that a small state like this, not more than sixty square miles, one university must be enough—and that, probably, there cannot be either wit or money enough for two.

We did hear, indeed, what we know not how to believe, that it was not meant to have two : that the new foundation was planned to rise upon the ruins of the old—and—that in a pique at the popular politics, unanimous at
Cologne,

Cologne, some dull and narrow minister had advised a downright attack; a declaration of despotic exclusion; that no student in any faculty at Cologne should have any promotion, in the power of the Electorate to bestow.

As if, in any order but one, men of talents could be said to hold what they have at the will of the Lord—as if a minister, however unnatural, could always confound right and wrong, and vote laurels where they were not, or wither them where they where!—as if a lawyer and a physician must not go for what they are worth!—or as if dullness, with any stamps or titles, could have the currency of merit!—The *avocats Du Roi* used often, most deservedly, to be without a brief.—And in another country, “ You are “ my doctor!” said the King to a man so entitled by his minister, “ you are King’s physician! but if you make a “ patient of any one man in my dominions, by the Lord, “ we’ll take your head off!”

So much for the proscriptions against Cologne—which, to be sure, are likely to do the mischief that might be meant—when Nature’s laws may chance to be disorganised!—when matter may lose attraction, and heat forget to mount—when there may be no more spring in what is elastic, nor splendour in what is bright!

“ *Principes ex nobilitate, alios ex virtute sumunt!*”

While men are men, and accident or violence assail them, they will look for aid and refuge where they may be found in men—with genius and experience, sensibility and skill—and not in pretenders, who have nothing to offer but gibberish upon waste paper, a patent for a nick-nack, a warrant for a name!

It is really too contemptibly absurd to think of a little court little this, being held up as a bug-bear to men! and that talents, and their excitements and rewards, could
shrink

shrink and shrivel into a petty span, like the confines of Bonne !

For Bonne, though inflated with all the foul air, which satyr, whether right or wrong, has imputed to courts and cities, and artificially big with all the flattering remnants of charters, privileges, and walls, yet has, after all, not more importance than a parish. There is many a parish more populous and more pure. Bonne has but 1000 houses. Of course the people cannot be more, at the most, than 8 or 10,00. And of them, a large part, perhaps an entire eighth, are made up, but badly, of Jews, courtiers, convent-ed ecclesiastics, and canons !

The Jews are about 250---they occupy twenty-five houses, all in one street---which is, as usual, a bye word for dirtiness and wealth ; the wealth, too, got by brokerage. That equivocal being, spawned between idleness and pride, who through eighteen centuries of time, most marvellously unchanged, has never ceased to say, *I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed !*

The canons also must prove their ancient stock.

Nostri quoque sanguinis auctor
Jupiter est---totidemque gradus distamus ab illo !

Nothing less than nobility will do ! Aye---and through sixteen quarters.

And some who boast their sixteen quarters,
One may mistake---for chandlers daughters.

The canons are 36, with 21 vicaires, and a provost.---The provost is the arch-deacon of the whole arch-bishopric. And in virtue, as it is called, thereof, he holds not only an ecclesiastical court, but a civil court, which takes in some complainants, in the first instance. The chapter is as old as the fourth century. The present church was built in the twelfth. There is nothing about it worth attending to,
either

either within or without; the ground plan is low, and the tower is wood.

Besides the chapter, there are four parishes and eight convents for men and women. One of the latter it were unjust to condemn; for the establishment is well employed, in the education of young women.

The parochial clergy, as becomes an ecclesiastical state, cannot be supposed better fed than taught. Their annual income is but from 300 to 600 crowns.

The Elector is chosen, not by the Chapter of Bonne, but by the Chapter of Cologne. The present gentleman, lucky enough to be so well placed, is the Arch-duke Maximilian of Austria; he had it about ten years ago, at a time of life, when what little life can give is most worth having, viz. at thirty-six.

The revenues and rights, or at least the power of the elector, have been mentioned before. At Bonne, where he resides, we heard of his private life; and, it is a pleasure to say, we heard nothing but what is blameless.

War and the chase, barbarities so rife and monstrous in Germany, are not the disgrace of this prince. He has ever disdained that trade which is more offensive than a carcase butcher, and his amusements are something better than those of a blood-hound. So the flattery Augustus had equivocally from Aufonius, is happily not applicable to him.

Mirantur casusque novos, subitaque ruinas.

His army, fortunately for the people, is no more than one regiment, the electoral contingent to the empire, with a small party of fifty men, like the *marechaussées* or *gens-d'armes* in France, for a horse patrol on the roads, and for himself, only, on occasions of parade. In war, as at the melancholy time when I last saw Bonne, 200 troops were there. The rest were in the disasters of Flanders. In

E 2

peace,

peace; it is their practice to be employed by the Dutch.—
The pay of the private is 6 sols a day.

The chace is here no drain upon the country. During the former elector's time there was a very wasteful establishment of horses, 150 or more. Now there is no such idle ruin. There are but thirty—and these are found enough for all the purposes of use, amusement, and show. Though riding, and driving an open carriage, are among the exercises, are most and rather studiously affected.

*Primus erichthonius, currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos.*

Though antiquity thus records the charioteer, so illustrious as first to drive four in hand, they do not say of him, as may be said of the elector's stables at Bonne, that every day, from dawn to dark, his carriage horses are kept harnessed, and his roadsters ready saddled. And surely this is not unpleasant, except for the beasts; for if he was right who sighed to lose a day, he must be more magnificent, who tries not to lose a minute.

The elector rides an English horse. He mounts his secretary and a servant or two (his suite is no more) upon Hanoverians, whom we could not find remarkable for any thing but for a *je ne sçai quoi* about a thick impenetrable hide, and the amazing quantity they consumed!

The care of horses, as far as mere stabling is concerned, is no where generally understood but in England. The Duke of Orleans was the only man who had a stalled stable in France. At Bonne, as elsewhere in Germany, the best horses of the Prince are in nothing but standings of no more than five feet and a swing bar.

Music, another favourite amusement of the elector, is also cultivated very modestly. His band, fencers and all, are but forty. They assist at the mass, every morning, in the

the palace. And, twice or thrice a week, he gives a concert; in the winter at his palace, in the summer at the Fountain on the Hill, or the Redoute and Garden La Popiniere. Reische is the name of his first musician.

That garden, not ill planted and turfed by the late elector, is not absolutely without taste. The scenery is pretty within, and rather striking without. Over the Seven Mountains and the Round Tower, on the hill south of Bonne—it is called Gottesberg—tradition tells us it was a temple of Mercury; and any body may truly tell tradition, that it is one of the finest ruins upon the Rhine—a region where so many ruins are fine!

In the garden there is a mineral spring, which has fixe air and iron, magnesia and salt—and therefore, analytically and synthetic too, they would have it a rival to Spa. Accordingly they have built a theatre there, a saloon, and other rooms; where, besides dancing, which may do no harm, they have tried to introduce games of chance, disseminated with other evils from the late Court of France, as trente-un, rouge & noir, and biribis. The poor French emigrants appeared to take this, like what most revived their *maladie du pais*, and gave way to it naturally. Some few low nobility of Germany joined them, but it was, when we saw it, a miserable object of unsuccessful vice.

The elector makes no use of the place, but what is good and amiable. He gives little galas there—there he passes many a solitary studious hour—and there, in a very small cottage by the well, he sleeps, unattended, literally with no more than a couple of servants in the house. A practice, in itself trifling, but worth mentioning, as it implies confidence and simplicity—that he is not tired of himself, nor distrustful of others. It had been well, for human nature, if, of every prince, in every period, truth could have said the same.

The water has been analysed, and these were the component parts in a pound of it—

Of fixed air	16 cubic inches.
Mineral salt	7 grains.
Magnesia	3 grains.
Lime-stone	$2\frac{1}{4}$ grains.
Common salt	$1\frac{1}{3}$ grain.
Iron	$\frac{1}{4}$ of a grain.

The taste is not bad.

The elector in his palace, as well as in his occasional retirement, is accustomed to live as becomes manhood—free, but not excessive, though merry yet wise. His public gala days are three times a year; often enough to bring people together, and not too often, where, as in other courts, most people have too much cause to care that they may be kept enough asunder. The hospitalities of his table are frequent, and never stinted by penury nor pride; but, in his own indulgence, he seems strict—simple at least, if not abstemious. Of course he is no dupe nor martyr to medicine—he literally has no physician. For fear of accidents, there is a surgeon upon the establishment, and that is all. His name is Renfer.

The rest of the prince's private establishment will be dismissed in few words. He has twenty-four footmen in livery, and six out of livery—forty fellows about his carriages and horses—and eighteen in his garden, which are four more than the late French king had at Versailles—and yet the ground, which is but a few acres, has nothing at all, but nine beds of stocks, a few large geraniums, a little vineyard, no tree above a poplar, and but few even of them, and not a few puddles in the walks, above twenty feet square!

Some hot-houses are building, and it is high time they should be—for when we saw the place, though it was the end of July, there was not a single cucumber in sixteen frames

frames—nor indeed any thing like good fruit or a flower. A fault, local merely, for at the table d'hôte and in the common market, at Cologne, we had found white cherries singularly fine; finer than the fruit at Paris. The plan, when done, will have a fig house of 60 feet, a pinery of 100—four more building of 60 feet each, for peaches, and flowers, &c. and hot walls of 100 feet more—with cabbage gardens, and all sorts of kitchen ground, close to the palace, under the very windows of it, and in the walk to the best point of the whole, a terrace on the Rhine.

With a terrace, in part already embanked with masonry immoveable—with a power of lengthening a water walk, upon such a river as the Rhine, for more than a league—with surrounding grounds all his own, in a circuit of many miles. In a valley four leagues wide, the hills bold and broken, close, covered with woods, and vines—with thirteen churches, and seven and eight villages we counted in the view—with seven mountains (the Seven Mountains), their ruins and their towers—why is it not, what it at once might be, one of the most delicious and impressing places in the world? what, but Mr. Repton, or any other good pupil of Mr. Browne, can be wanting?

There wants besides, too probably, the predisposing power to feel such aid to be wanting—to understand its value—to to relish its effects! For in all the stores of Lord Bacon, there is no truth more certainly experienced, than what he teaches upon the culture of ground—that its perfect adornment depends upon the perfection of taste—and, that men may long build wisely, before they come to garden well!

Whether Bonne has got so far in taste, as may be called the building point—I know not; there is nothing in the palace but the dimensions, which are imposing—there is a gallery 330 feet by 40—and a saloon 190 by 50. In the allegiance of universal good-will, we wished the elector, like the sage, to think of filling his palace with friends. The deco-

deco-

decorations need not raise any sensations that are uneasy—there are no pictures to mortify those who have less money than taste. The glasses are in little bits, joined together, from Franconia. A specimen of the gobelin, where the campaign, under Marshal Villars and the Duke of Bavaria is, as most people but the contractors, &c. must have wished it, in little.—And some woollen tapestry, from the Westphalian manufacture at Ham.—Among the portraits, which are thirty or forty, there is George II.—and the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI. where the likeness to the son is very striking.

The collection of Natural History, though better than Baron de Hupfch, is beginning to droop—for what is florid must fade, and what is brittle will fall !—The mathematical instruments too, yield to time—and like their maker, the Paris Le Februe, give way to their betters.—But nothing of our Herschel, of Mr. Ramsden, of Nairne or Adams, is to be found.

The Library, a handsome collection, is more handsomely still, open to the public every day, from four to seven. And every body may write who can write.—An expression I had from the librarian—though he on my enquiry had it not from Gray's epitaph, though Gray probably took his from Swift's Memoires of P. P.—O reader if thou canst read——

There are no very curious books which we could hear of. There are some English writers—Among whom Kippis is, and Sam Johnson is not.

The librarian had not heard of our splendid printing in Boydell's Shakespeare, and Bowyer's bible.—But we gave him a small specimen of their extraordinary perfection; he compared it with Baskerville's quarto Terence (one of his best works)—And then, more fully admiring, he seemed to think the elector would be pleased.

The

The States of the Electorate, claim certain special rights, and hitherto have asserted them — Besides precedence and local regulation, they very properly maintain their right to tax themselves, or what is much better, not to pay any taxes at all.—Their contributions, when they make any, are expressly termed spontaneous, and eleemosynary—"Subsidia Charitative" are the words—And to shew how likely men are apt to agree when their object is truth—they have a colloquial turn upon record, very like the famous reply of bishop Andrews to king James—when another bishop with less wit and honesty, had assented to a questioned right of arbitrary taxation—"You may certainly take that gentleman's money, who is so polite as to say you may."

The States are four chambers, viz. 1. The chapter of Cologne, who represent all the clergy in the diocese.—2. The nobles (commonly counts) possessors of the chief fiefs.—3. The chevaliers—also holding fiefs.—4. The tiers etat, the seventeen deputies from as many towns—Of these Cologne is not one—Bonne is. The most southern of them is Andernach. The rest are the small towns between. Westphalia holds a meeting of states apart. So does the district of West Kecklinghausen.

The taxes of the Electorate have been mentioned, at Cologne, as 10 or 12 per cent. on foreign goods—Tolls on the Rhine, which between Bonne and Andernach are three—and form more than a moiety of the Elector's revenue. And a land tax, very sensibly bearing more heavily upon the vineyards, and sparing the corn.—The tax is two, not shillings, but sols, per acre on the corn lands—and nine sols where there are vines. This is therefore virtually a premium for the plow—and, as Mr. Hume, with his usual sagacity observes, that in a contest between a land of corn, and a land of wine, the land of corn must eventually have the best of it.

During

During the last century, the territory of the electorate was accurately admeasured and enrolled, when to the wonder of every body, it was found that the elector and clergy were seised of nearer a half than a third of the whole! these were the statements---

The whole territory—60 miles square—347992, *tourneaux* of land.—This is an imaginary measure, liable therefore to much uncertainty and error---it means as much as a man, though with what aid of cattle is not defined, can work in a day.

1. Of these the Clergy have	-	98,328 $\frac{1}{4}$
2. The Nobles and chevaliers	-	92,391 $\frac{1}{4}$
3. The Elector	-	50,303 $\frac{3}{4}$
4. Land-owners living on their farms		131,119
5. Land-owners living in towns		21,122

The statement, has a side light that is rather interesting, for the fourth, the country gentlemen and yeomen, the most useful order of the whole, is a large proportion. Almost utterly unknown in Spain and Italy.—Since the Revolution, most happily multiplying in France. But for ages past, and let us hope, through ages to come, the strength and glory of Britain.

The number of the nobles is, no where, that I know, to be found. The Elector's librarian, an intelligent gentleman, told us that about 100, he added rather above 100, were registered at the last diet. But it must be a thing of much mutability, for certain offices are allowed to confer nobility, and as they are openly sold, any body may openly buy them. The market is fed too and forced like the market for mushrooms;—if the buyers are more than sellers. The nobility thus sold ready made, has been in the title of counsellors, ecclesiastical counsellors, civil counsellors, counsellors of the court of the public chamber, and of the privy.

The present Elector has not suffered these vermin to encrease.

The two chief ministers are the grand bailli, and the bailli de la cour.—The first M. Le Baron de Walvensels, is in great respect for spirit and independence. The chief nobles, as to appearance in their establishment, are C. de Metternich, Heldenbusch, Gymhi and Weich.

The appellant jurisdiction, of the electorate, is in the supreme court at Bonne. The recovery of this right of not appealing to Wetzlaer, a prerogative inherent to each electorate, had been suspended to Cologne.—It was recovered by the good sense and zeal of the present elector. The other tribunals are the council of regency—a president and twenty four members—each noble, that is as far as hereditary title can make him so; and generally also with a fief. In this court comes every question of feudal tenure—and the personal causes of those so holding.

The city court is formed of four bourg-masters—two of them sit alternately.

The police of the town, has nothing in it, but what must raise a wonder there, for what purpose—magistrates, of all orders, are kept—for the streets are narrow, the pavements are despicable.—There are no aquæducts from the Rhine, no underground sewers to it—no scavenger—no lights—no architecture to grace the town—no walks to ventilate the people!

It seems incomprehensible, for what purposes any magistrate can think himself paid, if not for good and wholesome objects like these.—To inspect, compare, decide, execute, day by day, if not hour by hour, to leave things better than he finds them.

The only good changes we could hear of, were two.—1. That all burials were out of the town.—2. That there were no longer any mischievous nonsense like town walls, which acted like a burial of the living! Those toys of grown children, fortifications, are abolished.—And the grass, that now grows there in good crops, is let to the towns people,

to feed animals, which, we cannot say, are as good as officers of ordnance !

Both of these changes are, obvious improvements, and and both come from the present elector. They are the more likely to be popular, or at least deserve to be so, as they came from his relation Joseph the second.—A man, whose merit is on no side equalled by his praise.

For the poor, there is a collection, but how assessed and levied we could not find, of 130 crowns a week. A late Elector left by will 24,000 crowns to build a house for the poor.—But as yet, they have not been able to find a place.—If Mandeville and Kaimes be right, it were better were they never to find it. Of Arts, besides what we have mentioned, there is little to be said. They build with brick.—They burn coals, water-borne up the Rhine. Much animal food, for the market, comes from the country of Berg. Some basalt, from the neighbouring high-lands, appears on the posts and pavements of the streets.

At Cologne, as at Liege, Bruxelles, Ghent, and Bruges, there is a new establishment of a club, (called *La Societè Literaire*) where, for a louis d'or a year, from each subscriber, there are all the new pamphlets and foreign journals. Of course there may be warrantable hope of light spreading through Europe. For the journal even of Mirabeau, though an irrecoverable prostitute, was one efficient cause of French despotism coming to an end. So that there are but beacons, it matters little, upon what soil they may stand.

In the Cologne club, there are about a hundred members, and the Elector, very prettily, has put his name down for one. They meet in the Hotel de Ville ; and every stranger, finds easy welcome.

Antiquities there are none, that fell in our way, though we looked with all the eyes we had, to find the traces of those who had been there before us, of Drusus, and Julian

the

the apostate—Of Helen, who was called a faint, and Martin of Tours, who was one—And yet both have to answer for horrid evils ! For, if Mosheim be right, the monks sprung from St. Martin, as from Helen issued Constantine, who was, whatever else Eusebius may say, a warrior !

Whether the creature sinner-it, or faint-it,
If folly grows romantic, we must paint it.

Of the cross, just out of the town on the road to Coblenz, this is the brief memorial——

L'An 1333
L'Empereur Wadham de Juliers,
Fit Elever
La Grande Croix
entre
Bonn et Goddesberg.

Other inscriptions, are not fit to be mentioned ; we were shewn one on Burchordst, one of the council and chancellor of the chapter, which from the high-sounding beginning, Clarissimo Nominatissimoque Viro, broke all promise, and ended in nothing.

FROM THE RHINE

TO

COBLENTZ.

Salve Amnis--laudate Agris, laudate Colonis !
 Dignata, Imperio, debent cui Menia Belgæ !
 Amnis, Odorifero, Juga Vitea Confite Baccho !
 Confite Gramineas, Amnis, Viridissime, Ripas !
 Naviger, ut Pelagus.

OF river scenes, where the effect results, without much offskip, merely from the stream and from the banks, there are none in Europe with more grandeur than the Rhine.---For mere amenity the eye need not wander further, the heart cannot wish for more, than the Thames pours forth, from Strawberry Hill to Isleworth---unless perhaps there be a reserve for a league on this side Lyons.---For amenity with grandeur, and a vast offskip from the highlands in the distance, with multiplied villas making amenity again, there are no scenes like the Soane, between Macon and Lyons---none at once so magnificent and so gay !---For amenity and romance, a man may be well content with the Taaff and the Dee, even though he may have never seen the narrows on the Rhine and the Rhone.---But for grandeur, from the stream and the banks, the Rhine from Bonne to Coblentz, and to Meintz, carries all before it.

If there can be a rival, it is, I am told by a friend of much experience and taste, the Elbe near Dresden.

In this grandeur of the Rhine scenery, art too is grand, as well as nature. The power of cultivation is seen on every surface of the soil---on the top of the mountain, as well as at the bottom; on the rock, as in the vale ! And man's
 domestic

domestic cares, ever equalled if not greatly overpaid by man's domestic joys, encrease and multiply at every turn! At every turn, the larger farms look like hamlets, and almost every village is a town. There is no spot of land without a crop! No man without a home! No beggar! No waste!

Arts too, and cultivations, of other kinds, combine, gloriously, to aggrandize the scene. For all the salient points, all the objects most obtrusive on the sense, all were of the dark and barbarous ages—all of a malignant character, thank God, are now happily malignant no more! Each has had justice done on it by time—and is seen doomed to rise no more! all uniformly prone to the rubbish and ruins from whence they came—yet variously misshaped, as the passions and chimeras of the monsters which produced them.

Hope, like vegetation, opens through each ruin! and beautifies it at every chink; no visions appear but what are cheering, of brighter probability, of better days, from the splendor of truth, from the bounty of time. That the same power, which working by the advancing sense and spirit of man, brought to nought the fortified usurpations of the Romans and the Franks, the Pope's supremacy, and the Baron's feud, will continue to act with like beneficence, and break down each petty fastness which remains of tyranny and superstition. The Legend and false Miracle, the Breviary and the Fief!—That the Path of Duty and Privilege, may be free and open to all!—And that no Structure of Man's Device shall have the Front to look upwards, but what Obeys the Attributes it should adore, in Justice, in Mercy, and in Peace, a Defence for the oppressed, a Refuge from the Storm!

The best of these points, and where these emotions are most forcibly impressed, and most willingly received, are the following—

At

At Goddesberg, the tower, a short league out of Bonne; and so fine an object from it.

The Seven Mountains, another league on the opposite shore of the river, there the ruins which appear, as are some of those of antiquity, as high as the fourth century, the work of Valentinian.

The mountain of St. Apollinian, where the head of the imagined saint is still exhibited, as a cure for the epilepsy!—And one of the poor fellows of the house not seeing the drift of the equivoque, assured us “that it was still as much “a cure as ever.” And, accordingly pilgrims, in the days of such popular folly, used to resort there!—In the dark ages, what little light there was in life, was the property of the ecclesiastics.—And hence in taste, as to the choice of situation, which is nothing but good sense applied to that object, they excelled. In every part of Europe, whatever might be the specific excellence of a spot, scenery, aspect, land or water, it seemed to have been perfectly understood by those ingenious gentlemen.—And of each set of habitations, what Mosheim calls a monastery, is pretty sure to be the best!

It was near the bottom of this mountain, at the angle of the great bend in the river, opposite Unkeel, and the mountain of basalt above it, that one of the most remarkable, and the most interesting men in Europe, M. de Calonne, met with a tremendous accident in the year 1791! The road there is, by strange perverseness, yet suffered to remain so narrow that but one carriage can pass—The bank abruptly opening to the Rhine, is not, as in some places, protected by any fence, while on the other side there is a wall to mound up the little mould there may be, in a fine vineyard on a perpendicular hill. On that side, therefore, any little deviation in case of accident, is impossible.

It happened so then to M. de Calonne—one of the horses
was

was unruly, and flew, where alone he could fly, down the steep bank, and dragging the other horses with him, chaise and all, into the river.—As the carriage was closed, M. de C. in two or three minutes must have been suffocated, if in his good sense, accustomed to philosophical speculation, he had not instantly broke the windows. And when broken he would have been drowned, but for the activity of the most fortuitous aid!

So early as the second century, inscriptions shew, what due care the Romans had of this road—let the council of Cologne do likewise. And if Marcus Aurelius is too much for them, they may get an example nearer home, in what the Elector Palatine did when he enlarged and finished what antiquity, less spacioufly, had began.

Viam

Sub M. Aurelio

Et L. Vero

J. M. P. P.

Anno Chr. 262

Munitam

Carol. Theod. Elector Pal.

Dux Bav. Jul. Cl. M.

Refecit et Ampliavit Ann. 1768.

Curante

J. L. D. Goldstein pro Principe.

At Sinzey, on leaving the town, on the Coblentz side, which is a dependence on the dutchy of Juliers, is a scene of great beauty and force---with a single tree, a large lime tree, in itself very fine, for a fore-ground, with two villages one above another, washed by the Rhine!—The ruins of an old castle that had lorded it over them! A convent of St. Helen, on the soft descent of a hill, in the midst of gardens and vines, and the distance vast, of two mountains losing themselves in the clouds!

At

At Argenfelt, a worn-out residence of the Comte de Le-gen, and at Breifeg Parsonage, with the castle of Rheineck as the chief object, both are scenes exquisitely picturesque. The residence of an English clergyman, be it on what scale of expence, and in what character of country it may, from Mr. Whaley's cottage, to Stanmore, from Denbighshire Rhaiada to Hadham, generally implies taste in the treatment of the place, and all those cultivations aids, whether little or great, which are the contributions of a cultivated mind. But this is not one of the matters they order better in France, nor even in Switzerland either. We received hospitalities at the curè of Marcatell, on the lake of Sauffen. His house was on a knolle, with exquisite grass land falling gently each side; on one side he had a little lake of three leagues long, backed by the snowy heights of Andervall, Weil, and Sweitz.—On the other side a boundless view, sublime and beautiful, of mountains, mostly cultivated to the top!—The arrangement of windows and fences were such that, though not in darkness, we sat in deprivation of the scene. And here at Breifeg, the clergyman has contrived with two walls, to shut out the Rhine on one side, and the castle Rheineck on the other! Rheineck too, has a little of that historical enhancement, which, whether good or bad, most minds feel as in a scene magic! for here it was, that Comte Zinzendorff, a name quite well enough known for a revival of the religious errors of the Turlapins of the 13th century, bought the property, which gave him the rank and vote of an immediate fief of the empire. The rank and title he had without buying, has been told already by Warburton.

The point after Breifeg, and still with encreasing captivation, is the great hyte, (called I believe Westerhold)—and here, though the river is fine, the road has the scenery finer still.—The road runs gently, but not inconsiderably rising, through woods above, and woods below it, --they flourish

to the rivers edge. The river runs at the bottom of them with speed, quickened by the obstruction and narrowing by the isle.—The isle has fine meadows and aged trees.—Before Neuwied, with its handsome modern buildings and poplars are on one side, and the antiquities of Andernach, the castle and the tower are on the other—framed as it were, in the Hammerstein rocks, and the four mountains are the villages of Brohl, Fornick, &c. &c. with a main station for the trade of the Rhine—while all the highlands and pinnacles that are passed from Rheineck to the Seven Mountains, form the back-ground masses, and close the scene!—The trade of the Rhine in this part is peculiarly interesting—For beside the wine from the two rivers, and the basalt, for the buildings and pavements in all the towns thereabouts—the Dutch from thence get the fossil tarras, so necessary in the formation of these dykes.—It cost 31 rix dollars for 200 the cubic feet.—Of which price seven rix dollars are given for the tarras—and the rest for carriage and tolls.

Andernach is a fine situation, not only for scenery, but for which most people may think weightier—for commercial effects. It is one of the best positions on the river, yet little is made of it. The chief tradesmen of the town seem those who make their market in the shops of superstition! For though the population of the place is but 4000, there are no less than five convents, besides the parish church—which again, is like a French privateer, manned treble; for the curé told me his church had six vicaires! “*Tria Fata*,” added he, with unexpected vivacity, “we are more than twice the number of them!”—When a fine boy in company, whose good manners are equal to his other powers, made a quotation, eulogistic upon the number six.

*Ter Tribus ad Palmam Jussæ certere Camænis,
Ore, Manu, Flatu—Buxu, Fide, Voce, Canentes.*

The ruins of Andernach, rather impressing at the end towards Coblenz, are of great antiquity. The memorial of Valentinian is in the parish church.—Drusus, the general of Augustus, fortified and built there.—And if Julius Cæsar did not cross the Rhine there, as most probably he did not, but a little higher up, on the bridge so well preserved by Palladio—the philosophical traveller will find it well worth his while to cross here to have a few minutes peep into the condition of the petty principality of Neuweid.

N E U W E I D.

THE pretty white stone town, in the midst of poplars, on the opposite bank of the Rhine.

This prince is, very happily for his fellow citizens, his neighbours and friends, one of the few gentlemen of that order, who seem to understand themselves and their condition---that they, like every body else, are ordained to live under the universal and equal laws of responsibility.---That with so much privilege and enjoyment, there should be so much duty and merit.---That pre-eminent rank ought to arise proportionably with pre-eminent use!

Accordingly his life, embodying these ideas, has been adorned unceasingly with a series of exertions, manifestly tending to the public good!---None of the German trade in war---no shuffling into corrupt influence---no pilfering of a private treasure!---All was the policy of virtue, pure, disinterested, humane!---He began with the moral glory of self government, to shew that he was fit to govern others. He discharged the debts of his predecessors, though their superstitious sacrifices, wasting their lands, had diminished his means of doing it.---He reformed and retrenched in every department. Religious toleration was unbounded. The game laws and all other feudal oppressions he abolished. There are no longer any droits d'Aubaine, no arbitrary fines, no impositions upon property, whether bequeathed or sold---no taxes upon ingenuity and labour---no personal constraint.

The place is free to all; and every tradesman or artificer, who has any thing to do, may do as he pleases. Each new comer has at once the rights of citizenship---and nothing to pay for them, but, after four or five years, like the other citizens, a contribution of two half crowns.---And even

that, he do not pay if he builds---if he builds with stone he has fifty years exemption---if in wood, he has ten years. The ground, for a house, is given by the prince to every settler, without any quit-rent whatever !

These and other privileges were ratified by a public guarantee, in a placard written, signed and published by the prince himself; dated March 12, 1762. And from that time to this, they have never been known to fail. With the most liberal construction, with the most beneficent observance, every iota of each declaration has been fulfilled to all !

The sequel of the story gratifies as much as the beginning. These virtuous plans, in each part, have been executed with success, equal to their merit. The town and territory, already vaunt a new aspect, one of the best upon the Rhine ! The population is doubled ! and ingenious arts and economic industry, and manufactures referring with the best, because the most necessary applications to life, all have increased ten-fold ! Iron works, cotton weaving, paper making, printing, watches, cabinet making, flourish daily, more and more !—The iron made there, has already made a great impression on the market of Holland—The forges and founderies, already give plenty, to above a thousand men, and cheap as life is, and all that keeps it well together, in Germany, there are several men who are carriers about the works, earning with only a single horse, above 30 crowns a month !—The steel trade, also looks to be very thriving.

The cotton manufacture is already important ; and not a month passes without its being more so. This was the first establishment of cotton work in Germany. It is not much above 20 years old, and yet, there are now near 3000 men at work, and their circulation at a fair, has been forty or fifty thousand florins. Their chief articles are nankeens, handkerchiefs, and figured goods, either for furniture or dress. Like the Swiss, their colours are very showy ; they dye well.

Their

Their paper trade, includes furniture paper.—And their designs and colours are of the best school, Reveillons at Paris.

In education too, as well as watch-making, they seem resolved to follow the Genevese and the Swifs.---And there is a plan of study, in an establishment said to be very thriving, for the living languages, as well as the dead---for mathematical learning and mechanics.

Their printing, like the trade in Flanders and Holland, goes to other books rather than German—Chiefly French literature and the most popular Latin classics.—And there are already two Journals, one in French, and one in German, printed at Nieuweid.—For it is not found necessary to have any impositions on the press there. In public conduct, as well as private life, what is wise and virtuous, cannot have any thing to fear!

The prince in the mean while, has advanced in the advancing welfare of all around him. And without the smallest scandal, like begging or extorting a single rix-dollar from his people, but merely from his own money funds, he has built two new palaces, from which the eye of morality, as well-landscape, may revel with fair satisfaction, over the ruins of the old.—The castle of Frederickstein upon a rock, is another fine object to him.

But his best objects, though he has an horizon of thirty leagues, are those which have been raised by himself. Each substantive good work, for the prosperity of the common weal, to soothe the lot, and to satisfy the necessities of our common nature.---To aid the advances of civilization--- and on his appointed ground, to leave life better than he found it.

Such is the praise of the prince of Neuwied. The rare and enviable praise. He began life with the treaty of Vienna, and he ends as gloriously as he began it. He was employed, in making peace, once—but in making war, never.

And yet, as times go, he might have pleaded poverty in apology for any affection he might have had to the obvious profits

profits of war—for there are but seven and twenty villages, and three towns, in the whole of his little territory—and his revenues at the first, were not much more than an hundred thousand florins!

Blush, grandeur, blush—Proud courts withdraw your blaze

Ye little stars—hide your diminished rays.

C O B L E N T Z.

THE time for seeing Coblentz was in the winter of 1791-2—then the French princes were there; with all their followers—a council, an administration, ambassadors, and an army.—It was then a hard matter to get into the town, and still harder to get any thing when you were in. Lord S —, then going down the Rhine, from his friend Mr. Gibbon, at Laufanne, was, I believe, forced to stay and sleep, if he could, on board his bark.

The princes then lived in the hotel of the Comte Vander Leyen, Rue St. Castors—the street going down towards the Pont Volant.—A large old house, built on all sides of a quadrangle; where there was nothing good, but the space of the building, the court-yard, and the garden.—They held a kind of court five times a week—and for those occasions, two rooms were laid into one—that they were not the same as to symmetry nor size—and that the furniture, curtains, girandoles, &c. were totally different. The court was at night, about seven o'clock to ten. And open, I believe, very generally to all comers. Almost every man there seemed a soldier—and whether in uniform or not, all, with no exception that I saw, were in boots.—Comte d'Artois himself was so dressed, and all his people—in short, every body but Monsieur and the Elector. Four or five hundred people might be present. The room was as full as it could hold.

At one end of the room, the right on entering, there were four or five card-tables, where the French princes were at play, the Elector and his sister, some other ladies, a German nobleman or two, two or three French officers, and Prince Nassau (that Prince Nassau who is now in the
service

service of Prussia). They played very low—and at small games, as Loo and Casino.

There were fifteen ladies present, of whom twelve or thirteen were French. Their names, for obvious reasons, it yet might be improper to mention. Mad.C. afterwards openly in Champagne, was not in the room. Nor another beautiful lady of great elegance and merit. And there were nearly, if not quite, all the French women of much fashion then at Coblentz.

The card-playing ceased about nine o'clock—and then the princes mixed in the crowd, who made openings for them as they passed. They, both, were very unassuming: nodding and talking, familiarly, with all around them.

When the Elector and his sister left the room, the princes immediately followed. They went down stairs together, with some small ceremony, but with much more kindness. And at the coach-door, when they took leave of each other, there was a shew of sincere and unaffected feeling in it, on both sides, equally very strong. It was a parting, that would have done for an uncle and his nephews on a longer separation than theirs was likely to be. In any other place, and time, it might have seemed too much, perhaps, for a mere good-night (and it was no more). But, under their circumstances, it was not so.

I was with a young man of strong mind, Mr. B——, the nephew of Lord K.—and he thought and felt as I did. It was an interview singularly impressing.

When the Elector drove away, the princes returned up stairs, where the crowd continued as before.—About ten they left the room. Neither the Elector's minister, Baron Dumenick—nor M. de Calonne, were present.

Thus it was five times in a week—on the intervening evenings, Sundays and Thursday, the same sort of assembly were at the Elector's palace.—Where the room, and all the furniture, lustres, &c. were very magnificent—but all the gentlemen,

gentlemen in boots, as before—the crowd was very great; as I should think, above six hundred people—when the Elector and his minister, the princes and their suite, entered, and passed to the upper end of the room—where there were a few card-tables, as before. The princes had externally no inconsiderable state. For, besides the parade of councils, audiences, and reviews, they still endured the same guard as they had at Paris. The four hundred who used to attend Monsieur and Comte d'Artois, all had come over. Of the King's troop, the garde du corps, two-thirds (twelve hundred), were also with the princes.

The French troops then at Coblenz, and near it, were chiefly cavalry—and the temporary apparatus, stabling, magazines of forage, &c. were rather curious. Reckoning draft-horses and all, we were told there were at one time more than eight thousand horses; but we saw nothing to make us believe it. And in all, they reckoned upon having twenty thousand. But they were not the only unfortunate people who have reckoned without their host.

The infantry, as the Mirabeau (the Viscount) corps, Mr. Sinclair's—the Scotch---part of the Irish brigade---the Anvergne, d'Allemagne Royale, &c. &c. were cantoned in the neighbouring towns. Party, the whole time, ran high, and so unabated by any exigence, that old M. de Condé was the whole time at Worms. And M. de Breteuil, another man of small parts, but a candidate for administration, was with him.

The councils, which were often enough, were held at the prince's lodgings. The princes were accustomed to attend. M. de Calonne, the main-spring of every movement, was of course there---so was M. Le Baron Duminich, the minister of the Elector. The foreign ministers also, sometimes were summoned---and any man of figure in the service, as the Prince Nassau, &c. The councils sometimes were long continued. The day on which the Czarina sent her second

dispatch (the first had the pecuniary supply) with the address to the French army there, the council which met soon after ten, continued till six in the evening.

There were some few ecclesiastics who had joined the forces at Coblenz---and among them, two bishops---St. Omer and Arras. The ambassadors to the French princes, there at that time, were from Sweden and Russia. A Spanish ambassador was then said to be on his route. There was also said to be an humble agent or two from courts of *less character*, but they were held, as I understood, very properly, in the dark.

The residence of M. de Calonne was in the new square (Clementstadt, as it is called, after the electors name) at the corner opposite the palace, next the river and the Char-*treuse*---there he held a regular office of half a dozen commis, with his brother the abbè; and himself also working with his untiring spirit and capacity, from morning to night. Promptitude and perseverance, generally to be found but in two different and constructed minds, are in his mind united. When Mr. W—— wrote his celebrated answer to Lord H——, *ex improvise*, in a rapid moment, amidst the distractions of a public meeting in Guildhall, there was sufficient praise upon the merit of speed. Odd exertions of the same sort M. de C. did daily, in the undelayed furthering of dispatches. And too probably, sometimes, not without the faults of genius; rashly yielding to the allurements of the first idea.

Before the supply came from Russia, there had been less considerable contributions from different quarters. On any emergency, M. de C. made a sacrifice from his own resources. The Elector too, was unceasingly generous and kind.

Though the corps of emigrants at Coblenz were, for the most part, officers, yet some of them were in want of petty sums, and daily supplies. An establishment was there-
fore

fore formed, and pay distributed, just equivalent to a daily distribution of the merest necessities--the cavalry officers had at the rate of sixty livres a month; the infantry, forty livres. But it was officially announced as an army notice, that in compliance with the obvious exigencies of the time, those gentlemen who could, should, do without the money--leaving their arrears to be paid at a more convenient season. And accordingly most of them did leave it. For, to do them justice, whatever may be the opinion on their cause, *cæluin non animum*, the pecuniary failing was in their circumstances only, and not in their spirit!--We dined with some officers of the garde du corps; and one of them saved us from a trifling imposition. We could get no small money in change, and so, what was wanting, one of them disbursed for us. When we went to pay him, he was on guard at the prince's. No importunity could positively make him take the money; and no alternative occurred, but to toss it into his sword-hilt.

In the gentlemen with whom we were so lucky to associate, what was gay and disinterested, was not the only good part of their mind. We saw, in more than one instance, a trying proof that they had candor at heart--that they felt correctly, and that, even when obviously against themselves, they had fortitude to avow their feeling. Thus at our dinner, two officers about the princes joined heartily in praising the admirable talents of our chief parliamentary speakers in opposition; and, rather ably, quoted, through the French translation, from Mr. Sheridan's speeches and Mr. Fox, as well as Mr. Burke. At another table, an English gentleman, with at least as much of man as wit about him, produced, with his usual independence, a panegyric on Condorcet--when, to the astonishment of all, he was joined by another person, in talents and position, of all the Frenchmen at Coblenz, the first! He praised Condorcet too--for the extent and vigor of his powers--but did not think his

accomplishments precisely fit for the unceasing rapidity of the work he had then undertaken, his daily journal!—The Elector's minister, a very capable gentleman, was there, and so were other men of parts, the nephew and brother of M. de Calonne—and it cannot but gratify them to be reminded of a trait in their excellent friend, so admirable for many fine endowments, but for none more especially, than the most delicate candor, the most liberal consideration!

As to the political plans of the French cabinet then at Coblenz, it is much easier and more sure, to speak but negatively, to say what they were not, rather than what they were. They were not, I have reason to believe, so guilty nor so mad, as to think of attempting a restoration of despotism. They talked with due sensibility and ambition of a free constitution—but with what modifications they might mean, I know not:—I do not think they knew themselves. Montesquieu's traditionary fame of the English system passed there as elsewhere, more read than understood—for it is, essentially in the books, a popular system—and to be popular seems an universal instinct, felt alike by the vicious and the good; with the one, it is an appetite and a pleasure; with the other, a duty and a reward.

The effect of so many strangers in the town, was very visible, not merely in the markets, by the increased stir and prices there—but in the diminution of stir elsewhere!—The towns-people and the peasants seemed over-awed out of all national character—nay, in some instances, to have lost the most ordinary powers of loco-motion and spontaneity—like what some naturalists represent, when a sparrow happens to have hatched a cuckoo.

However, with a sensation, perhaps, and an expression, like tingling after numbness, the burghers began, rather awkwardly, to fling about, and oppose the continuance of the French.—Even the magistrates made remonstrance!—like the left-handed lunatic in Beotia, wishing even com-
inerce

merce to fail rather than bate a jot of a political prejudice or personal pique !

They were answered as perverse folly ought to be. The French were suffered to stay at Coblentz till the appointed time for their march—a march that led them to be sacrificed, by combined perfidy, in Champagne. In the mean while, there could be one effect from their stay, and that for the place, must have been good—the circulation of money among the most useful trades. So that the French at Coblentz, like the English in Flanders, must have enriched their neighbours, however they might happen to have beggared themselves !

COBLENZ.

Fraternis cumulandus aquis, vos pergite jūcti.

COBLENZ has many local recommendations—good buildings, fine scenery, concurring rivers, (and hence its name) wines too that never fail, pit coal, lime, and wood.—It is, except it be Meintz, the best residence on the Rhine.

The Moselle too, which here joins the Rhine, should also be worth talking of, or else Aufonius must have talked much in vain. For he has given it almost five hundred verses; which, in their turn, appropriate every thing which could come within his reach from art, from accident, or nature. And to crown the whole, as he thinks, he calls on Homer to give up his Simois, and Virgil the Tyber; as if, apart from poetical convenience, there had been any local preference or elementary charm either in one or the other.

*Fraternis cumulandus aquis—vos pergite jūcti
Et mare purpureum gemino propellite tractu.*

This too, though good as precept, prophecy will not hold—for after all the tributary streams from the Necker, the Mein, and the Moselle, &c. this accumulation of waters, magnificent as it is, ends in a mode unworthy its swelling temper, and full command of circumstance, without an æstuary and without a name, *errorem fortuna tuum*, in a dirty and ruinous alliance with the frogs and the fens, the lakes and the logs of Dutchmen!

Yet as to the poetry of Italy and Greece, if it cannot hold water, it need not to be beat from its wine—at least not by any thing to be got on the Moselle. The Moselle
is

is a small and bad edition of what you have upon the Rhine. The Rhine wine becomes, under propitious aspects and fostering skies, thriving, venerable, and mild. The Moselle is ever austere, cheerless, and weak—and seemingly incorrigible, never gets those rich, gay, companionable qualities which the sun gives to the growth of Burgundy, the Falerian vineyard, and the Alicati (which is Greek)—and which, but very seldom, Hockheim and Oppenheim, are found gathering from time. Bad Moselle, and worse beer, are the ordinary beverage; but at all proper tables there is French wine, and what the English call Old Hock, (there Rhine wine).

On the vineyards, as on every other useful object in art or nature, the Prince Bishop, like a virtuous and philosophic man, as he is, has given corresponding care. But care, even like his, cannot reverse the laws of soil and sky, of heat and cold.

What can be done, he has tried, and will I hope long continue trying to do. He has revised every department of the state, and fearless of what folly and corruption canted about innovation, he has co-operated with the people for every possible reform. The impositions are lessened—the magistracy are purified—the police, in all its parts, importantly improved—commerce quickened and extended—science cultivated—and life, in every detail, made better, wiser, and happier!

In some regions, God knows with how much reason, the name of ruler is never mentioned without inconceivable abhorrence of what is guilty, and contempt at what is base. But it is not so at Coblenz. There the people, apparently to us unanimous, were lavish of none but the kindest opinions towards the prince, and expressions of the best earned praise. They spoke of him as happily exalted above the mean amusements of a court, or the dark designs of it! Of a large expanded mind, and a free matured spirit, ambitious,

bitious, through rectitude, of the public favour, and capable of no small venture and all sacrifices too for the public good !

They told us, and I would repeat it, as we heard it, with the rapture due to truth recording good deeds, that in the time which the present Clement had been their chief magistrate, the whole state had put on mended looks ! and was not in fact like the same ! So much was their whole constitution, in powers, in principles, in pursuits, in opinions, and in manners, all substantially and vitally, so much altered for the better !

In spite of his profession, not less likely to be free minded, but more liable to seem tender at any slavish prejudice that might brutally assail him, he struck at error, though perhaps, in some sort, convenient to his own circumstances, and certainly pretending to some sanction from time !— And he aimed, effectually we trust, in the proper place. The root he pointed at ! as the skillful woodman might, who sees heights that he cannot reach, and width that he cannot grasp, in the rank spreading of some sycophant weed, flourishing as it fades the glory of the forest !

The schools were the object of the bishop. There he saw and has ably striven to check, the radical principle of error, ramifying into all its fantastic forms, from excessive indulgence, excessive mortification, excessive sloth !

And while he checked—he was ready to rectify too. He forwarded the useful growth, while he lopped the luxuriance, and while he weeded the soil ! Instead of the empty noise and barren verbiage of the schools, he has instituted the living languages and useful knowledge ! mathematical learning, classical taste, natural history, and experimental science, are the chief accomplishments in the compass of man—and these, it is endeavoured, shall flourish now on the ground before defiled, with polemic divinity, monastic superstition, unconditional subjection, and all those mockeries
of

of barbarism, which, as far as such jargon can be explicable, tend to nothing but general stupefaction! not to make our frame invulnerable, but dim, to the vilest evils which can assail us—the pestilence which walketh in darkness—and the horrors of a dungeon with a chain!

Besides abolishing these abominable evils, he has otherwise need to rectify action in its source. He has founded an establishment for widows and orphans—he has began and continued it from his own funds, and thus, irresistably called on others to complete it.

He has prohibited extravagant funerals. “They are,” said he “a vain, an idle offering to the dead, often to the distress, and sometimes to the ruin of the living!”

He has established public libraries, with all the adjuncts of instruments, charts, and globes.

He has suggested and formed an insurance against fire! That the Roman empire, in its best days, did not think of.—He has added to it, like them, an aquæduct; and that necessary element is now continually supplied!

The roads in the electorate of Treves, now rival the turnpike trusts near London—they, near London, are done by the collective powers of the people. Through Treves, the prince, with all the merit, is to have all the praise. He has with the magnificence of real use, shaming all pretenders to the heroic, expended on this object 350,000 crowns! And through the whole territory the people accordingly bless him! The roads are excellent—and they have foot paths, posts, and mile stones!

All this good, and much more, he has done—and with no sensible departure, as to expence, from the established rule! “I have not, it is true,” says the prince “accumulated a private treasure—but, neither have I taken from the treasure of any other! I have not begged nor borrowed from the people a single kreutzer!” a low coin not equal to a halfpenny.

The elector, with his arch-bishopric of Treves, holds the bishopric of Augsbourgh, and the provostship of Ellwangen. Both of which furnish revenue and an honorary title, if honour there can be in profit without equivalent labour to deserve it—for the chapter and magistrates of Augsbourgh and Ellwangen, discharge all the functions of government, civil and ecclesiastical, without any aid from the elector.

The archbishop to which the electoral dignity connects, is elected by the Chapter of Treves—and all the forty canons must be of uninterrupted nobility through sixteen descents, both paternal and maternal. “Every body sees,” said Duke ——— “how much this must preserve the “unerring sagacity, the incorruptible purity of every measure!” When chosen, the elector is invested by the emperor and confirmed by the pope. To this as to all bishoprics, the eligible age should be thirty. But with this, as with more momentous qualifications, his Holiness can dispense.

The territory of the electorate is about 135 square miles, not reckoning Augsbourgh and Ellwangen, which are about forty miles more. This territory is subdivided into thirty-seven bailliages, with a population in all above two hundred and eighty thousand.

The revenues are about 73,000*l.* sterling—of which the Bishopric of Augsbourgh supplies a hundred thousand florins, and Ellwangen eighty thousand. The expenditure, with all the elector’s economy, which is both virtuous and wise, cannot be made much less than the income.

The government has so far a popular cast, that no pecuniary imposition can burthen the country but with the participation of the people, testified by their deputies, called states. And they are not only the nominal, but the real representatives of the people. There is no such outrage on their constitution, on the constitution of common sense and decency, as any of the deputies being nominated by the aristocracy.

aristocracy, though the nobility and clergy are very numerous and powerful, having two thirds of all the landed property between them !

The chief administration of justice and civil government are in the Privy Council, the Aulic Council, the Court of Regency, and Revision. The appellant jurisdiction, in all causes for above 1000 florins, is to Wetzlaer. The right *de non appellando*, otherwise inherent to the electorate, having once lapsed for want of claim.

In the councils the members are but few. For the elector's object being not private peculation, but the public good, he has in no department encreased the number of placemen—in some departments he has diminished them. In the chief council, where the elector acts as president, the numbers are reduced to four.

The minister of state (now M. Dumenick), an ecclesiastical minister, a prime lawyer, called Councillor of Regency, and a marshall, are the chief officers of business.—For parade there is a chamberlain, a cup bearer, and a treasurer.

The elector exercises all the functions of sovereignty—coinage, laws, foreign treaties, punishments—which may include excommunication, banishment, and death ! But which, to do him justice, are rarely, if ever, included by him ! The ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Treves used to stretch over Lorraine ; and among the suffragans of the archbishopric, were Metz, Verdun, Toul ; Nanci, and St. Drez. When the French revolution, as the English reformation had done before, abrogated all such extraneous supremacy, pecuniary compensation was offered for every tenure so abolished. This offer, obviously wise and just, was by too many of the feoffees injuriously refused. Some of them, more sage, were willing to accede. The Cardinal D. I know, was among the number of the latter. And, from the general character of the councils at Coblentz, a provident

dent acquiescence was, I have heard, at first in contemplation there.

The military establishment is worthy a system of sense and feeling becomingly moderate—one regiment of infantry and about thirty or forty horse.

The ecclesiastical order are more extravagant! in Coblenz alone there are five churches, two of them with numerous and wealthy chapters, and seventeen convents. At Treves, with as many churches and chapters, the monasteries are thirty-five. As to the value of these appointments, the canons are 2000 florins—the livings generally one to three or four thousand livres. The clergy, particularly abbays and other gross sinecures, have been lately taxed, most properly for the support of the new useful schools. Above 6000 florins a year have been so levied. An operation this, by which the demon of superstition may be gradually wrought to defeat itself. Of the nobility, who are also numerous, these families are the most leading, Metternich, Vander Leyen, Kempeusch, Bassenheim, Burrenheim, Boos, and Kerpen.

About Coblenz, as through the rest of Germany, the nobility are not, like many of the noble families in England, employed in useful arts and extensive commerce. The elector has done much for their encouragement—and nature has done more. But referring to the manifest opportunities of the place, the two arms of Coblenz, as an old classical writer calls the Moselle and Rhine, yet are suffered to continue idle. For commerce, Coblenz seems the best position on the Rhine. And two or three active able Englishmen might without difficulty prove it so. Grain, wine, hemp, are the best productions to be sold; those to be brought from England, the manufactures of Manchester, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton, and Sheffield.

The taxes are chiefly duties on objects of consumption, wood, wine, salt, &c. The duties are levied at the different toll.

toll houses on the roads and rivers, and being charged ad valorem, must be reciprocally liable to fail of equity and effect for those who pay the tolls and them who receive it.—There is a sort of poll tax of a florin a year on each family—half of which is mitigated on the widow. And a land tax nearly as light as in the electorate of Cologne, and more equal on all rents, tithes, and any income whatever.

On the whole, life, for economic advantages, is not low. Money goes as far as at Cologne. For the general system of government the ecclesiastical are better than the lay electorates—for there can be no such pestilent mischief as a minority—and the age required, thirty instead of eighteen years, implies a better hope, that he who is employed in the arduous office of government, will be less unable to govern himself. The celibacy of their persuasion rids the people from any burthen for a family; no young Julius, &c. And through the ecclesiastical character they escape further ills, in not meddling with wars either as a diversion or a trade. No prince is to be sold and no peasant to be bought. Public debt, consequently, there can be none.

In the arts which are most necessary, agriculture and building, the country is not backward. The soil aids them in the one, and materials in the other. The farms have no peculiarity at all noticeable. The new square, Clemenstadt, is among the prettiest places upon the Rhine. They build with rough stone and stucco.

The elector's palace is one of the best buildings in Germany; though the roof of black slate, with the number of chimneys and windows in the attics, spoil the effect of the facade, where the lower parts are in a good style, with an Ionic portico, and dependant colonades along an extent of 180 yards. The offices are in two semicircular wings.

The internal disposition is sufficiently splendid and gay. The rooms of ceremony are nine in suite—the one in the centre is the largest, 56 by 36. There is contiguous a
gallery

gallery of 120 by 48. This gallery has five windows to the Rhine—and opposite to them five looking-glass doors, which occasionally remove, leaving very cleverly so many openings between pillars, and so uniting with another hall of the same size. Here it was the evening assemblies of the elector met, when the French Princes were at Coblenz.

The French, with their gobelin work, have long had a monopoly of all Europe, but England. In England, taste and cleanliness have changed it for something better. At Coblenz the gobelin, the chief rooms, except the throne, &c. which according to custom are crimson—as the blind man said, “like the trumpet in battle!”

The imitative arts offer nothing very curious. There are forty or fifty portraits by Germans, about as far from Lawrence and Beechey, as they are from Raffaele’s, Pope Urban, and Leonardo of himself. Menagot, the Frenchman, has given four large pictures of Antony, Scipio, Belisarius, and Paul—and there is a model of Mad. Langham, with her child, at the resurrection, awaking from their tomb. It is with models, as with sketches, they are almost always more impressing than finished works. For finishing weakens, as it were by dilation, the spirited essence of original ideas. And the emotions which all men may feel, very few have ability to express. It is so with the exquisite sketches of the president in our popular academy. It is so in this model of the monument, in such just repute, at Hindlebank near Berne. The model too has the consecrating line from Haller, and which he, like Boerhaave and Linneus, illustrious for the piety as well as philosophy of his opinions, derives from the source the most high and the most holy, the spirit of God in the language of his son—“Lord, here I am, and the child which thou has given me—of those which thou hast given me, have I lost none.”

The palace though new, and on the whole elegant, has not yet any ground made into pretty landscape about it.

Hard

Hard as it may be to get land, it seems yet harder to adorn it. That is to come, when the fulness of time will let it, and the maturity of taste. Could we dispose it, that point should not linger. The genius of cultivation should have powers equal to the genius of the place. For the Rhine winds round it with objects of singular magnificence,—The Chartreuse on one hill, and Ehrenbreitstien on the other—a fortress on a mountain, which for imposing romantic effect may be second to Gibraltar.

We cannot therefore wish with more good will to the place—and well remembering the unexpected kindness and advantages we had there, we should not testify less. I owe to Coblenz some hours and views of life, among the most extraordinary which can be compassed in the surprises of talents and of chance, and in the wonders of contrast, in temper struggling with destiny! whose extremes, like those of elementary heat and cold, are extraneous merely, and leave the unconquerable spirit with will to rectify, with power to redress itself of all.—What Fontenelle therefore, with his *Idees du Beau*, would have referred to the beautiful of action, and Euripides would have seized as a fit theme for the sublime.

Των γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπρεθείης
Φημαι μάλλον κατεχέσθω.

F R A N K F O R T.

THE road to Frankfort is one of the best in the world—for any body on whom you may have a *post obit*! If you are in luck, it may do for him in limine, in the first passies up the steep, stoney, mountain of Ehrenbreitstien!—He may break his neck—or if only a collar-bone, it may suffice! as in the case of King William, in Busby-Park!

Secondly—if he looks at the fortrefs of Ehrenbreitstien, where there is a view over twenty or thirty villages from Mentz to Luxembourg—from Luxembourg to Cleves—he may chance to see some of the good citizens of Mentz, here taken care of since the siege!—and with humanities too, like the prison, worthy of the twelfth century!—All that may make a tug at his heart! and then, like Lord Falkland, drooping under the woes of patriotism, he may never laugh more!—or if he has the heart of a Roman emperor in his bosom, he may die laughing, at what all others would grieve!

Third—should he survive so far, there are, after all, twenty German standen or leagues, with the other trials of German roads, German post-horses, and more feræ, German pestillions to boot—of course, the odds are so many against him, that he may depart like ————, in a passion*.

There are, however, trees enough, if every man could that way get rid of his care—oak, elm, ash, and often in large masses, like forests—all particularly fine, and most ineffably so the Elector—for to him they belong. When they cut any trees, they leave two or three feet of the stem, which soon having shoots and foliage on all sides, forms a singular hedge, neither ugly nor weak

* The Reader is requested to fill up the blank above, as Sterne did several from Lord Bacon and Montaigne.

This mode of leaving so much stem in every fall of wood, was rather wondered at by a traveller who came from a country rather remarkable for talents as to taxation—when the prince said, with much dexterity and finesse—“ What “ you expect our woodmen to be as nimble-fingered as the “ financiers are with you; and that our bills, like your “ taxes, should cut up every thing by the roots !”

The new plantations too, are prodigious—chiefly of poplars and firs. The soils are, where not rocky—sand and clay.—There is a little gravel.—Some of the clay is red, as in Devonshire, of the same hue, but not the same depth in the vein. Nor is there any thing like the same abundance or force in the crops.—On the west-side of the Rhine, on the last week of July (27th) the corn was housed, and the land ploughed—on the opposite side, in Limbourg, a week after, no corn was cut, and most of it was as green as in a cold wet summer of Scotland—the summer had been immoderately hot. The husbandry seems penurious; with more rye and barley than wheat—there is but little natural grass. And some Turkey corn, especially nearer Frankfort.

The effect of this country is fatiguing to the eye, from the vast dimensions of each distribution. The shapes and surfaces of lands in Yorkshire and Cornwall are very huge. But here, informe, ingens, the magnitude is monstrous, almost to deformity. It was August when we passed—but in spite of sun-shine and warmth, it was dull and dreary, wherever the woods failed. The farms too, like the aspect of the country, are enormous—the houses are very few; hedges there are none!—and except in the mile-stones, the country seems to have obeyed a like raving with Dido, and every trace of humanity is destroyed.

Abolere nefandi

Cuncta virum monumenta.

At Frankfort, however, and all immediately around it, they live and move again—naturally flowy, and rationally gay—in the blessings of a Republic, formed on independence, toleration, and peace.

Hence, trade at Frankfort is very flourishing. And tradesmen there, display a splendor of wealth and elegance, not out-done even in all the useful magnificence of merchants in London. The house of Mr. Schweitz, the banker, which we saw, is a specimen, really not a little curious, both for expence and taste. He has six rooms in suite—the two best 40 and 36 by 24, lofty in proportion, with painted ceilings, Scagliola columns, inlaid floors, double chimneys, double doors, and what-not—stairs with statues in the niches, baths, court-yard, &c. &c. &c. The designs were given, for we thought it worth while to enquire by whom, by Maredi, an Italian, and Prenge, of Manheim.—The whole cost, five-eighths of a million (florins)! where materials, untaxed and contiguous, are fifty per cent. cheaper than in London; and labour, of the best workmen, but 33 kreutzers a day!

There are many commercial houses; not less than two hundred and fifty to three hundred, completely first-rate; And I believe verily, with a character too no less absolute and adorning. Altogether free from any of that political latitude, which, we once heard, had been the misfortune of another town. Where more than one tradesman, of ten thousand a year, and with manners and endowments, as they said, yet more alluring, had been, literally, at the back of some minister—technically suspicious, and morally low! and yet even such men, capital as they were, on such instigation, manifestly base, had consented, astonishingly, to mix with the humblest accomplices in plans of political imposition and false alarm! Some of them, no doubt, unconscious of mischief, and above it—like the mob only, and not like the pickpockets at a fire. Indeed, energy of character, both intellectual and moral, is the recorded renown of the town. And prior to any other, it had what the Pro-

testant reader must deem an honour, the vigor to attack successfully the impositions of Rome ! to resist the supremacy so fantastically usurped by the Popes ---and, in spite of the Nicene council, to have the idolatry of image-worship, abandoned and abolished.

The same free spirit has been well sustained ; it is the present glory of the people, and their reward, in the complex blessings, so derivatively enjoyed !

Opinions are free. And thus, like the primary vital elements, have escaped all forced, artificial, tendency, by stagnation to putrescence. And with their purity, they have kept their variety too. Perhaps a grateful offering in his sight, who has made manifold works---but in wisdom all !---All nations, and languages to do him service !---who has graciously vouchsafed the same lights unto all---but with different interventions, with different positions, with different powers, to speculate upon each. Who has uniformly written his law in each heart, but has organised with diversity, to us, darkly as we see, admirable, each tongue which may tell indeed, each nerve which can feel it !—O Lord, how manifest are they works ; in wisdom hast thou made them all. “ *Impulfore Christi*,” says Suetonius, and perhaps blasphemously, on the persecutions of Claudius, but every mind, softer and more enlightened, will apply it to more human objects, and to better times. To the code of Carolina, where universal toleration, even through each most minute conceivable demand for it, was so providently distributed by Mr. Locke—and to the treaty of Westphalia, where it pleased them to allow what God has given, liberty of conscience to all !

Thus Frankfort, too, soothes and strengthens the mind, with objects like and emotions of candour and benevolence ! with the venerable sight of a peopled and busy town, elaborate to embody and adorn, what may separately seem religious truth ! In opinions different : but in practice the same—each respecting and protecting each ; but in the defensible, if innocent variety, of that best worship, a well-

ordered life, bent, before the God of universal good, humbly, but zealously, to work together with him, and speed, undelayed by any human perversion, his blessings, peace, freedom, neighbourhood, fraternity, to all!

In this manner, to the mind's eye, indeed to the outward sense, the public worship of Frankfort is its most attractive feature. For it is not only all voluntary, but far beyond the magnitude of the place, magnificent! With new-built chapels for each persuasion; some of them splendid, with scaglioula columns and other ornaments, but all of them, a model for Rome and London, in the necessary attractions of perfect cleanliness, good arrangement, light, warmth, and ventilation.

Not, that, church architecture, almost every where defective, is here complete. The fronts, undistinguished from common dwelling-houses, want the portico and colonades, of such appropriate decorum, for the congregation to issue. The light too, through common shades, is an apparatus not removed enough from common life. And pews and galleries, though not pent up with such penury of space as where chapel-dealing is a trade, yet needlessly offend the eye; with a distribution, which nothing but use, and the more becomingly predominant ideas of the solemn service, can prevent all, from pronouncing barbarous, and as such, fit for nothing but to be dismissed!—*Natura tua vi*, the light should derive from above, and the form should be a round. Michael Angelo (if he is any authority in architecture) Bramanti, and whoever else might work at St. Peter's, have proved even there, how side-lights must fail. Or if they ever can be admissible, that the only bearable form of them must be the window of Palladio!

This is made manifest by Mr. Wyatt, in his designs for the chapel at Kentish-Town. A work, though small and frugal, yet of such taste, contrivance, and knowledge of effect—as are not unworthy of his genius. A genius, which in his first grand effort displayed powers more transcendent

than

than any since the other admired wonder of the same name, the Pantheon at Rome! In a generous solicitude for the noblest art, in the service of the noblest object, it were to be wished that there was a parish-church built by him—for he would certainly improve the whole interior—and probably restore, with some new perfection, if it could be, the form so justly praised in the popular buildings of antiquity, where the people met together, *connexi gradibus* had their sittings, in rows, by gradation rising from the ground!

Small as the population of Frankfort is, not more than 36,000, and rather more than a sixth part of them are Jews. The people have contrived to allow themselves, what they consider as a privilege, a multiplicity in their places of worship. The Lutherans have seven. The Catholics as many. The Jews have a synagogue. The Calvinists two chapels. One of the last is French---and that, with the *Eglise Reformè*, should be seen. And there is another, which will be a remarkable building, for a Lutheran congregation.—It is without angles, but not quite a circle—127 by 102 are the measurements, and 86 feet high—having two tiers of gallery.—M. Hesse is the architect. The red stone of which it is constructed, comes from Franconia—and very cheap, as the carriage is water—and yet the estimates are above half a millions of florins!—and that without any per centage for the architect; which, in Germany, indeed throughout the continent, is a mode properly reprobated, as a premium for extravagance and waste. M. Hesse does this as town-architect—an office with a salary of a thousand crowns a year. They who can be anxious about the place where the Electors of the empire have their chamber, and where the Emperor is crowned, will find it here; in the old Gothic equilateral cathedral. He enters at the north door, and his exit is at the west.

The trade of the town is a speculation rather more interesting. For through Frankfort, as through a central point of circulation, the asperities of Germany, are softened
by

the productions of better regions—by the manufactures of England, the wine and oil of France, and the multiplied articles of luxury and use from the East Indies and the West.—Woollen cloth, Manchester goods, hardware, buttons, &c. are our manufactures that have the most favour. And it was an honest gratification to hear, the reputed well-won superiority of our tradesmen—that bills on London were above par two and three per cent.—while, of some other nations, as in the north of Europe, Russia particularly, their paper credit was not current—unless indorsed and vouched by some Dutch or English house, known capable of the guarantee. The louis d'or also is generally saleable at some fous (10 to 16) above par.

The Italians sell some manufactured silk—and the Swiss and Geneva people, watch-work and the tools for it. Of the two fairs, one at Easter, the other in the autumn, the circulations, in favourable times, have amounted to two or three millions sterling. The last year's commerce fell, like other needle's sacrifices, butchered by the war!

The nominal duration of each fair is three weeks, but really lasting almost as long again. The trade of most moment is dispatched some days before the fair—till the fourth day of the fair all merchandize passes free. Except Leipzig, there is no German fair with so much resort.—Frankfort once was a prime market for printed books—but the magistrates demanding a gratuitous copy of every new work, the trade at once fled to Leipzig. A warning this, from mutual detriment, against arbitrary claims, and their rash agitation, either on one side or the other.

The commercial regulations on bills of exchange at Frankfort, are different in the fair, and out of it.—In the fair, the bills, unless with a specific mention of another date, are payable in the second week. On failure of payment, they must be protested on the Saturday in the second week, between two o'clock and sun-set. At any other time, the
usage

infance is fifteen days, reckoning as one the day of acceptance—with four days grace, Sundays and festivals not included. At four days sight, there is no grace. The course at par with London is $14\frac{1}{2}$ batze a 4 kreutzers for a pound sterling.

Frankfort, as a residence, is not expensive. Being a republic, the government is a cheap thing. And being pacific, there is no pretence for any very burthenfome taxes. There is no imposition on real property, in the shape of land or house tax, no tax on windows, hearths, &c.—There is no poor-rate—no burthen for street-police, lights, and scavengers. What little money is requisite, arises from customs, droits d'entree, on consumption, and from a capitation also well proportioned, and bearing very lightly.

The capitation is this, a fortune of 10,000 florins a year pays 52 florins—that is little more than one-half per cent.—like the land-tax in Mary-le-bone and some other places, not a penny and half a farthing in the pound! Those who have 5000 florins, pay 26. And they who have no more than 500 florins, pay but five kreutzers (not quite an English halfpenny)—in this rate and exhibition of circumstances, there is no schedule made officially, as at Nuremberg, &c. but each individual rates and reports himself.

The droits d'entree must vary as the quantity of commodities must be variable. But the revenue from all, including the capitations, at the maximum, but 600,000 guilders, or 30,000*l*.

The magistrates of this respectable and free republic, are of course elective. The electors are the bourgeois, about 14,000. They chuse a senate of fifty-one, and two bourgmasters. There are three judges, also elective; and all of the Lutheran persuasion. None of these places are jobs. Their remuneration, less in profit than honor, is held in this popular preference of their fellow citizens. The judges have 300*l*. a year. Such is their simple and unexpensive apparatus

apparatus for the little law-making they find wanting at Frankfort.

For the execution of the law, in civil and criminal causes, the senator and judges sit in rotation. The proceedings, as elsewhere through Germany, are in writing. And the appellant jurisdiction at Wetzlaer, in actions for debt, a stranger may be arrested for the smallest sums—but a bourgeois of Frankfort must have a hearing before a judge, prior to any arrest attaching legally upon him.—When imprisoned, the creditor must maintain them at an expence of about fourpence English the day. There were no debtors nor criminals when we were there. The criminals are punished by labour—which is by beating the *tarras* (before described) to powder, for stucco—capital punishments are very rare. The last we heard of was nine years since, a woman for the murder of a child. And the criminal suffered, we were told, not by the gibbet, as men are punished, but by having the throat cut!—a punishment more offensive and abhorrent than the guillotine, as it imbrues a human hand (if an executioner can be called human) in the needless abominations of blood.

The guillotine, by-the-bye, is said, not truly, to have originated with the penal law of Scotland. It is of more antiquity, for a fac-simile of the instrument may be seen in the well-known work of Bochiuss, of Antwerp, the 18th plate, with sixteen or eighteen Latin verses, hexameter and pentameter, not worth repeating, on the opposite page—and according to a report, easier given than received, the drawing was aided by Caracci!

On Baron Reisbeck's authority, the money spent in law-suits was said to be 50,000 rix dollars a year—whatever they might be in his time, they are not so now; for the game-laws, one chief source of the mischief, are every where relaxed—and the other cause of quarrel, contests in
the

the burges court, and for the magistracy, opposition, we found, gradually abating.

Reisbeck, whom, by-the-bye, I never met with till March last, was praised and translated by Mr Matty, a gentleman whom it is impossible to mention without fond and strong emotions of regret, regard, and praise—" *semper acerbum*, " *semper honoratum* !" —It was the book, which stumbling in his way, urged him to learn German. But the book was over-rated by him, whether referred to amusement or to use—it is not ample nor correct enough for what is to be didactic—and it wants elegance and vivacity for what would be gay.

The amusements of the town, though not inelegant, are less commanding than the serious objects of it. There is a theatre, new within these twelve years, a rounded oblong, with three floors of boxes, not ill-accommodated. As we sauntered about in the usual search after the fine arts, we could hear of none but a Mr. Phorr, a painter of horses—from whom there is nothing to fear by Stubbs, by Gilpin, or by Gerrard.

The military establishment is no annoyance to the place. For though they have a few soldiers, they very properly keep them, sparingly, on six kreutzers a day. A peasant whose mind may be in such a state of exaltation as to go for a gentleman soldier, may think himself well off with the cheap celebrity of a hero—it seems to be superfluous that he should be insulted with pay!

Yet, as Mr. Custine had thought proper, against all orders, to play booty, and marching a detachment to Frankfort, had levied 1,500,000 florins, and demanded 500,000 more, that, had been a pretence for foreign troops; and a corps of Hessians and Prussians were in possession of the town! The hospital was held by 2000 Prussians sick!

More formidable than these, were some freebooters we saw at the inn. Where, after supper, in the great public

rooms, a gaming bank was opened, with rouge and noir! —but with the good policy and virtuous industry of Frankfort, it is impossible such an evil, so deadly, can be suffered to remain.

Such is the free city of Frankfort, which has the praise of Scaliger, and what is more, which deserves it.

Multa laboratis debet Francfordia fulcis
 Multa racemiferis vinea culta jugis.
 Nec tamen in Brutus sola hæc commercia rebus,
 Hic, animi, æternæ sed cumulentur opes!
 Quod si res, paucas, operosa est dicere merci,
 Non magis est, cunctas res operosa dare.

If the traveller does not go to Mentz, he may see at Frankfort some of the great curiosities in early printing, of Faust and Schoeffer.—As the Psalter and Breviary of Mentz—the Agenda Moguntina—and Boccatus de Certaldo—Fabula de Segismundæ Filiæ Tancreda Principis Salernitani, Amora in Guiscardum a Leandio Aritino, in Latinum translate—12 pag. 8vo.

Without the year, but with the marks at the end of Faust and Schoeffer.

There are three citations also remarkable, of Charles V.—two of Pope Paul III. to the Archbishop of Cologne—three of Nuncio to the Dean and Canons of Cologne—this is in eleven pages by Schoeffer. And the Bible of 1462—with a variation in the printing of the date, viz. in Vigilia Assumptiones Gloria Virginis Mariæ.—The epithet is not in the other copies.

THE RIVER MAINE TO MENTZ.

To Switzerland from Frankfort, the direct road is through Hesse Darmstadt; and so crossing the river Necker, to pursue the palatinate. But recoiling from the black and barren mountains athwart the way, and yet more disgusted with the name and the notion of Hesse, we took a boat at Frankfort, and went down in five hours to Mentz.

Rivers, wherever practicable, are so delightful as to turn a journey into a jaunt. It is so on the Thames, the Severn and the Wye. It is much more so in Germany, where what you enjoy is enhanced by what you escape.—Where the rivers rid you of the roads, and all those multiplied abominations, of a certain Prince of Tours and Taxis, being still suffered to monopolize the whole market, in the shape of postillion in chief!

Another bias to this course was given, by curiosity with an object less humane; to see the laurels, as the craft call it, which the Prussians had purchased at Mentz!

“ Of Victories, for which

“ The conqueror mourn’d—so many fell!”

The siege was just finished. On July 15 the laboratory fired, and the citadel was burnt! On July 22 the town surrendered. On July 25 the Prussians had possession of the leading forts, Charles, Philip, Welch, Elizabeth, the Double Fencibles, and the Two Gates of Cassel.—On July 29 the capitulation was signed.—On that day and the following, the French evacuated, the convalescent sick going to Metz and Thionville, &c.—And on July 2d we entered it, but being stopped at the gate, we profited, like Fabius, of delay; and fairly wrote out, the Memorabilia of the Maine.

THE MAINE,

Says the dictionary*, "is a river! which ariseth on the
" east-side of the circle of Franconia, and running from
" east to west, dischargeth itself into the Rhine at Mentz,"
—Washing, at Frankfort, if it could, not the Augean stable,
but the electorate chamber, in the way.

At Frankfort we first became acquainted with the Maine.
And though he was moving slow, when we wanted to be
going quick, yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart.
In the manner of one of the finest passages in the finest
biography we honored him; and he endured us.

He had to endure much more; for he had to witness,
with us, the monstrous preparations of the war.

At the first village we saw, where the magnificence of the
house would not let us rest on the outside, we were doomed
to find nothing but varied wretchedness within!

The master of the house, M. Volungarro had not long
since died. And his widow seemed to have had enough to
kill her too! For she had been most inhumanly bandied
about, with all the aggravations of cruelty and sport.—Her
house had been pillaged, alternately, by the russians on
all sides.

The family of M. Volungarro were of prime note in the
trade of Frankfort.—And this mass of building, is far more
vast and shewy, than any thing we have among our merchants
in London. The facade, with the wings, was above 500
feet, as we measured each part by our steps. It had served
at once the three purposes of a villa, a manufacture, and a
tobacco warehouse. When we were there, all was gone!
It was forced to be an hospital for the Prussians! Above two
thousand of them were in it! They were wounded and

* Vide the Dict. of Arts, &c. &c.—grand thick octavo edition! Owen
Loud. 1764—p. 2001—Art. M. A. I. Et Vide—M. S. Penas Me.

drooping more grievously than even the rest of their miserable remains at Frankfort.

We were not of those, to refuse pity to Prussians. So after a short struggle, we checked the thought that they were such warriors; and fairly yielded, solely to their woes!

After this great building, there is no other on the river at all a conspicuous mass. And even that, expensive and shewy as it was, was destitute, like a town-house, of every recommendation beyond the walls.—A few rails on a piece of dwarf brickwork was the separation from the common dirty towing path, with but little garden upon one side, and no land on either. The river also there is uncommonly dull, narrowed by a bad ayte, which is made worse by shabby willows.—The choice of situation and the surrounding culture of landscape ground, both seem to be very easy, yet both are to be found in frequent instances only through Great Britain. I had added Ireland too. But I know too little to speak about it. And if I recollect right, the Marino, beautiful building of Low C. has very indifferent ground, though the position is so very exquisite. And as to the scenes of Switzerland, to instance from the most capable men, M. Necker has a high wall between him and the lake of Geneva, and Voltaire from whom, as from Mr. Pope, better things were probable, and the origin of a fine taste, Voltaire, in the midst of scenes fit for his astonishing mind, has, more astonishingly, a barn at one window, and a horse-pond at another!—Such is Ferney!

The river, though it continues without any artificial objects which are remarkable, has many natural charms; and sometimes there are such swelling hills, woods so flourishing upon the steep, and so many dwellings among them, with such bold, mountainous, lines in the back ground, that the country brings to mind some of the scenes the most enchanting, upon the borders of the river Soane. And for a mile or two, before the two rivers join, the Maine uniting with the Rhine, used to be the force of cultivation superla-
tive

tive in all its charms ! trees, gardens, vineyards, villages and villas, while the points and pinnacles of Mayence closed the scene with the objects and ideas of science and commerce, of neighbourhood, order, and bliss---multiplying and progressive, from man to man, from the individual to the community, from Mayence to the full country ! through all the region anterior to it.

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and then all human race—
Wide and more wide the o'erflowings of his mind,
Take every creature in, of every kind—
Earth smiles around, in boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds his image in his breast !

Such used to be the honest splendor, the virtuous gaiety of this delightful scene.

But they were all no more !

All had fled, and yielded up the field to rapine, havoc,
and dismay, the foe of mankind and the dæmon of despair !
Gravasque.

Principum Amicitias ! Et Arma !
Bellique Causas ! et Vitia ! et Modos—
Nondum Expiatis uncta Cruoribus !

At one contiguous village, Costeim, before flourishing with all things ordained to make nature gay, the retirements of virtue and the dwellings of health, every thing was one unrelieved mass of cureless desolation ! Every bit of building, with the exception of but two small ruins, was razed to the ground !

One of those exceptions was the altar end of the church ---as to the other, was a petty band box of a dwelling ! Of these little walls, five-eighths were remaining ; with two casements of a cottage, and in one of the two windows a toilet stood, seemingly untouched ! A Venice glass, says Sir William Temple, may last as long as an earthen pitcher.

At another district, Hockheim, so renowned for the excellent

cellent wine, hence called Old Hock, the whole vineyard was laid waste! By that assassin, fortification, the spawn of quackery and fear, the whole glory of it was cut up! into the hideous forms of angles, traverses, ditches and projections. The trees were filled, for abbatis and pallisadoes, for fascines and for fuel!---The only wood to be seen! La Favorite, the palace of the prince, was burnt, and literally not one stone left upon another! all carted off towards the same sort of hellish sacrifice! to make fronts to bastions, and pillars and roses to arches, Sally ports to covered ways! In Cassel, in the Fauxbourg to the southward, and in the little town of Weisenau, scarcely any house had escaped! All were more or less, demolished! and the higher points of the town, the citadel to the churches, shewed, as we approached, much of the devastation by the flames!

The spectacle was shocking!---

It excited all the varieties of horror, indignation, and scorn!

There were above two hundred people on the water, approaching Mentz, from all the country around. We were obliged to pass among them, and we heard them all. It was astonishing to find, with what unanimity they spoke, with what force, on what they deemed the cause of the enormities raging through Europe. To our great surprise, no one there referred them primarily to the French!

Upon entering the town, the crowds, in each street, from distress and from curiosity, were so great, that it was difficult to pass. Yet, there was something much more extraordinary in the general demeanor of the crowd! they moved slow! they looked pensive! they were silent! as if overpowered at the dismal calamities before them, and so suspended from all customary action!---Since Dresden in the last German "war," said a thoughtful observer, who had much experience and more feeling, "Since Dresden, I never saw any thing so dreadful!"

With

With a guide given us at the inn, we went over the whole town. The first impression from the mischief was its multiplicity. All parts of the town had suffered; every street, and almost every house, the marks of the cannon shot, distinctly round in the different dwelling-houses which they had pierced we tried to count; but we soon desisted; they were so numerous!

In some districts the whole neighbourhood had been demolished. The whole commercial establishment, and all wreck of substance gone! And the lost owners, no where to be found!

One gentleman to whom we had letters remained -- But remained only, as it should seem to a sad destiny of a hard struggle with disaster! his house and all its property had been burnt, by a German bomb! And, after long search we found him fled for refuge to the steady courtesies of an humble friend. He received us, very manfully, and forcing his eyelid to press down the tears, which as he looked over our letters had began to gush—he apologised, and told the sad reason why he could no longer show to strangers the hospitality which had been his custom--which he had ever wished! “But,” added he, “you may finally depend upon having no inconvenience for the night,” (for we had told him the inns were full) “And the worst, if you fail of every other lodging, you shall have mine!”

O no, sir, said a fine boy with proper fit eagerness of self-denial at such a sacrifice,---“we can sleep any where!”

“Can you so, young gentleman,” replied the venerable merchant, “I wish I could! But you must let it be as I say. It matters not where a man may pass the night, who is no longer apt, God knows, to pass it in sleep.”

He immediately went out with us. And his character, unlike his property, not being in the reach of accident, overcome all difficulties; and immediately got us what we wanted.

In

In this abominable desolation, the total of the buildings was as follows—

Of Private Dwelling Houses—one hundred and three.

Of Churches, Seven.

The Citadel.

Part of the Convent in the citadel, with many curious books.

The palace of the Provost.

And one palace (*la Favorite*) of the prince.

The other palace, the old building, at the north end of the town was, in great part, used as an hospital. And therefore, to the honour of both sides, was respected and spared. It had, I believe, no hurt whatever.

Next to innocence is repentance. Next to not warring, is the unerring mitigation of war. Humanity, till very lately, used to be the cheap and most glorious pride of nations. It was so when the French, exempted Capt. Cook and his expedition from the American war. It was so when at Gibraltar, the fine conduct of Sir R. Curtis called forth the more arduous virtues of the English!

This was the first effort of the same sort in the present war. And, it cannot be the last. Till all men lapse again into barbarians; the credit of this return to humanity, each side properly labours to claim:—of course there is some return of hope also, that humanity may again be followed by both.

The palace of the Provost had been the prettiest building in those parts of Germany we passed. A fine Corinthian portico, a double stair case, and magnificent rooms, are yet to be made out. The detail, were all in ruins, still smouldering when we saw them. The plans, of the architect Manzini, are yet extant.

All these, suffered by the German artillery, during the siege.

The prince's palace, *la Favorite*, alone fell by the French; and as it was pretended by them, and according to their logic,

not without provocation. For this was the place, where the constitution received the first provocations.--Here the fugitive French, certainly much better in their own country, were, with needless ostentation, received. And when M. d'Artois and his brother fled; this was the place, which saluted the rash experiment as a triumph, and made the whole region redden, with what are called demonstrations of joy. The illuminations are still mentioned, notwithstanding what has happened since; and the monstrous intervention of folly, so much more fatal, so much more flagitious.

The palace was much vaunted by idle people; how justly it is not now easy, or necessary to say; for the French used some of the materials in their new raised works, and let the rest go to the poor, from whom, like most buildings of this sort, they had originally come. Nothing remains but some marble frames, of ill shaped angular little ponds, and bits of the parapet which parted it from the passengers. For the house was close to the road, without any landscape ground, with no good trees, no grass in itself, and on the opposite grounds too, with no decoration whatever! It is an error less retrievable, that the people do not remember it, by any virtue whatever.

The havoc in human nature, made by the siege, must have been enormous. The French when they entered Mentz had 22,000 men! when they surrendered, but 8,800 could be found! and of them 3,000 were sick! Custine had drafted off 4,500 to the north, but all the rest of the deficiency, is to be imputed to the war; to its accidents, and still worse to its diseases.

The loss of the Germans was industriously concealed. But it must have been no less deplorable. Five thousand sick and wounded were in the hospitals about Frankfort. As many more had been carried further, and their mortality was so vast at one time, that the people on the Lower Rhine had, not quite unreasonably, some apprehensions that the dead
bodies

bodies, in such numbers, might for a time poison the river! As such, it was incidentally a year of jubilee to the fish in the Rhine below Mentz.—At Bonne and Cologne no body would eat them.

Of the townspeople in Mentz, during the whole siege, but five people were killed! This may seem almost incredible; but it is precisely true. And one of them, a rash young man, risked his person needlessly—more than once neglecting the common care, by which, to all appearance, he might have been saved—a fact communicated to me by his brother! two of the five were women.

What number perished, indirectly, from the war, but with no other efficient cause of death, pining under cureless woes, cannot be detected till the period when all things shall be known, till the final allotment must ordain a catalogue of punishments, equiponderant to each catalogue of guilt! At present, in darkness more than natural, they seem to have been almost ever industriously hid! While inanity, has let them on unchecked even by reproof; and monstrous! not a word been heard, either of reparation or of remorse! not even of common sympathy!

*Dii qui' us im erium est animarum, umbræ silentes
Sit mihi fas, audita loqui! Sit, Numine vestro,
Pande e res alta terra, et Caligine Mæfas!*

The sufferings from dearth and deprivation during the siege, fell most heavily on those who had least deserved them! The French army had abundantly most of the chief articles held necessary to life. But the townspeople not having magazines, were forced to buy, and to pay enormously for what they bought!

Mutton sold for 60 sols a pound of 16 ounces—beef 100 sols.—The price before the war was three sols, and when I passed on my return before Christmas, it was nine sols.—Bread and salt, now but two and three sols the pound, were,

in the siege, nearly as much raised as mutton and beef.—Woollen and linen cloth was trebled and quadrupled in price, and shoes were at almost any price, ten to twenty florins ! Eleven florins make a louis d'or. After the capitulation the price was fixed at five florins—and before the war the people had them for a florin and a half, or two florins—for the use of draft oxen, and the quantity of oak bark, make the materials, like the manufacture of them, very cheap.

The army of the French Republic had stores which were prodigious. Bread corn, woollen cloth, wine, and gunpowder, all for many months. The artillery which were taken were said to be 400—150 of which had belonged to the elector. The wine, which had also been gathered by the prince, the convents and chapters, was the perfection of Rhine wine, the first growth and the greatest age. The woollen cloth, of which there was enough to clothe the army for two or three years, was not like the flimsy worthless linsley-wolfey rags which are the living shrouds of hired heroes, but was cloth of prime coarse quality, stout, thick, soft, and elastic. It was as good as Yorkshire—far better than any thing at Abbeville. We asked a French prisoner whence his coat came, but he could not tell us.

When the French general chose to surrender, the only thing he pretended to want was medicines. As if they could be wanting where there was bread and water, vinegar and wine. One Prussian officer, a partisan of this hypothesis, which was convenient, told us that he had been a prisoner in the town, and was slightly wounded—that, with the usual decency of present war, the French had allowed him to send for his own, a Prussian surgeon, but when he came to dress him, no medicines were to be found. But another gentleman, with as much intelligence and less restraint, scouted that idea as untenable; and declared the want to
have

have been of something very different from medicine—and that if there had been no other weapons used than iron and brass, and lead and steel, the town might have defied the attack, and repelled it for ever.

The pecuniary losses of the town resist all estimate. For where is the financier, however hackneyed in his trade of calculating on the calamities he has caused, who can work precisely, without any given proportion, on a series almost infinite?—on interrupted trade, maimed intercourse, blighted population, artificial dearth, multiplied dangers, and precipitated death?

The debts of the French were very inconsiderable; adverting to the long time they were at Mentz, and to other circumstances, not inseparable from armies as most nations know to their cost, viz. their negligent economy, and their unbridled power of doing harm!

On the first rough calculation, the ostensible debts were computed at no more than five or six thousand pounds sterling. And even some months afterwards, when a number of collateral articles were brought into the account, as the expences of prisoners, money, as usual advanced to officers, &c. &c. the total was less than a million of French livres.

For the payment of this sum, the French general, D'Oyrè, and the French commissary were kept as hostages. So at least it was said, on one side—while the popular party, by far the most prevailing in the citizens of Mentz, give another reason for their stay.

The French, during the greater part of their stay at Mentz, made all payments, very fairly, in the gold and silver coin of their country. When the town was invested by the Prussians, and of course the supply of the precious metals failing, they then had recourse (as in Sweden and other countries, where there is constantly the same sort of want) to certain arbitrary signs, stamped upon paper and
bell

bell metal, which had no value but what was agreed to be given to them.

Both these were on the capitulation, when the accòmpts were closed, very properly called in and destroyed—the French commissary, the recognised agent for the French Republic, giving in lieu of them, a formal acknowledgment, payable to the bearer at Paris.

Like an English victualling bill? said a gentleman interrogatively.

“ O yes, very like—the victualling of a camelion,” said another.

In one point, these acknowledgments are rather better than our navy bills, as they are for much smaller sums!—The largest bill, as the brokers would call it, being for no more than 200 French livres. One of these was shewn to me by a very respectable tradesman (the brother to one of the five persons who were killed)—and he, among others, really certified to me the general good conduct of the French during their stay at Mentz, that they were unoppressive, civil, and just.

The bell metal and the paper money are both already curiosities! for both are exceedingly rare. This is the superscription on the paper money,

The paper money—

Monnoye de siege,
10 fols,
a changer contre billon,
ou monnoye du metal se siege,

(Signed)

Reubell.
Houchar.

Siege de Mayence,
Mar. 1793.
2^{de} de la Rep. Franc.

The difference in the spelling of the word monnoye
(thus

(thus according to all good authority), is noted in my memorandum to have subsisted in the paper money which I saw.

But whether the words and date marked within the inclosing line belong (as I think they do) to the assignat or to the bell metal money, I forgot to mark; and at this distance, I cannot remember.

The bell metal money I saw, though I tried in vain at my bankers and elsewhere to get it.—It was a very small and very base coin. If I recollect right, with the Roman fasces on one side, with *Le Rep. Franc.* round it, and *Siege de Mayence* on the other. But, again, I must own it is not in any note, and therefore I cannot speak positively.

The new coin, both gold and silver, of the French Republic were found to be not only unexceptionable, but unusually good—and as such, as soon as circulated, they were engrossed by the Jews—who sold them to the Dutch for a few sols (six or eight on each crown and piece of gold) more than their price current! This is very extraordinary—but it was undeniably true.

The King of Prussia also circulated new French money, during the siege, viz. crowns, *loui d'ors*, and double louis. They were dated 1788—and of course with the king's head, and the usual superscription. The gold is more red than in the *louis d'or* of the French—and the value, both of the gold and silver, differs so little from the real French coin, that we received both indiscriminately, at Mentz and Mannheim. What difference exists, is however below the par value of the French money, as the bankers there told us, two or three sols in the crown, and four to eight in the louis.

Till the King of Prussia fell upon this expedient, his payments to tradesmen, troops, &c. used to be in the money of the petty German states contiguous, particularly Hesse.—

But

But the money was so very vile that it would not pass but with a discount of ten or twelve per cent.

The French prisoners made a very interesting part of this singular scene. It is but justice towards the King of Prussia to say, that they were treated well. And it is equally due to the fortitude of the French to say, that they deserved it.

We saw them under the first heavy pressure of their captivity, and we visited their hospitals. We talked with many of them; and all were uncommonly well tempered—unextravagant and calm, but determined and sanguine. They spoke with animosity only of the perfidy which had betrayed them. A large party of them, above two hundred, were marched each day, at noon, to receive their bread—and the manner of giving and receiving, quite unembarrassed and free, was equally reputable both to the Prussians and the French.

In a shock of accident so very violent as in the attacks and defences of a siege, it was not improbable to expect, that the emotions and practice of men might be found flung up into some rare extremes of good and evil. We hearkened after both, and in both armies; but we could hear of neither.

The character of either army, as to mere intrepidity, we tried to collect, as well as it could be collected from reciprocal report. The French praised the Hessians, as decidedly the best troops. While the Hessians, the Prussians, the Bavarians, and the Austrians were, without any exceptions, in our hearing unanimous to acknowledge the never-ceasing vigor of the French.

At the table d'hôte we mixed with sixty or seventy officers of the Germans, and there we heard them speak upon the existing tactics of the French. Their praise was unqualified, and of the highest order. They told us, to see their

new works at Cassel! (the village fronting Mentz on the confluence of the Maine with the Rhine) they protested " they were all astonished when they saw them. That " they were unique—for the speed of their performance; " and their skill, yet more admirable when performed!— " That in the whole complex consideration and conduct of " the place, in understanding and taking all the advantages " of the ground—and combining with new science," (if such an object can be called so) " all the opposite excellencies " of the old masters, of Blondel and Pagan, as well as " Scheiter and Vauban. It was a work to wonder at! a " work of such genius and such labour, as they never heard " of before, and did not imagine they should ever hear of " again!"

We had neither inclination nor power to dispute the point with him, and we were inclined to admire the excellence of that temper which could be so generous in an enemy's praise.

A Swift gentleman, however, referred it all to circumstances, and the power, which occasions ever have to make men. " On a given quantity of imposition and oppression," said he " a nation must arm—and what an armed nation " may do, in any direction, cannot but be stupendous!

" Look at our cantons of Switzerland!—little as they are " —yet what have they not done! What will they not " ever do, as long as men are men, while there are any " such nerves as William Tell, and the rough hand of a " tyrant to brace them!"

The flame of truth, like material flame, will spread by contact and approximation. It caught even a Hungarian volunteer, who served on horseback! He said—" what will " not a man do in defence of a Free Constitution?—For " our country, Hungary, has a constitution, and we are not " to be thought like the Croatsians and Slavonians, the

“ Hulans, and the Cossacks—animals, little less inhuman
 “ than the savages of America !”

As the Hessians knew America to their cost—the conversation finished there. Passing from the Drave and the Don to the Delawar and the Schuilkill, from free-booters to free men—from the State of Hungary, which the second Joseph did make a little less slavish, to the Republic of America, which Mr. Washington, &c. happily made—a little more free !

M E I N T Z.

O L D · P R I N T I N G.

“ Thou hast caused printing to be used ! and contrary to the king !

“ His crown ! and dignity !—has built a paper-mill !”

SHAKSPEAR.

THE moment humanity could escape, and we could fairly turn our back upon the heart-rending horrors, the diabolical barbarity of a siege, we betook ourselves after that art, which may yield counteraction and restoration to the mind, when perverted and degraded by the craft, of all others the most mischievous contemptible.

The art of printing at Meintz, is, philosophically, the feature the most prominent, and the most attractive !

For at Meintz, the art, so magnificently bountiful, began ! though no small preparation for it might be achieved, by the lucky labours of Lawrence Coster at Harlem. And therefore, the people there, do well to assert what little honor they can claim, and consecrate the name, and wooden moulds of Coster ; on which alone that claim can be attempted.—The Mirror of our Salvation (*Den Spiegel Van Onze Zaligheyd*) is the title of the book, which he thus worked off. And the book and moulds are deposited in a coffer of silver and silk, with other treasure, at the town-house ; each magistrate being entrusted with a key.

All this is done not without some show and solemn ceremony ! and it were well if parade could always justify itself upon so decent a plea.

There is a statue too of Coster—and his house, in the market-place, is still distinguished by an inscription :

Memoriæ sacrum

Typographia, ars artium omnium conservatrix, hic, primum
Inventa, circa annum 1440 !

N n 2

The

The person who pointed this inscription to us, though a Dutchman, was astonished when, in answer to his demand for some inscriptions in England, we told him there were none; on the houses of Shakspear, of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke.

Another gentleman present said conclusively, there were no inscriptions in England upon any house whatever.—It never was the fashion.

The Dutchman, however, who had a guide and dull description of London, said that there were inscriptions on some of the tax-offices—as “*semper eadem*” upon one, and “*dieu et mon droit*” upon another. There was no answering a reasoner like that.

This work of Coster has no date. The first work printed with a date at Harlem, is 1485—“*De proprietatibus rerum.*”

Still, however, for the work of Coster being of a date prior to this, there is a lurking probability, not easily to be got over, at the bottom.—A probability from the comparative inferiority of his performance—that Coster, like every other man, would do the best for himself—that if two modes had been before him, he would not have taken the worst—he would not have stamped the paper as he did, only upon one side, with moulds made of wood, and immoveable, if he had known, what his successors at Meintz certainly did, the mode of printing on both sides the paper, with types moveable, and of metal. The Bible, the Latin Vulgate of Meintz, printed with moveable metal types, was finished in the year 1450---if not in the year 1450---from thence to 1455.

Of this the copy is lost, which was in the Benedictines convent at Meintz! Another copy (and now the only one known) remains in the Mazarine College at Paris. At least it did remain there, when I was last at Paris, August 1792. And there I doubt not it is still---and will be, as

originally meant, among the other numberless curiosities, splendid and useful, in the new Gallery Museum and Public Library, forming by the Republic---a collection, which in various excellence, will rival Florence and Naples, the Bodleian and the Vatican.

Such is the sure evidence, better than what Cicero can produce to fix the birth-place of Homer, to prove the birth-place of printing to be Meintz. A printed book anterior to this Bible is not known.

The honor of producing this Bible has been again a contested point, some attributing it to John Gutenberg (or Guttenberg, for his name is spelt different ways) and to him solely ; before his partnership with John Fust.

Clarus Joannus en Guttenbergius hic est
 A quo seu, vivo flumine, manat, opus !
 Stemmata præstabat, vicit virtute, sed illud---
 Dicitur hinc, veræ nobilitatis eques !

But legal instruments, still extant at Meintz, prove a partnership then to have subsisted between them.

Guttenberg, who had, as these lines of Arnoldus Bergelanus specify, some lustre of genealogy, which he by his merit made more, is generally admitted to have been the inventor of the moveable types, and to have began them. And that Fust, also a citizen of Meintz, joined him, both with money and ideas, when Guttenberg, if not nearly exhausted, had laboured under a considerable drain of both---that metal types, the matrixes and punches, &c. if not invented by Fust, were by him essentially improved. His types were first of brass---then of lead. Types at present have 3-25 of iron, and as much antimony with the lead.

Peter Schœffer was not concerned with them in the Bible. It was not till seven years after that he was admitted---marrying Fust's daughter, making further advances in the
 foundery,

foundery, and finally, when Guttenberg and Fust were no more, continuing the establishment by himself. As Lipsius said afterwards of Moretus, the son-in-law and successor of Plantin, the typographical wonder of Antwerp, he was the heir of his skill and constancy, his merit and his fame!

The first idea of the types is said to have started upon Guttenberg from the fortuitous impression of his seal-ring,

“ *Annulus in digitis erat illi, occasio prima.*”

And from thence he advanced to the simple experiment of marking his name

“ *Redderet ut nomen litera sculpta suum.*”

Thence by an easy transition, and by multiplying only, he advanced to printing books. Making his wine-press a printing-press. As the art of dying black, and making ink, had before come from the wine lees—

“ *Robora prospexit dehina torcularia bacchi*

“ *Et dixit, preli forma fit iste novi!*”

Such is the operation, when talents go to work kindly upon accident! and such the real transmutations, the useful wonders, matter is made to shew, under the subliming chymistry of the mind. And thus a transcendant glory in Newton and in Harvey, arose from the glimpse of a moment, and the frolic of a child.

The expence of printing the Bible is not exactly known—of the first money advanced by Fust upon his partnership, no specific voucher remains; but the second deposit is proved (viz. December 6, 1452) and that incidentally establishes the first—for it states Fust to be supplying another sum of 800 florins. And if tradition is uniform, that Guttenberg had expended 2,200 florins more. (They are gold florins) in all, therefore, 4,000 florins.

Though the prime copy of the Bible be lost, there remains another at Meintz, evidently printed by Fust—but as certainly after he was joined with Schœffer!

This

This Bible is without name or date : but it is to be referred, with almost a moral certainty, to 1465 or 1462.—These are the chief observable peculiarities in it—there is no title—no initial capitals but what the illuminator has painted in red or in blue—no letters to mark each sheet—no numerical mark of pages—no catch-words—no punctuation—no diphthongs.

There are other more minute, and less constant, particularities. As the letter c for t in sanctificacio—justicia—and in Jesaïæ, chap. 27.—This error—ponam circulum in avibus tuis.

Instead of “ naribus tuis”—as in our translation, so well fortified by the best commentator, Bishop Lowth, citing Hieron. The Talmud—and Jonathan’s interpretation of the Hebrew נֶפֶשׁ.

There were errors of the press, though not suspicious as that of Nic Janson, in his date of 1461—for 1471—(in his edit. of *Decor Puellarum*.) And scarcely conceivable, as in the appendicular title-page of the Psalms—which, though the first book printed by Fust and Schœffer, and with an ostentation of care is printed *Spalmorum Codex*, instead of *Psalmoreum*. In this book, for the first time, appeared the name of the printers, and of the publication—the year and day are both mentioned, viz. “ 1457, in Vigilia Assumptionis !”—The name there, by-the-bye, is printed Schœffer.

A perfect copy of this is said to remain at Meintz. It is extremely rare, and for a long time, but only two more perfect copies was thought existing—viz. at Vienna. The copy in the library at Freyberg is very incomplete ; but lately the librarian at Leipzig found a perfect copy—and another passing through the hands of M. de Goze and the President de Cotte, was sold, in the collection of M. de Gaignel, for 1340 livres. Lord Spencer also, I am told, has a copy in his fine collection at Althorpe—and if so, that is the only copy

copy in this country. The Duke of Marlborough has it not---nor the King.

This was the first book produced after the junction of Schœffer with Fust. Fust's department was the compositor's---Schœffer that of the pressman.

Between this and another edition of the Psalms, also in folio, there was no publication with any date. In this second folio, of 1459, Schoiffer (for so he is spelt) is styled "Clericus"---a term expressive not only of the sacerdotal functions (which Schœffer did not exercise) but of any man who had a character for literature and skill.

This book is said, by the French critics, to be as rare as the first folio---but it is not so. Of the copies remaining at Meintz, one only, they told us was burnt---three are preserved. This is in the King's library at Buckingham House.

The Psalms being so very rare, the different subscriptions to each edition may be very acceptable here :

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EDITION OF 1457.

Præfens Psalmodorum Codex, Venustate Capitalium decoratus, Rubicationibusque Sufficienter Distinctus, ad invencione artificiosa imprimendi, & caracterizandi, absque calami ulla Exaracione sic Effigiatus, et ad Eusebiam, Dei, industria est Consummatum, per Johannem Fust, Civem Moguntinum et Petrum Schœffer de Gerusheim, Anno Domini Millefimo 1457, in Vigilia Assumptionis.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EDITION OF 1459.

Præfens Psalmodorum Codex: Venustate Capitalium Decoratus, Rubicationibusque Sufficienter Distinctus ad invencione Artificiosa Imprimendi ac caracterizandi, absque ulla Calami exaracione sic Effigiatus, et ad Laudem Dei ac Honorem Sancte Vacobi est Consummatum, per Johannam
Fust

Fust Civem Moguntinum, & Petrum Schœffer de Geru-
sheym Clericum.—Anno Dei Millesimo. 1459, 29 Die
Mensis Augusti.

On the junction of Schœffer with Fust, Guttenberg esta-
blished a printing-office apart at Straßbourg; and in the
year 1458, one year after their first Pfalter, and one year
before the second, the Dialogues of Pope Gregory were
published by Guttenberg alone.

It may be curious to know the other works, published by
Fust and Schœffer; and as they are few, they may be stated
---viz.---

Anno 1459---Durandi Rationale Divinorum Officiorum
---folio. Still to be found at Meintz---though it is believed
two copies were destroyed in the siege. It is not very rare.
There are copies in Lord Spencer's, Duke of Marlborough's,
the King's, and Mr. Cracherode's libraries.

Anno. 1450---Catholicon---a grammatical work. By Jo.
de Janua---Folio.

John of Genoa (not Geneva---(though each was called
Janua, or the Roman entrance into Italy)-- was a Domini-
can, who so early as the end of the thirteenth century had
Greek literature; and, like that fine writer of our own
country, with so much Greek literature now, distinguished
by manly virtue, and rational piety. Such a name, there-
fore is an honor to any church; and as such his is conse-
crated at Pavia.

This Catholicon is extant at Meintz.

1460. - Constitutiones Clementis V.

That year they had a second press at Meintz.

1461---Decor Puellarum.

1462---The Bible --in 2 vol. bound in one. 481 pages---
242 in vol. 1. --239 in vol. 2. Each page has double co-
lums.

The placing is thus different from our Bible. After the

second book of Chronicles---the other there follows thus :

Manasseh,	Esther,
Esdra's, in 4 books,	Job,
Tobit,	Psalms,
Judith,	End of vol. r.

Second vol.—Proverbs, and so on to Malachi inclusive ; except that they place Baruch between the Lamentations and Ezekial.

The Maccabees follow Malachi.

The small part of the Apocrypha, not before mentioned, are omitted.

The volume continues with the four Evangelists—all the Epistles of St. Paul follow, as in our order.

The Acts follow at the end of the Hebrews ;

Then resumes with James till it finishes, as with us.

Of this, commonly called the Meintz Bible, more than one copy is at Meintz—and several, eight or nine, at Paris. A copy on vellum sold for 4086 livres at Paris in 1784.—This also is in our four great collections.

1462—The German Bible (the first) abovementioned.

No copy now to be found at Meintz.—But one, in the Consistorial Library of the Duke of Wirtemberg.

There is also a copy at Buckingham-House.

1466—Two copies of Decretal's—and two of Tully's Offices—" Non atramento plumali, canna neque. Aurea, sed arte quadam perpulchra, manu & Petri de Geruheim pueri mei (Schœffer) feliciter effeci!"

The improvement, that great object in printing-ink, has been of late years, chiefly with the Spaniards. By the activity of the President of the Royal Society, the Spanish ambassador, and the King's librarian, some of the ink was brought to England, and by the subtle experiments of such chymists as Dr. Fordyce and Dr. Pearson, London now has ink yet more perfect than even that of Madrid. What

First

Fust did cannot be judged. For who shall guess at any thing like proportions in decay, from the evanescence of colours, and the attritions of time?—From Fust all is gone but his Gothic forms, and the merit of founding them. And in the fourth century from hence, where will be the splendid captivations of Bodoni and Bulmer? Their professional skill and taste entitle them to be thus mentioned with Guttenberg and Fust!

On the books chosen to be published by the first printers at Meintz, a different judgement must be formed. Their bible, both in Latin and in German, manifestly consecrates their labours towards the best everlasting praise!—But apart from that sacred work, and their edition of the psalms, most of their selections must be dismissed with indifference, if not with neglect.

Guttenberg, it is true, died in 1468—and Fust in 1466, withdrew, and went to Paris. But Schoeffer continued for five and thirty years longer, publishing always one book, and sometimes two or three works in a year.

Yet among them all how little is there beyond the dark ages, or, at most, the chill twilight beyond them, except another bible and the psalms. The only works with any reference to elegance and use, were a Valerius Maximus, and Fust's Morfel of Cicero, above-mentioned—with Justinian, some of Augustin, and of Thomas Aquinas, the Epistles of Hieronymus, the Homilies of Crysoström, a Herbarium with figures, and a Hortus Sanitatis. The Valerius 1471—and the Cicero's Offices 1465—are the only first editions. There was a German Livy too, in 1500—by the younger Schoeffer.

And this was all!

At a time too, when most of the chief Roman Classics, and some of the Greek, were elsewhere passing through one or two editions! Rome, early, had given Virgil,—

Milan, the year after, Horace and Quintilian. Paris, at the same time, Lucretius, Juvenal, and Persius. Naples, Seneca. Florence, Homer. And Venice, Aristotle, Theocritus, and Aristophanes.

London, *Meminisse Horret*, London was, I fear, the sole analogy to be found of practice equally bad! of course implying a corresponding defect on one side or the other, either in the demand or the supply, in the public patronage, or in the printer's skill.

Till the year ninety-seven (1497) there was no Latin Classic in England! then Pinson printed Terence, some, perhaps twenty, years before Boethius had appeared; but it was with the version of Chaucer. They had printed also, Lord Worcester's translation of Cicero de Senectate, and Cato's Distich, by Burgh the Arch-deacon of Colchester—a prose narrative of the *Æneid*, the *Metamorphoses*, and the *Fables of Æsop*—and above all, Lydgate and Chaucer.

All the rest of the books printed in England, till the opening of the fifteenth century, were little more than the publication of disgrace, both as to power and will! that the country was dark, and wished to continue so, and that there were no organs for any sounds but those of childhood and inanity, cant and horse-play, chivalry and superstition!—Such barren absurdities as the *Siege of Rhodes* and the *Golden Legend*, *St. Catherine* and *St. Elizabeth*—the *Histories of Troy*, *King Blanchardyne* and *Queen Eglantyne* his wife, the *Ladder of Perfection*, *Coat Armour*, and the *Golden Fleece*!

In the ignorance and vulgarity of the people who directed such objects for the press, the Dutchess of Burgundy and the Princess Margaret, &c. there might perhaps seem some apology at the time; but how will our first printers, Caxton, Penfon, and De Worde, answer to their cotemporaries and

to themselves, for such cruel inculcation of ill, such a wreck of consequences from opportunity and art?

It was monstrous to look back over such a dreary waste, without any thing like a living principle in all around; the principle to look upward with common instinct, and to open for the dew of Heaven!

For the religious sense, as in literature and science, the country, and they whom the people trusted with the government of it, seem to have been equally unashamed of sterility and neglect, while every other nation rationally gloried in having their bible before them again and again. In England, the ten commandments and the paternoster were the only parts of it to be seen. Even they were not vouchsafed to be thought necessary till the year 1484.—And as for any thing like useful learning, there was no attempt to divulge it, till forty years after, when some of Erasmus came forth, as it were, in spite of us, and the Greek physicians began to be given by Linacre and his friends!

Such was the bright and benignant object, which arose with such happy splendor upon Meintz! such too were the first curious appearances which followed, like meteors in the dawn. Proceeding, as its progress were more or less free and open, to mark, with more or less felicity, all the workings of man—creative of each spot it lighted on—in its privation, characteristic of darkness and decay.

*Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles,
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.*

The liberty of the press, which Blackstone, in common with all mankind, maintains, essential to a free state, was not annoyed in the first outset of printing. Guttenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, all departed in peace, without having their press groan under any such slavish imposition as a licence!

That

That state device, of a licence (for it is nothing more than a bungling copy of that vile original, the statutory under the paw of the beast), was first enacted in the year nineteen (1519) upon the second Schoeffer. The book was Ulrichi de Hutten Eq.

De Guaiaci Medicina & Morbi, &c. liber unus.

At the end after his name and date—

“Cum privilegio Cæsario Sexcentii.”

The Livy of the year before this (and by the bye the aforesaid Mr. Hutten was the editor of it), has been mentioned as thus ill distinguished; but erroneously, for that decretal of the Emperor Maximilian is for a very different purpose—for inhibition to other booksellers, the better to secure a *monopoly* to John Schoeffer. The words expressly are,

Omnibus Chalcographis inhibemus, &c. Volentes tibi, tum omni vel ob hoc divinum inventum, favore et commendatione dignum succurrere.

The intercourse, if the consequences had ended with Schoeffer, would have been no more than right, of one pretender imposing upon another. For, though Maximilian might not know it, there had been seven editions of Livy before his appeared; and he could not help it, that in spite of his inhibition there were more than seven editions after it. But what was a more material point to him, the power of a licenser was thus acknowledged and familiarised—of course was easily to be exercised ever after. Schoeffer had at the same time another reason for his getting the monopoly—for he had local power worth transferring, being, besides an extensive tradesman and artisan, a leading municipal officer in the town. In the subscription to the *Mercurius Trismagistus*, 1503, he is specified with this addition—“*Primarius Civis Metropolitanæ urbis moguntinæ.*” —At Bath and Castle Rising, they have still old stories of
burgesses

burgeſſes that were imperative, and muſt have had what-ever they would aſk.

In regard to the *Livy*, Schoeffer ſhould have diſdained any meretricious aid from humbler accellaries, as he was lucky enough to have a prefatory puff from Erasmus himſelf—who compares John Fauſt (for ſo he ſpells the name) to Ptolomæus Philadelphus ! and as Fauſt's ſon-in-law claims for this publiſher of *Livy*, all that he deſerved, hereditary praiſe.

In the ſubſcription, or appendicular title page, to the *Pfalter* and the other books printed by Fauſt and Schoeffer, the words expreſſive of their pious humility cannot be overlooked—*Ad Euſebiam Dei, or Dei Clementia*, are in them all. Like Mr. Boyle himſelf referring every work to the ſupreme being, whom he never dared to mention without a pauſe, and a ſenſible alteration in the tone of his voice.

The younger Schoeffer at firſt did the ſame, and *Deo Favente*, and *Gloria Deo*, are in his early works, till he got the monopoly from the prince—and then (*cum privilegio Cæſareo*) he pleads his privilege, and we hear no further of the firſt rendering which ſo well became him.

The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Baalam, &c. &c.

The power of a licencer thus aſſumed, was too convenient to certain perſons, not to become a mode. It paſſed as the gag did from Germany (the German word is *gaghel*) to every region round about ! And in various ſhapes of charters, bulls, and proclamations, till at length it ended in the Star Chamber of one country, and the Inquiſition of another ! Not only graciously condeſcending to prohibit what books ſhould not be printed—but prohibiting, alſo, books that were printed, from being read.—The
firſt

first statute with such policy, as venerable as it is gracious, yet was in a period not so bad as its neighbours, viz. that of Edward VI.

So much for the Typographers of Mentz.

With wisdom's voice to print the page sublime,
And mark in adamant, the steps of time.

OF THE
EARLY PRINTING,

THE FOLLOWING SPECIMENS ARE IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
AT CAMBRIDGE:

Catholicon J. de Janua. Fol. Mogunt. 1460.

Cicero de Officiis. J. Fuft, Mogunt. 1466.

And two copies of Durand (*Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*) but without place, date, or printer's name.

The Cambridge library has not either of the Meintz Bibles. The most ancient copies there are, *Bib. Latina per Matt. Moravum*. Fol. Neap. 1476.

Ib. per Nic. Jenfon. Fol. Venat. 1476.

Both of which are very rare—though that of Venice is the least—for it never fold for more than seven or eight pounds.—After the Mentz Bible, and before these, were three copies, all of the same year, 1475—at Venice, Piacenza, and Nuremberg—and one without a date—the first Paris Bible, which is extremely scarce, was 1476—the English Bible by Miles Coverdale, 1535, is at Cambridge.

Dr. Farmer has a folio Vulgate, with a false date—viz. 1463 instead of 1476.

He has also Faust's Tully's Offices, 1466—4 Feb.

And Schoyffer's Valerius Maximus, 1471.

The library at Emanuel College, Cambridge, has Fuft's first Tully, 1465.

And a Catholicon, 1460.

The Durand is not at Cambridge—Dr. Askew had a copy (1459) and it fold for 61l. to Mr. Willet.

Constitutions Clementis V.—No copy of this is, I believe, at Cambridge, Lord Spencer lately got a copy through

Mr. Nicol (the best aid on such occasions) or Mr. Edwards.

The libraries of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies are without them. The Museum has not, I believe, any copy of these books, the first printed at Meintz. In Sir Hans Sloane's collection, it seemed not unlikely to have expected Schœffer's *Herbarium*, 1484—but neither that nor the *Hortus Sanitatis*, 1491, are, that I saw, there. Linnæus had no copy.—his two most ancient botanical books were—1540 and 1541—*Dortstius Botanicon*. Francfort—and *Ortus Sanitatis*, in six divisions, and a Medicinal Table. Of no value, but as a specimen of mere antiquity, black letter, and wooden cuts—they have a running title, and initial letters are capitals—but no numbering of the pages—no catch-words.

These are, with his other books, added to the library of Dr. Smith, the celebrated botanist and physician. He bought the whole collection of Linnæus; and from nature and by study he happily has what could not be bought.

In Sir Hans Sloane's collection, the books of the oldest date was Hutten, *de Morbo Gallico*. Printed at Mentz, 1531—they both are duodecimo.

In the British Museum, the oldest date of which I have any memorandum, is the *Venice Livy*, 1495.

At Oxford, I was informed that there are fine specimens of Schœffer and Fust—but by my friend's accidental absence and failure of letters, the specification cannot be precise.

M E N T Z.

THE TOWN AND TERRITORY.

Descenderet

*Sacrâ catenatus via!**Sed ut, succundum vota parthorum, sua**Urbs hæc periret dextra!*

THE town and territory of Mentz ought to be a spot most favourable to the powers and purposes of man—if with all the prime ingredients in hand for external ease and consolation, he could be left at liberty to mix and compound them as he would wish.—If the waste of folly did not bring to nought the wantonness of fortune—if the froward impositions of human violence did not thwart and frustrate the blessings of nature! Those blessings of nature are here no less affluent than they are kind. In the best glories of all land, in corn and wine, in milk and honey—with concurring rivers, the Maine and the Rhine, streaming magnificently at the bottom—with the fruitful mountains, of the Rhinegau, are glittering to the top!—With an hereditary spirit in the people for deeds of good renown, of labor and discovery, of hardihood and use! The contemporaries of Gesner, Klobstocke and Lessing, the descendants from Stupitz and Luther, from Schwartz, and from Fust!

But what, apart from all the power of use, are the prerogatives of nature, and the prodigalities of chance?—Wealth that cannot circulate, and vigor not to be enjoyed?—*Sacrâ catenatus*, chains, whether of superstition or despotism, must maim the limbs, and leave their bulk and elasticity, for despoilers, like Cæsar, to calculate in vain!—In vain too, the winds blow and the waters roll, while each freight and transit for human good, such multiplied imposi-

tions as tolls and custom-houses, also are concurring to dam!

The North American republic stretches through a length of 1500 miles in latitude—the territory of Mentz has but about 170 square miles—in America the population is four millions, in Mentz there are not 320,000 people!—And yet the expence of government, over all America, is no more than the mere allowance to the Bishop of Mentz! a yearly total amounting to 160 or 170,000*l.* sterling! An expenditure, which referred proportionably to the relative circumstances of each country, must have all the differences there can be, between good and evil, between each possible extreme, from prosperity and praise, to infamy and ruin!

He who travels with fit emotions, must be astonished and shocked at such an outrage upon public policy; at such a wreck of public good!

The revenue paid to the Prince has been stated as equal to the whole establishment, civil and military, in America! The ecclesiastics are above five thousand, that is more than half the number of parochial clergy in England!—And the nobles, again more numerous than in England, differ also from our noblemen in education and accomplishments! It is really difficult *out* of England, to find men shaking off the impediments to virtue from hereditary wealth—and in spite of the deceiving meanness, the spoiling submissions which beset them, rising into the rank of good citizens, at all exemplary, for patriotism; for learning; for useful arts; or for any other administration to the public good!

In the detail too; of each order there seems much equally to be blamed! As to the nobles, a few of them, perhaps near twenty, have from twelve to five and twenty or thirty hundred pounds a year—and two or three have ten thousand pounds. Yet the majority of them are unprovided of any thing but hope in casual aid. Yet, though poverty-struck,

* By the Census last made, 3,933,412 inhabitants.

struck, they are slothful—and though mendicants, they are proud. Though candidates for promotion, they are not studious by any talents to deserve it—and for the badges of distinction, as gold keys, &c. which are so plentifully flung about, there is, too commonly, no plea, but pedigree and an empty pocket !

The ecclesiastics too, are equally ill-conditioned, both as to idleness and ignorance. Their education, instead of preparing men—and men who may philosophise upon life, and stir well in its useful energies, turns its back on all virtuous practice, and wastes time in all the awkward vanity of antiquated speculation !—Instead of men, there are monks and canons—fit for nothing but the vice and impertinence of their order, the impositions of their cloister, and the jargon of their school !

All this were bad enough, if literally unexpensive. But it is much worse, when the expence of it, with enormous pressure, bears hard and heavy upon the people. Trade languishes; and is at death's door—by the mere drain of duties, more and more multiplied. In the whole establishments of 5000 ecclesiastics, there are but 677 parishes, and of course need have no more than 677 to 1000 priests—and that number, *comparatis comparandis*, would be as five to one above what the priesthood is to the population of England. While, in regard to the civil establishments of the country, common sense and feeling are equally insulted by the multiplication of appointments, no less sinecure and excessive !—Councils of Regency, councils of districts, and councils of provinces, aulic courts, courts of aids, courts of woods, and chambers of water—six courts of justice, an ecclesiastical court, three committees for impositions, thirty custom-houses—baillies, justices, and runners out of number—grand marshals, grand stewards, grand chamberlains, grand masters of the hunt—with above seventy provosts and deans, and eight hundred canons, to say nothing of the
animals

animals, uselefs, if not verminous, in abbeys, convents, and monasteries. Since the consecration of Nebuchadnezzar's idol, there never was any thing like it.

Undique collecti invadunt, acerrimus Ajax
Et gemini Atridæ, Pyrrhig exercitus omnis
Myrindonum, Dolopumque, aut duri miles Ulyſſei !
Ilicit Obruimur Numero !

Abuses like theſe, ſome of which England ſhook off at the Reformation, and which no conceivable ſociety ſhould bear, long ſince began even in Germany to be ſeen, and eſtimated rightly. And the late Eleſtor, who was a prince with ſome ſenſe, was admoniſhed by the ſigns of the times, and ſtrove, like an honeſt man, to prevent convulſion by reform. “ As in the body, politic or natural,” ſaid he, “ plethoric ill has its appointed check in timely evacuation ! “ —or, as when a veſſel is overburthened, you ſave it from “ ſinking, if you will but *lighten the lading* !”

Accordingly he ſtruck at the abuſes which ſeemed moſt offenſive and injurious. He inſtantly aboliſhed ſome of them. And the people were called upon to co-operate for the abolition of more. With the revenues thus reſcued from waſte, he mitigated the ravages of rapine ; and diſſipated ſome drearineſs from the ſchools. Two taxes (poſt taxes) were given up ! and a grant of 3000l. ſterling a year, was wiſely applied to introduce ſome uſeful learning into the univerſity.

His purpoſes are acknowledged to have had the vigor and purity of what is wiſe and good, and without any alloy from the imperfections too riſe in each of his profeſſions ! Though an overpaid eccleſiaſtic, he wiſhed to retrieve a primitive ſimplicity for the church ! and though a prince, he felt a generous ſympathy for the people !—For the citizens, he was anxious that they ſhould recover their ſhare in the conſtitution ; a ſhare wreſted from them by the aſſumptions of the ariſtocracy. And, in regard to the church,

church, he would have restrained and abolished the practice of pluralities; a practice which the laws of the Electorate forbid; but which, in spite of dormant laws, is so unblushingly perpetrated, that more than one of the most powerful men in Mentz, have contrived to grasp out of the church, in multiplied pluralities, above 7000*l.* a year! A revenue, preposterous any where for an ecclesiastic, and a celibate; and additionally fatal in a country like this, where a guinea, Chesterfield might have said, has a four-fold effect, as well as a fourfold figure, when reduced into German crowns!

All the chief families, in the best plight, have become so by the plunder, which, through the church, has been taken from the people. Even the late Elector had vast wealth, and left behind him much more than became him!—And the families of Schoonboin, Elz, and Ostein, each of them have inherited from their ancestors, in the receipt of deaneries, provostships, and various commendams, above a quarter of a million sterling!—*Sacer nepotibus cruor*; in enormous speculation, and family aggrandizement from such enormity, the church of Mentz follows the church of Rome—and at the distance only which is due between the disciple and the master!

Thus conversing upon the subject of sinecures and unnecessary placemen, a gentleman of Mentz, with more fancy than is usual in the expression of a German, said, “As for the caterpillar tribe, nay, the locust, I can discover some incidental good from them—for they have excited the ingenuity of such observers as Swammerdam and Malpighi! Put as to the other reptiles we were mentioning, I can find nothing for it, but to stand stoutly to my philosophy and my creed; to refer to the doctrine of final causes, and however arduous, to be resigned!

“I strive to bear them as I would other evils—but true to myself and to my condition, I must strive also to correct
“rect

“ rect and to annihilate them. It is the proud flesh of
 “ morbid places, which must be kept under by what is
 “ usefully phagedenic !—It is, as it were, a wen, for which
 “ there can be no cure, but cutting off, and radical extir-
 “ pation !”

We thought he was inspired---at least as much as Saint Boniface ever was.

The military establishment of Mentz may be cited as an example of use to some other countries, periodically pillaged by army tricks and official connivances ! The musters and returns are never false ! There are no corps, kept purposely, incomplete. No fraudulent differences between each stated quota of men, upon paper and upon service ! All the men paid for by the people, are fairly producible---and what is more material still, the establishment is reduced into a compass not intolerable---there are but two thousand men in all, which are five times fewer than there have been ! And in the time of peace, a large portion of them press with a mitigated weight upon the country, by the aid of foreign pay, or home labour, in works of public welfare ! Except in having half a dozen generals, there are no jobs, nor undue influence by the multiplication of officers ! And the few troops there are, for the mere theatre of parade, are not always so farcically employed ; but in reality are of some service, by saving watchmen in the streets, and horse-patroles upon the high-roads—like the gens d’armouries of the French Republic.

The expence of all this is about 170,000*l.* sterling—and the taxes to produce that sum, are on the land, on water-carriage, on consumable articles, and by capitations—which are here, as every where, objectionable, as being arbitrary, unequal, precarious, and unwise. They were so in France under the late monarchy there ! they were so in England when the Third William visited the country with them, from Holland.

Lotteries,

Lotteries, another evil which was caught of the Dutch, are also to be complained of at Mentz! And there, as in every other country infested with this, the worst species of gambling, the same complex mischiefs break forth among the most useful orders of the community! Through sloth and vain hope, the government makes men poor; through poverty they become profligate—and through profligacy, despairing: they are driven down from depth to depth, in prostitution and rapine—till, in the inevitable declension of guilt, and its sure consequence, woe, they do violence on themselves—or suffer the laws for doing violence to others! It is an act of undeniable merit in the French that they have rid their land of this abomination—and it is an unaccountable oversight in another nation, individually as lofty and enlightened as they are, at times, collectively hood-winked and misled, that they still suffer such deleterious quackery of a mean mind, to taint and waste the people!

The government of Mentz is advantageous, so far as it is elective: and thence increasing the probability of personal merit in the Prince. The right of election is with the prime chapter; where the twenty-four canons have the reciprocal powers of choosing, and being chosen. A power, which, as far as independence implies rectitude, they have exercised vigorously and well; resisting with fortitude the most expedient, all foreign influence whatever, even of the Emperor himself!

In the other ecclesiastical states, the admission of such undue interference, the election of foreign princes, have made the bishoprics in virtual vassalage to the house from which they sprang; and involved them, more or less, in each rude shock, and temporal struggle of their family. Thus it was, when Liege had so mixed with Austria or Bavaria—thus, Treves at present, feels an agitation spread through the House of Saxe, small, comparatively, as Saxe

may be—and thus Cologne, in electing to the archbishopric, an archduke of Austria, feels with a kind of morbid sympathy, a consent of parts, with every council that may happen to agitate Vienna.

Thence it was that Mentz determined to rid itself of this imposition, and with the most zealous unanimity in the chapter, they resolved never to admit into the office of Elector any candidate a-kin to the princes of the empire. A resolution, not more wisely conceived than surely executed. For to be in any manner free, nothing can be wanting to any people, but the well-formed will to be so!

The chief magistrate of Mentz is an office of high rank and power, both ecclesiastical and civil! The jurisdiction of the archbishopric is vast and complex. The suffragan bishoprics are fourteen. Of them, three or four are of great grandeur, as Augsburg, Constance, Paderborn, Worms, and Spire. Another yet more considerable, Strasburg, was lost to Mentz at the revolution; when the French, in the just spirit of the English Reformation, properly renounced all jurisdiction but their own. The Archbishop is primate of the empire.

To the Archbishopric these offices attach:

The Primacy,

Arch-Chancellor of the Empire,

Dean of the College of Electors,

Conservator of the Archives.

Inspector and Director of the Supreme Imperial Tribunal in the Appellant Jurisdiction at Wetzlar.

These offices, together, give great plentitude of political power! at the elections in the empire, he is a sort of presiding returning officer—he convenes the electors, solely by his own authority, when an Emperor is to be chosen—and by a delegation from the college, when they are to choose a king of the Romans, he fixes the date of the convention. He opens the diet. He directs the detail of it,
subject

subject to the month's duration fixed by the golden bulle ; he collects the votes—and which, in many cases, may be a point of preference, not only from opinion, but for use, the vote last given is his own. The vote of the archbishop of Mentz, as of Cologne and Treves, is passive merely ; he can chuse an emperor : but he cannot be chosen.

The electorate has the rights and functions of sovereignty, vested in the archbishop, but chiefly exercised by the chapter. All acts and edicts issue in his name. In legislation, for the tribunals, the taxes, the coinage, public works, treaties, and all state papers and instruments whatever—privileges, donations, dispensations, derive in his name : military establishments, arsenals, and fortifications are at his controul—his power is absolute, as to peace and war, life and death.

With a trust of such vast magnitude and extent, it might be natural to suppose, and not impolitic to exact, something a little like commensurate qualifications. And that as the personage is happily elective, there should be proofs established, as in other bestowals of public confidence, that the personage is no less happily eligible also. But, no ! in Germany they do not find it necessary to insist, like other people, upon this. Beyond the examination for orders (there not very strict) which the candidate canon must have passed when on his probation for the diaconate and the priesthood, no further search is made after his pretensions, either intellectual or moral. The obvious grand requisites of experience, temper, judgment, the knowledge and the practice of life, with the capacity for governing others, implied by the previously proved felicity of self-government ; all these, and more, are ascertained, at least are held ascertainable by two brief simple operations, viz. the production of a pedigree, and of the parish register. If the family have been uninterruptedly noble, in both male and female line, for sixteen generations ; and if a man, with their hereditary

claim to wit and worth, has completed his thirty-third year, he is then found in the ecclesiastical states of Germany, at one time as well as another, perfectly qualified to be a prince.

This peculiarity, though omitted by Tacitus, or not existing in his time, is a very curious national character ! For in most other countries, age and name do not imply a moral certainty of the character and qualifications necessary for office—though the office may be the most menial, no more than a clerk, a substitute constable, or a watchman.

The specific merit of a living elector it may be difficult to ascertain or to deliver ! for expression is not always ready with proportioned fame !—and, *celata virtus*, perfection over-delicate, may so chance to be unknown.

One excellence, however, in spite of all, broke forth ! It could not be concealed, that he had antiquity in his pedigree, even more than was bargained for !—that he had actually the barony of D'Erthal ! that when elected in 1774, he had twenty years above the statutable age ! and that still, notwithstanding his years, the venerable archbishop has the same *ardent love of natural science*, and followed it with the same avidity as was so very astonishing in the late Lord B——.

The scene of these experimental researches used to be in the palace of La Favorite. Therefore, as far as they could give collateral curiosity to the place, the destruction of it in the war could not but be additionally lamented. In the private life of this unhappy politician, no other noticeable peculiarity occurred !

Neither for political merit, is it possible, with truth, to compliment the councils of Mentz ! There has been ever in them an affected elation—indeed, an ostentation of apathy and disdain, utterly irrelevant to each of the reciprocal interests which are concerned. Bad for those who employ government ; worse for those who in government

are

are employed. For, say they at Mentz, “ without a
 “ fit regard to popular considerations, what is our govern-
 “ ment, its origin, or its end ?”

Popularity, at once a duty and a reward of man, cannot be too strenuously enforced by every teacher upon active life. It is well worthy of that dignifying recommendation which it has from the eloquence even of apostolic wisdom herself !

Here too, as elsewhere, the providence of the plan is at once apparent : and the growth of popularity, like the most useful vegetables, where most wanted, is proportionably with ease to be supplied.

The process is neither difficult nor dear. The cheapest courtesies, of a few words and looks, an address commonly cautious ; considerations decently humane—these, in ordinary cases, have sufficed. And if superadded, there can subsist the captivations of manners at all superior, if there appear any knowledge of effect, and any power of pleasing ;—any thing like philosophical skill of diving into character, and applying it with colloquial talents to life and practice, then who can calculate the product, and limit its extent ? Charming in any rank, in high place, irresistible, the influence of such powers of intellect, so used, is seen and felt by all—in spite of impediments, of all others the most discouraging, both from public mischief, and from private vice ! Our own Charles the Second, and Henry the Fifth (not to mention Henry IV. of France) are proofs in every body’s way ; the one an unprincipled invader, the other no less unprincipled, as a scandalous debauchè in selfish obdurate excess. And yet, odious or despicable as they both essentially ought to have been, they lived and died neither one nor the other ! Even their memory, to this time, embalmed, even beyond the power of Egypt, by the fame of their manners, by the popularity of their sway.

When, therefore, as too commonly occurs, the reverse of
 this

this is seen and deplored, when a chief magistrate can suffer himself to lapse into hard opinions and disrepute; there must be something much more wrong than the mere error of chance! And when further degraded, as now and then, alas! has happened, and presented as an object of penal law, what then must be the popular opinion upon character and desert?

Certainly Charles the First, and Louis the Sixteenth, were the least offensive of their race. As certainly it is not needed, nor is it truly possible, to accuse them with the provocations, so well urging to capital resentment, the people of Rome against Nero. Yet, undeniably, with so much to deplore, there must have been not a little to condemn. Their powers and purposes must have been no less forward than their fate. If not at once heady and heartless; without fibres in the one to feel, without faculties in the other to understand, that they were amenable to the laws of conscience and sympathy, what was there in the world to hinder them from any conceivable ascendancy of fame and of merit? With any thing thing like common manhood, good faith, and the charities of nature, they might have soared far from the doom which they endured, conspicuously dear, through generations succeeding even beyond their own, in the rapturous energies of unshorn regard—in fact, realising some of the best charms which poetry has imagined for the lavish decorations of a wished-for demigod!

Reflections such as these, more or less apt to rise on the contemplation of any great power in popular disregard, are inseparable from the present state of Mentz. The popular sentiments ran very lofty and vigorous; and there is, lamentably, nothing we could hear of about the public council to keep pace with them. The enemies of the government talked, openly, of its abolition; and even by friends, we heard the word abdication as an advice.

In the mean while we could not find any personal fet-off! at least not any popular sentiment at all propitious, like the lucky circumstances of the elector's lot. If his wealth has been at all enhanced by social excellence, the people are to learn in the sense of obligation; the voice of gratitude is silent. If he has patronized good works, admiration also is no less reprehensibly mute. And even the genius of government, loquacious every where as he is apt to be, absolutely fails in his allegiance, if the elector's councils have at all laboured to leave the state better than he found it—less burthened, and less shackled—more enlightened, and more free!

With some of the hereditary princes of Germany there might be, for all this, some hereditary excuse. But where the prince is elective, the claims on him must be stronger, for knowledge and practice less defective: in the same proportion, as his opportunities have been more, from a birth more favourable to the useful energies of human nature, from a discipline towards good upon one side, and from solicitations to evil less seducing on the other side—a discipline more cogent, from wider experience, and from practice more matured.

The resistance of the tempest may prove the strong hold of the root. The unpopularity of the councils in Mentz yet prevails, in spite of the late struggles; struggles not more hideous to them from their enemies, than their friends. The people seem decided for a system the most democratic. And, whether right or wrong, such is their wish for change, that they seem bent upon it, undeterred by any ills, so probable, in the changing. He must be sick indeed, before the mind can be forced up, to suffer a grave operation—though that operation be not painful in itself—but full of hazard only from accident or violence—from the ignorance of the aids, and from the barbarity of the by-standers.

Again,

Again, there should be considered too, each honest inference from fact. The government, comparing what it is, with what it was, has some benefit of comparison. The administration, particularly of criminal laws, has been of late, within these seven years, essentially reformed. Each process is quickened. Each expence is diminished. The accused are admitted to bail. And each accusation must be tried within seven or eight days.

The infliction of the law is, in many points, commendable ; and may exemplify, to more shewy regions, on the complex objects of the law ; and that it does but half its duty, if it does not try to rectify error in its source, to reclaim no less than to punish.

Such, to their credit be it said, is the disposition of their punishments ! Death, a disgrace to the sagacity and temper of each system where it is frequent, is at Mentz almost unknown. At the prisons their right object, correction, is in view. They pursue it, by the tract which alone can be successful, by solitude, by discipline and labour. And that the traveller, too heedless and unprofiting to enter the house of mourning, may still be admonished by its outside ; there is over the gate of the prison a device, which may catch the eye of vagrant curiosity, and well indicate the humane and wholesome purposes which are within ; where the controul and education of necessity, and its reforming power over the unruly passions of men, are fairly presumable, from the dominion obtainable over beasts, and beasts the least docile, from stubborn mischief, from levity, and from strength. Thus stags, boars, and lions are represented drawing a draft carriage. Ideally tenable, at least, from what all must know, the undisputed wonders of the yoke !

The prisons of Mentz are further to be commended for their humanity. That man is not fit for his office, either as a gaoler or judge, who, untouched by the consciousness of his own imperfections, can audit, unsympathising, the
imperfections

imperfections of others. It cannot be hoped that every one shall be like Boerhaave and Sir Thomas More—because, in the lottery of human distributions, there are not many such prizes, as the wit and temper to emulate sages and saints. But what they do at Mentz, can be done every where.—There can be a respect which man owes to man; the respect of pity, for the moral depression of men! There can be the fullness of accommodation—that outward pressure may not conspire to exacerbate, needlessly, agonies of the mind. That any superserviceable peril to the body may be warded off by the ministers of health, by cleanliness and air. That there may be no squalid defecations. No dungeons. No chains. That there may be all reasonable mitigations of climate. And no such connivance at abuse as the gaolers selling lenity and liquor, to reimburse them for the money their places, purchased from corrupt power, may happen to have cost.—Money, neither more nor less, than a premium for corruption! which none but a magistrate quite abandoned would propose—and which no country, but what is dark and mercilefs, can permit!

The prisons are visited unceasingly! once a week, by one of the upper ministers of state; and once in a fortnight by the superior council. The magistracy of the police in the meanwhile must be unremitting; and to them every gaoler must exhibit a statement of what has been done, and of course suffered every day.

Thus, consequently, the suffering of the prisoners is as little as can be—and the magistrates have the utmost possible joy in the cheering consciousness of softening a destiny, otherwise more severe.

The allowance to the prisoners is, daily, two pounds of bread, a pint of soup, and, except on fast days, eight to twelve ounces of meat. The allowance from creditors to their debtors is, daily, two pounds of bread, and about fourpence English—a sum equivalent to a shilling in England!—

and yet better still, is what we further found, which was the health and paucity of the prisoners. It is rare to have any debtors immured—and rarer still for any, who are immured, to die.

Even in another direction, and where from the too common virulence of political retaliation, it was least to be expected, lenity towards prisoners, we rejoiced, to find had continued the rational glory of Mentz!—Even the Club-ists, (the active agents for the *Revolution*) who had been seized and were imprisoned, escaped without suffering much from unmanly rigor. Intercourse and the power of writing was, indeed, for a short time denied them. But they were soon and finally liberated, and without any disgrace upon the country, by any violent punishment!—No death! No confiscation! No insult upon the spirit by punishments held ignominious—but, which when unfulfilled by moral baseness in questions of speculative opinions like these, can be scandalising only, on the pretended humanity, which dare inflict them!

The contemplation of active, arduous virtue, is a speculation ennobling any where. But, in high place, and spreading in popular application, through a wide range of beneficence, its charms are enhanced, and become much more edifying and dear, from the fine eminence of its position, from the finer extension of its use.

Such are the ideas and emotions with which we closed our political speculations upon Mentz.

EXCURSION ON THE RHINE.

FROM Meintz, if the traveller be on his route towards England, he should go to Coblentz by the river, that is supposing him to be not insensible to the solicitations from ease, frugality, novelty, and delight of landscape charms!

If the traveller be not going in the direction above-mentioned, yet if Meintz be not in the route upon his return, he positively should, si fors non objecerit, indulge in an excursion like this. For in the regions which are usually the haunts of Englishmen, there is no river scenery to compare with it. For the Rhine is better than any river in Italy, in France, in Germany, or in England; and in the track now stated, from Meintz to Coblentz, is that precise position of the whole Rhine, which is, for scenery, the best.

Our passage was in the winter, in the dreariness and darkness of a German Mid-November—amidst fleet and snow, with nothing but a tilt of double dowlafs, and a few chips smouldering in a little smoaking stove, to shield and soothe us under the visitations of such a sky!—And yet, even so, we found the passage, not otherwise than supremely interesting, instructive, and gay! For nature is in fine attitudes; and art, in very imposing forms! Castles and convents are in ruins. While agriculture, particularly the vineyards, flourish proportionably to these harmonising indications, how tyranny and superstition fade! The river meanwhile varies ever in its aspect and character; spreading where it is with most advantage seen, and sounding where it can be most perfectly heard.

The lands too have the power of pleasing, so potent from variety, in their shapes and surfaces. Hills and mountains are in far greater plenty than the plains. The precipice is

at times abrupt, over the margin of the river. And sometimes the rock, heaving up an appendicular layer across the stream, gives an irregularity or a fall—but not more than can move the mind or the play-thing of a child. Large woods do not abound. But there are some timber trees, and many orchards; and these, with brushwood on the hills where there are no vines, fill it up for mere leafage and scenery well enough, with no very considerable vacuities in the eye.

The soil also is a source of interest and instruction, for the traveller at all accustomed to speculations in mineralogy, and to those phenomena prevailing in a country which has been volcanic. Phenomena, which seem in some sort, like the enigmas of nature, but which resolve like other problems through the plan of providence, into new testimonies of the attributes most acceptable to men, a design of mercy, and not a chastisement of chance!

The hills which finish on the Rhine, are the western extremity of the chain which arises with the mountains of Hesse, Franconia, and Bohemia. Not improbably, too, formed at the same time, for there are the same marks of age and character manifest within and without. The same stretched summits and steep descents—the same vertical fissures, exhibiting in sections, similar variety of strata beneath, yellow, blue, grey, and greenish red, the sand stone rock, the argillaceous slate, the ferruginous loam, with calcareous strata, ambitiously ascending, till some other layer, perhaps a new comer quite, the rubbish thrown off from some neighbouring height, turns it from the height that crowned their wishes, and hides them in ruin. While petrefactions, though of dirt and of decay, shew amidst the wonders of toughness and cohesion, what may be done even by an error loci, by an extraneous body, if favoured by the effervescence of a place!

The black vitreous rocks, with the prismatic basalt, which

which run along the whole of this track, are decidedly volcanic altogether, and fill the mind with a curiosity which is still awful, though the eruption is extinct! A complex emotion as much excited here, as at the Giants Causeway, at Monte Bolca, or at Viterbo—though it may be inferior to what is felt at Baia and Puzzuoli, where a flaming volcano is in sight.—To calculate on all the powers of human strength, a man must be seen in some dire extremity; some spasm of fortune, or some convulsion of his frame. To imagine all the possibilities of time and chance upon elementary matter; countries which are volcanic, must be seen.

Some of the productions, which are volcanic merely, are used, in each region near them, for the purposes of domestic life. Thus, like the lava and puzzuolana of Italy, are the tarras and the basaltcs upon the Rhine.—They are the best building materials; their posts, their fences, their pavements, and their roads.

The basaltcs which are in columnar prismatic forms, and fusceptible of a good polish. With this they often come unwrought from the mountains, by the mere action of water! by water standing till it mines the rock at the bottom; and running to polish imperceptibly each surface at the top! Fine emblem as to the power of contrast and doctrine of vicissitudes—nay, referring, in philosophical poetry, to the prescribed action of importunity and perseverance sensible upon matter, prevailing over mind itself—

Prece molle vincuntur pectora dura.

In this country, unimpovertished by taxes and not drained by the exhausting abominations of war, building materials are still not dear. Bricks, larger than ours, are 16 and 18 livres a thousand—and the basaltcs come yet cheaper still. The chief use of the basaltcs is for the frames of doors and windows, for chimney pieces, and for paved floors.

The

The tarras, which forms the most impenetrable and petrifying cement which is known. This cement (in Italy called the *puzzuolana*), used in much larger proportions than stone, formed those buildings, still the wonders of the world, and for their duration, as well as beauty, originality of genius and force, the *Colefes*, the *Hadrian Villa*, and the *Baths of Titus and Diocletian*. Less captivating in show, but scarcely less stupendous in consequences, it is now the basis of that composition with which the Dutch make their dikes and ramparts against the sea, and thus, upon a level in some places literally below it, a local habitation is formed an earthly power, which for arts and industry, has ever had no small fame and merit in Europe.

“ Scoops out an empire, and usurps the main.”

In application of the tarras to form a cement for building, the proportions are three of tarras to one of lime. Both substance, before mixing, to be reduced to powder. Fine sand, as in other stucco, and in similar proportions, has been used at times, by the builders, both of Germany and Italy. The price of the tarras, at Amsterdam, is now nineteen or twenty rix-dollars for a quantity measuring one hundred cube feet. Of this sum one-fifth only is paid upon the Rhine for the raw material—the rest of the expence is for carriage. In London, it sells for three to four shillings the bushel.

In point of scenery and its effects, the chief drawback perhaps is from monotony. That uniformity, by long continuance, becoming tedious in nature no less than in art. And both might have, with advantage, more variety here. The country in its agriculture and plantations—the towns, in the shape and colour of their buildings. The mixture of plaster and stone, the basaltes for the frames of doors and windows, and above all, bad unadvancing taste, unaltered for ages, seems to be the same in all. But in all, too,
there

there is an air of stability, which implies comfort, and such a quantity in each building, as expresses pecuniary substance. The villages swell into towns; and, in many a spot, there are so many out-buildings about a farm or two, as to make them look like a village.

For the effect of landscape impression, the widening of the river soon after leaving Mentz, the Rhinegauan views, and the scenery at Bingen and Bacharach are the best!

In several places, where the hills and rocks closing-in upon the river, favour the reverberation of sounds, the traveller is admonished by the boatmen; we accordingly fired our pistols, and with the usual surprises of incidence and reflection; the repercussions not multiplied so many times as at Milan, but with distances much more striking. This led us insensibly to Italian and Greek architecture, and from thence the transition was easy to Ripley and Wren, to the whispering gallery at Gloucester and St. Paul's, and finally to the Parliament House. For Mr. Ripley's patron, Sir Robert Walpole, certainly understood the *management of sounds*, in a manner not inferior to Vitruvius himself!—And had he been able to perfect his plan, it would have produced effects far beyond any found even in the Greek theatre!

And the efficient *causes* would have been the *same*, viz.

By *brazen vessels*, and other metallic substances on the *seats*.

By a given quantity of *hollow bodies*.

By a precise arrangement as to the *curve* of the ellipsis.

By a complex section with a plane, a little parabolic, as *cutting one side* more than the other—but by no means parallel to the base—and by some new means, happily left behind him, as to the point of *contact* and the *tangent*.

All agree it is wonderful, what by mathematics, in the science of *numbers* may be done. With each dependant theory, thence finally derivable of Phonics and Acoustics!

The

The exquisite, the charitable apparatus for helping weak ears!—for taking in sounds, though apparently remote!—for mollifying what is acute—and fixing what is flexible! the microphonicon, the poliphonicon, the stentorophonicon, or the speaking trumpet, refraction, reflection, and the *artificial echoes*. The more sublime mathematics are a magnificent occupation for the pure abstract mind. While the mixed mathematics, thus, with a due relation to matter, are admirably fitted for that part of the *people who trade*. Hence, and with such signal thriving, are they so well cultivated by certain gentlemen in the northern part of our islands! Hence some of the successes so surprising in life, even achieved by the meanest of mankind! Hence, often, one man gets over another, and, sometimes, in other countries, through the corruption of foreign politics, one man is over all!

The frugality of the conveyance is another recommendation of it! For a traveller and his servant, with all their baggage, may be carried to Coblenz for two or three half crowns, in small public boats, which are passing almost every day.

These, though less likely than stage coaches to be disagreeable, are, like them, a sort of lottery, where every thing may be convertible, and good come from it as well as evil. Thus a prize, like Dean Swift, was sometimes to be met with between London and West Chester. One of the most lively and elegant men still about town, says thus he often travelled with Sterne; and another friend of mine, a very excellent clergyman in Ireland, thus once was a third to Litchfield, when the two other passengers in the same coach were Dr. Johnson and Angelica Kauffman—a lady whose sensibility and taste, which is the result of it, pervades and animates her conversation, no less than her art!

A prize of the same sort, fell to my lot, in a common boat from Mentz. It was my fortune, and I hope ever to think

think it good fortune to meet a young gentleman, who probably will be, like his father, an ornament to our country. His education had been advantageous, both as to learning and knowledge. Useful science he had the happiness to have cultivated at Edinburgh. He had improved himself among the most instructive men of the time at Manchester and Birmingham; he had attended Lavoisier, Fourcroy, and the other great men at Paris, and the men, I know not who, who are, or at least ought to be, great in the university of Gottingen. Added to this, he had that discipline of temper which experience only can give; and above all, he was a fine full-hearted young man, for ever restless and aspiring after rectitude, however hopeless, and who would make all around him happy, if events and objects could be found as pure and plastic as his mind!

I do not see any reason to prevent my specifying him: he was the younger Mr. W. of Birmingham. His professional position, fortunately, fills no small space in national regard, and, this may be a testimony, needed only where no other instance may be known, to show how well that position is filled.

With Mr. W. was a merchant of Naples, M. M. a gentleman of large experience, and no less honour and benignity, who had seen a great deal, and was ready in communicating what he had seen. He spoke French with as much fluency as his native language, Italian; and he spoke English too with no want of words.

In the boat there was an agreeable young German from Stuttgart, and a gentleman, who, though he afterwards turned out to be an Englishman, was imagined by all present, during the day and a half we were together, to be a Frenchman, a Girondist, one of the Montagne, and I know not what. His appearance was singular, and each singularity altogether foreign : from top to toe wrapped up in fur, and

wrapped in silence too, evidently offended at Mr. W. his friends, having kept the boat past the time; but, by degrees however, he relaxed each oddity in his pellice, and what might seem more rugged in his looks, wore away, with the power that habit has over things in themselves indifferent; and he began to converse, rapidly and strong, and far from unamusingly or ill; but not a word in any other language than French.—He was asked, if he did not understand English? “Oui Monsieur,” said he, balancing, “Oui Monsieur, comme ça,—un peu des mots,—a force d’y songer—ici et là en poursuivant vos journaux, et les autres *Grands* politiques dans votre assemblée nationale. Mais, pour parler, je ne suis pas un amateur de ça!—Vraiment c’est une étude! Et, de plus, Monsieur, c’est effectivement Moitié Allemagne; Et Ainsi, Franchement, semi-barbare!—with a corresponding look, and tone most hypercritically full of opinion, as upon some combination *new* struck out on an object meriting neglect, if not scorn.

I have heard Mr. W. recount this little adventure so whimsically, that, if but half as well told, it might not be quite out of place here: yet much of the effect of what passed, may be incommunicable, as it arose on the incongruity of the gentleman who spoke English, thinking their fellow-traveller did not understand it.

There was no question of his being a foreigner; all that remained to ask was, from what country he might come? and there Mr. W. desired his companion to find it out; adding, “I am not quite settled in thinking him a Frenchman: and though he is not English, yet, take care, he may understand us!”

“He is not an Italian,” said the Neapolitan.

“He is not a Frenchman,” said another, “for that part of his face,” naming it, “is rather like what we see on the Adriatic. He comes from Bosnia, or Dalmatia, I am positive!—No, sir, he has just escaped from France,” said the

the Neapolitan. "He is an emigrè—said the boatman!"
 "I speak from my certain knowlege"

"Then ask him," replied Mr. W. "ask him how he voted!" The German gentleman named the occasions as the apotheosis of Mirabeau, the Civil List, &c. &c.

Mr. W. had a little Amsterdam Horace in his hand. And the Neapolitan advised Mr. W. to examine him in that.—Horace then luckily filled the following hour or two; and there were several good new readings struck out by emphasis and punctuation: when coming to the line in the ode Pomp. Varo.

——Sanius

Bacchabor Edonis,

The coinage of the verb, led to another made with no less felicity, and applied far better than by Terence, viz. in the beautiful fragment from Simonides.

Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.

Our singular traveller, repeated the whole of that inimitable ode, and short as it is, yet long before the end of it, his eyes were covered with tears! One effect of them was to dissipate any little doubt there might be remaining. The emotion was evident. The cause of it, was supposed, not sympathy, but suffering. The time and place concurring. The odds were for a foreigner who was distressed, that the distress might be French!

That proverbial instinct, the respect paid to sorrow, is a benevolent wonder in our make. The venerable aspect of distress finds or makes a friend in every heart! Emotion, when leagued with innocence and virtue, has allegiance, willingly, from all. From that moment, the traveller seemed to have more ascendancy than ever—some slight set-off this, for nerves perhaps too irritable!—For his tears we have since learnt, thus burst forth, not from any similarity to the

fate of Danaë, but from a sense of distance merely, and some months absence from his family and friends !

At Bingen, where they rested for the night, with the skill and speed of an old traveller, he lost not a moment, till he had secured a good room : and it unluckily turned out to be the best.—every body, soon after, was on the same pursuit : and finding the best room so quickly pre-engaged, Mr. W. said, “ He had now no doubt of his fellow-traveller being a Frenchman, and probably too, that he studied “ in the old court !”

While the table was preparing, to an observation of the Neapolitan in favor of French eating---the strange gentleman ran out into an ardent panegyric, on the magic of the French kitchen, and the wines of Burgundy, calling them all by their names.—This too, though another trifle, quite neutral and indefinite, passed for a confirmation of the French hypothesis.—And one of the gentlemen told the other what had been said in approbation of the dinner in France, and adding that he could see it mount, “ like incense, “ and fume away through all the porches of the brain !”

The supper was rather gay.—And the whole succeeding day, with the next evening, yet gayer still. *Tempus in ultimum deducite*. Every body at the Coblentz table d’Hôte still taking him for a Frenchman,—and “ ses compatriotes, ses compatriotes,” resounded from every side.

Thus, he was going on at a great rate, for popularity in table talk, when he had like to have lost it all again, by two petty mal-a-propos—by making some confusion and undue mixture of two dishes, which were maigre and gras.—And by saying, (though as he thought not loud enough to be heard) of a small knot of people, who were engrossing a large bowl of roasted chestnuts—“ *Qu’il y en a assez, diable ! pour tous les porcs de Westphalie !*”

The ecclesiastic, who had been according to the prejudice of his order, a little offended with the unintended
prophanation

prophanation of mixing some ragout with his vegetables, was a venerable looking man! and with him our traveller, with evident assiduity, tried to right himself at once, by addressing him in Latin, turning the conversation upon some points in the establishment of the German church. And hearing that the Germans had the good sense to be abolishing tythes, and conceding a certain allotment of land in lieu of them—he said, in antethetical, but rather lawless Latin, “*Et imo domine reverende, incundius multo est, & idoneus fanè—quam incertas decimas, certis rixis obtinendas!*”

On taking up his pellice to leave the room, Mr. W. observed on the skin, that it was not a little to be wondered why the breed of wild beasts yet continued, in spite of the exterminating care in civil life—alluding to the practice of Alfred’s time, and other humanizing laws.

He replied—“*Diablo M’emporte, Monsieur, mais c’est, incroyable ca!—Est que vous pouvez bien imaginer une disette des gros betes? Soyez content, Monsieur, hors des terres Britanniques, en chaque etat, chaque gouvernement du monde, vous en trouverez assez; peut etre bien un peu de trop, de tous les monstres, concevables!*”

Among other lucky things, there was a little turn too on a local circumstance that is not very lucky in the town. On the approach to Coblentz by the Rhine, the common drain of the town, very offensive, issues close to the palace. —“*Ah! quels diableries font dechainès!*

“*C’est l’embonchure,*” said the boatman, hesitating, “*des lieux du cabinet.*”

“*Ah!*” said the traveller with no small *fosfenuto* on the note, “*Ah c’est la! le cabinet de Coblentz! le cabinet du prince! et actuellement,*” turning to the boatman, “*qui est le premier?—comment s’appelle t’il?*”

The next morning we were all to have walked over Coblentz together, when this extraordinary traveller, before it

was

was light, took a free French leave, and left a letter, also French, for Mr. W. but with an English direction, and with the signature of *Votre Ami Anglois*.

This raised a new set of busy thoughts, which continued at work till the parties met, unexpectedly in London, at the house of a prime and excellent merchant by the Custom-house—where, with other enlightened and fine spirited men, Mr. W. made the story tell better than I have done, and this Proteus of the Rhine, this reputed Frenchman, this Girondist, and what not, turned out to be, neither more nor less, than a grave English clergyman, an absolute courtier, with no more notion of politics, than he had picked up in a kind of professional prejudice for fast sermons, and the trial of the seven bishops, to say nothing of Milton, of Sydney, or of Locke!

TO WORMS.

WHILE people are humanely excluded from the temptation of conversing with the philosophers of France, the route to Italy, either by the Tyrole or by Switzerland, must continue through Germany; instead of Vauban's fine forts in succession, through Srafbourg and Huningue to Basle, the traveller must be content with what he may find in the road to Manheim, through Worms.

The departure from Meintz was by the demolished palace of La Favorite, yet smoaking and in ruins! The village of Weisenau succeeding, with delapidations, which, to our sense, seemed, at every rude gap, to be crying to Heaven for vengeance!—For what between the Prussians posted in the woody heights on the south-west, and the French batteries towards Kostheim, and the confluence of the Maine, to counteract them, this ill-fated village of Weisenau had been, literally, between two fires, and was so rent and torn in twain, that there was scarcely a single dwelling had escaped unannoyed—without lamentation!—without blood!—We stopped to talk a little on what we saw, with an officer upon a piquet. He did not look like a subaltern to the foe of mankind: but with emotions, like the colour of his trade, he exulted, without compunction, and without sympathy, on what he shewed us? And exulting over the wide-spread havock all around, he called it “a glorious “cannonading!”

We recoiled from him at once and altogether, as Nature should do from her antipathies and enmities! And dipped till we came to the contiguous wood, in an anonymous foreign pamphlet upon the advocates for devils.

That

That contiguous wood was another *aceldama* which those monsters had made! Mines, abbaties, and batteries, with all the brutal abominations of their train, and their effects yet more abominable, surpris'd and shock'd us at every turn.—“*Vastum silentium!—Secreti colles!—Fumantia procul tecta!—Nemo exploratoribus obuius!*”

The condition of these Germans is deplorable. The wild beasts, in their woods and highlands, they have contriv'd to exterminate or subdue. And yet they suffer other animals to range and lord-it uncontroll'd—to perpetuate and to fatten on calamity!—Animals, whether living or dead, absolutely of a lower order! whose natural gifts for mischief are comparatively poor—who, when they are called to atone for blood, cannot even then repair any part of the wrongs they have done with one poor, posthumous, relic, equivalent to the skin of their precursors—the wolves and bears!—

- “ Rapacious at the mother's throat they fly!
- “ And tear the screaming infant from her breast!
- “ Even beauty—force divine! at whose bright glance
- “ The generous lion stands in softened gaze
- “ Here bleeds a helpless, undistinguished prey!”

Till the opinions and emotions of the people shall of themselves learn to rally as they ought; their moralists and politicians should be instant in their endeavours to teach them. They should excite them, as when interest is their duty, to defend themselves against the vices: they should strike the door-posts of each dwelling with the prophylactics of experience, with the blood of the slain. There should be, like a Court Calendar, behind each door, an elephant sheet compendium of the dead, from the first murder to the last, through all districts and ages, treaty by treaty, and battle by battle! Whether to be suffered or to be done, they should determine against fury and successes, that destruction should cease—that wars should be no more!

Even

Even where havock takes a less hideous form, and the steps of invaders are not marked by blood. Yet the tyranny of it, scarcely less oppressive, has been insupportable to the Germans, and so they should have resisted it! When the French were usurping in this country, and entered Worms, they did not add to the many millions which, by human violence, have been slain. But as far as exaction was possible, they were guilty of it.—They seized six hostages, the best people of the place—and at their peril demanded, in three days, the payment of above 1,200,000 livres!

The contribution for such a petty place was enormous! It is true, it fell chiefly on the sinecure chapters and convents; a department in society, not a little enormous also, for the harm they do, and the extravagant profits they have for doing it. Yet, as men, and tolerated in civil society, they should enjoy each right of man, so constituted; and, till they are regularly abolished, should be regularly unmolested and free.

The detail of the contribution, as it was called, out of which the French thought proper to plunder Worms, was thus:

The Bishop	-	-	-	-	400,000 livres.
The Chapter	-	-	-	-	200,000
Three Convents of Capuchins, Carmelites, and Dominicans	-	-	-	-	150,000
Other Convents	-	-	-	-	400,000
Four Collegiate Chapters	-	-	-	-	30,000
The Corporation	-	-	-	-	30,000

Traversing the wood, which at the bottom leads to the Rhine, at the top to the high road, and in all parts to reflections, such as these, the way winds on to Oppenheim cheerily enough;—not with the stronger attractions of volcanic phenomena, and scenery at all sublime:—for the abrupt highlands, the tuf-stone, and basalt, are no more—but through a country, that, with fine features, is placid and

ferene. The Rhine falling on one side of the road, and a gentle hill rising on the other. The eye revels over the bold blue hills of Suabia in the distance. And the fancy, with deepest inspirations, begins to open for the purest air of health and liberty, from the approaching mountains of the Swifs.

The country, as to mere soil, is sandy; but light and practicable. The agriculture, just on this side of Blama, is chiefly arable; and open and inanimate, without cattle or shade, for there are no inclosures, and few trees.—Yet, if not exquisite in itself, what may not be made so by accident. *Quod petis in te est.* Every thing is an affair of temper. And the circumstances which surround us, take their form and pressure from the emotions which we feel.

If it happen to be the birth-day of an object that you love—if a tear should start, as in the eye of a father, touched by hope and gratulation, then—if the setting sun should fall through a dun water-cloud, there will form between them a half-tint of superlative tenderness and grace. If ever there was a purple light of love, it must have been from this precise degree of density and refraction to produce it!

A bewitching hue, like this, coloured exquisitely every thing around us; from the highlands of Hesse, and the summits of Suabia, where there is a pillar, to we knew not what, over the long line of wood, (like Rousseau's coffee to Eloisa, additionally dear by being rare) to the little points and projections at Oppenheim, and the new bridge of boats over the Rhine, then forming by the Prussians.

The Prussian army had here a very large depository of forage and food, horse-corn, hay, and straw. And this bridge of boats was for the convenience of fetching those necessaries from the other side of the Rhine.

A bridge of boats, as here practised on the Rhine, is a line of vessels, like the lighters on the Thames, and of the same

same dimensions, lashed together at the bottom, and united yet more firmly by the connecting wooden platform at the top. This advantage is obvious on rivers in all mountainous countries, where the streams are thence apt to swell—for the boats, and with them the whole fabric floating, the bridge rises as the waters rise.—Besides this bridge at Oppenheim, there is another at Meintz and at Mainheim.—For the passage of the river, two of the barges open, with a valve on each side.—At Oppenheim, the barges were towed up from Meintz (for at Meintz there is some fame for boat-building) about sixteen of them, as we computed, for the bridge was not quite finished, would complete the passage. So that the project has cheapness also to enhance its value. Such a bridge, we understood, could not cost so much as 400l.

Oppenheim, apart from its vineyards, has few, if any, substantive perfections. It looks like a little accommodating borough in England. Yet, where but in England, if the most expert travellers may be believed, are the *complete* accommodations, as of *boroughs*, to be found?

The wines of Oppenheim and Nearstain are thought the best on this, the west, side of the river.—The years 1726 and 1748 are the vintages in most renown. The best wine we found on the route was, at the banker's at Meintz. He said it was thirty-three years old. That was November 1793. Of course, if he was exact, the wine was of the vintage 1757. Chesterfield, in his letters, talks of wine a hundred years old, for which they asked on the spot a guinea a bottle. And even at that price, without a *senatus consultum*, not any could be had. The whole, however extraordinary it may seem, is very credible, for on the Rhine, and on the Rhone, I have met with wine above eighty years old. And such are the impositions practised upon travellers, half-a-guinea a bottle has been given for hermitage—and at Auxerre, and at the convent in Burgundy, then owning the vineyard of most fame (Le Clos de Vou-

geot) five livres a bottle I have seen given there.—The price of the best new wine at Oppenheim was 55l. to 60l. for a cask, which would yield 45 or 46 dozen.

From Oppenheim, passing through Wonderfbloom, where the Comte de Leinengen has built a pretty town-gate, and planted poplars in a vista, to adorn his seigneurie and fief, over six or seven miles of flat arable land, relieved by nothing but some few orchards, and a good reach or two upon the Rhine, the eye lights upon the churches and convents of Worms.—Churches any where, by the association of ideas, inseparable from every discipline and nature, come cheeringly into a view; as they soothe the mind with the best sense; connecting each dependant blessing of peace, of neighbourhood and order! and therefore the mere fabric for external worship “*being when bells have knolled to church,*” is well-urged by our most philosophising poet, as a criterion of probable character, as a proof that civilization might be warrantably implied.

The town and government of Worms, in part merit such anticipation in their favour; for the points and pinnacles which they present, seem unsullied as toleration can make them. Popery is the establishment of the place. And of the churches which appear, four are doomed to that profession: but, there are the same number devoted to a more rational system, three for the followers of Luther, one for the reformed.

The well earned fame, the venerable memory of Luther was indeed, I believe, a prime motive for preferring this road, and for loitering a little in the place.

The chamber where the good man meets a doom,
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life!

It is not possible to shake off the soul's allegiance to the natural and fit supremacy of virtue, of utility, and of truth! That man knows nothing upon the attributes and enjoy-
ments

ments of man, who can ponder, without exalting energies at heart, over the achievements of any virtuous life, bursting with generous ambition, over each intervening bar, from pain, from disaster, and from dismay, and, altogether sublimed, above every groveling caution, for himself, can devote his powers to others: to toil, and to adventure, for a remote posterity, perhaps for unknown time!

It is not easy to enter the town of Worms, without glowing at the ardor which once so gloriously adorned it.

No outset could be more inauspicious—more disproportioned to any splendor of promise in the close. An individual, unaided and alone, falling forth, amidst the thick and chilling darkness of the sixteenth century, from the disqualifying cloisters of Augustine, in quest of chimeras no less dire, than error leagued with usurpation and imposition, than Imperial Edicts, than Popish Bulls! To think of him under the menace of such prodigies, unmoved, advancing! and, in spite of the fate of Huss and Jerome of Prague, trusting to the vagrant wind, to a safe conduct, from the Emperor! To see him, thus fortified alone, approaching Worms, amidst such multitudes of hard thoughts, and hostile passions, as made his few friends hold him back—left (in language then not judged inapplicable, nor extravagant), the devils in the streets should be as numerous as the tiles upon every house-top! To mark his steady power as he proceeds, and that spirit of rectitude magnanimous inflexible and pure, that *Παύροια*, as Atterbury so finely calls it, formed, indeed, altogether such a scene of complex excellence, with such difficulty to do, and such advantages when done—so admirable, so preceptive, that it is absolutely vain, perhaps, to think of any parallel, but in the age and inspired accomplishments of the apostles themselves!

There is delightful admonition to be gained from recollecting too the progress of his opinions; and from thence

to

to infer favourably for any future advances of truth! For, that religious consummation, of liberty and sound words, which Englishmen so well, thank God, are taught to prize, that ridicule and aversion with which all Europe, as it enlightens, must dismiss the frauds and follies of Rome, that glorious reformation of this country, and that authorised hope of like reform which the translated bible gives to every other region of the book-learned earth, all these, were, when they first arose to decorate and bless the existence of men, in their pretensions misunderstood, in their consequences mistated! the cry of innovation and alarm was bandied about, like an echo upon brass, through every empty head, through every hollow heart. Luther bore the brunt of obloquy and oppression. Exile and excommunication tried to drive him, if that signified any thing, from the Romish Church, and from the Ban of the Empire! The other reformers and their profession were beset, like the sun-beam with motes, with the childish brawling of nick names! Such puny efforts as edicts and proclamations attempted to suspend all liberty of speech! The art of printing, then additionally dear from the love inseparable at a new wonder, was stopped. The bible forbid to be circulated. And all copies of it already printed, ordered to be delivered up to the magistrates and the runners of the time!

Such was the fate of Luther, even in times when men far less despicable than most of their successors were in power, Leo X. and Charles V. And yet, even then, and though he made his grave with the virtuous! amidst the praises of Erasmus and Melancthon, and embalmed in the memory of the just—yet, the malice of ignorance and imposture, pursued him still; and, as far as mere clumsy invective could annoy, their efforts were not wanting to dim the lustre, which better industry will ever form, upon the name and character of Luther.

It is not unpleasant, if nonsense and mischief under any
modi-

modifications can be so, to note some of the expressions thus preserved in Junctinus and Cardan. Expressions in which things apparently most unfunder are united, the ideas and languages of both superstitions, in "agan and in Papal Rome. Astrology settles the demerit of his death under the malignant planet of Mars, and then fate consigns this most atrocious and prophane enemy of Christ, to the three fabulous furies and their poetic lashes of fire.—*Christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum ac prophanum—ad marte coitum religiosissimus obiit—ejusque anima sceleratissima ad inferos navigavit, ab Alecto Typhphone, et Magera flagellis igneis cruciata.*—Such is the fidelity of cotemporary report ! and such the credit due to the disparagements and condemnation of any doctrine, when that doctrine may thwart the passions of its opponents, its accusers, and its judges. Thus has it fared with almost every martyr to truth, moral and divine ! Thus Hampden and Sydney were deemed traitors—Galileo suffered as a heretic sciolist, and St. Paul, as well as Luther, was deemed to be a blasphemer.

Besides the memory of Luther, the town of Worms is of no mark nor likelihood. It is dependent on the Electorate of Meintz ; and the bishopric, a suffragan on Meintz, is held in commendam by the elector. The territory is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ square miles. The town is very small. The population about 3000—of whom 400 are Lutherans—800 are Reformed. Yet the bishopric contrives to squeeze out of them a revenue of three or four thousand pound a year. And the rest of the ecclesiastics, who fare proportionably well, are almost as numerous as the people. The churches, convents, and chapters have been mentioned. With this literature, and some there must be in the midst of so many opponents for study and leisure, yet learned establishments, useful efforts, there are none. I know not any classic book ever edited at Worms. Their laws and customs are included in those mentioned at Meintz.

The

The contribution levied by the forces of the French Republic was incidentally specified before. The pretended cause of this violence, was the archbishop's partiality, needlessly ostentatious to the French princes and the other fugitive French. Besides that contribution, the Republicans did no further mischief. They staid there in winter quarters from October to March 1. They very fairly paid for what they had ; and left no debts whatever behind them.

The fugitive French, with M. de Condè and M. Breteuil, &c. were at Worms, while M. d'Artois and Monsieur were at Coblenz. And from thence they drafted to join the Austrians and Prussians in Champaigne, to partake of the compound immortality of their proclamations and retreats.

George the Second returned to Worms after the battle of Dettingen. It is the fate and follies of most battles to leave their consequences quite unatoned, without any lasting good effect whatever. This battle was not absolutely so — for it produced Mr. Handel's Te Deum,

TO MANHEIM.

THIS is a country distinguished, most potently, by the blessed effects of the late discharged despotism in France! Nature in making it at, moist, loomy, and fertile, seems only to have laid it out as a granary for Germany: but art and man's device have laboured to make it fruitful of produce, less trite and humble. This is a country which is immortalized by the visitations of the most Christian King, the Fourteenth Louis—Louis the Grand! Here—in the proper forcing-ground of laurels—in a magma animalised with compost more precious than the tribute of the brow, even though that appointed tribute should be paid in tears—here he, Louis the Grand, reared those blushing wreaths, which seemed in some eyes, to give such artificial grandeur to his stature!

Here an order came from the Most Christian King, and signed Louvois (the minister) to lay the whole country in ashes!—And, here, that order was obeyed!

Here the blood-hounds of war were let loose, under Lorges and Turenne! They raged without controul! nay, without any discoverable remorse in the very wretches who led them! with apathy that rivalled Nero, they sported with fire and sword. They insultingly served the inhabitants, as the phrase is, with formal notices to quit!—Notices! with all the insolence of office, though they might be without the jargon of law. And then havoc made his masterpiece! The Palatinate fell—instantly—under the most devouring fire! The whole Palatinate was ravaged! every populous district, each flourishing town! the tombs of the dead, and the churches of the living! fifty castles were

burnt! And from the castle to the cottage, scarcely a single tenement could escape! The Elector, rising from short, interrupted endeavours after repose, saw at one time from his window, two cities, and twenty-five villages in flames! and even that sight, stupendous horror as it was, is said to have been but as a spark to a conflagration compared with the succeeding shapes of guilt and cruelty—of cruelty unprovoked, of guilt irreparable; which so monstrously over-topt it!

Louvois, the minister, had been long in place; and that, says a subtle and animated historian, must be some apology, for inevitable abomination. And, to bring off the King, they said he was ill-advised. Forsooth! as if advice could offer to him, without the power of rejection! Even the contemporary Courts of Europe blushed—exclamations came from those which were contiguous: from Bonne, from Munich, and from Treves. The collected princes of the empire protested. For the air all around was rent with the bewailings of the outcast; and Germany, at least the western sides of it, was defaced, with every sad vestige of woe. And then the amiable gentleman upon the throne, the Christian King did vouchsafe—what?—a modest, courtly summons to *to do him homage*—why?—for the lands he *had seized* in Alsace!

Such is the memorial of Louis the Grand, in the Palatinate! And yet such are the people in the Palatinate, and such their sapience and resignation, that troops have been allowed to form, to forage, to fly there, whose only purpose could be a weak, if not impossible, attempt to restore the great grand-children of the gentleman thus remembered.

It is pleasant, therefore, to travel through the Palatinate. For with a new insight into the human mind, you learn to speculate upon its possible pliancy. And from this proved promptitude to what is ridiculous and vain, you may learn

to compute the probable improvement of the human powers towards what is useful, what is wise!

Otherwise the Palatinate is not very pleasant. For the whole region is a flat. Well watered, indeed, by two fine rivers, the Neckar and the Rhine. But with no decoration from wood, except *vistos*, chiefly poplars, at the chief towns. The soil, almost ever, is clay and sand, when it changes, therefore, it is quoad the traveller, what Dr. Young would call a change of woe. The agriculture is in the stile of Flanders, and with the same excellence, and the same defects, good where corn is grown. Bad where it is grass. The intervening crops of potatoes, turnips, and cabbages, are in a similar series and success. There is not much natural grass. The artificial grasses are the chief forage. They use animal manure. But not with the same assiduity and contrivance as in Flanders: and now in France. The roads in the neighbourhood of the chief towns are paved: but where not paved, are neglected, and therefore bad.

The approaches to Mannheim, on all sides, are pleasing, as there is pleasure in the sight of cultivation and success. The *vistos* have not such magnificence from the trees, as at Caversham or Bushey-Park; nor such a grand effect from extent as at Chantilli, but they are well kept, and gay; and though poplars, they seem in some sort to satisfy by their plentitude and uniformity. Qualities which, perhaps, make the gratification to the eye, on the review of an army in array. Beyond the eye, this array must be to all senses the same. What Xerxes said, when he wept over it, must be said and done by every sentient being, by every being who can reason and feel.

At the entrance of Mannheim, by a bridge of boats over the Rhine, and the fortifications on both sides of it; with the palace and other public buildings, in large masses, contiguous, the effect is various, and a little interesting. It was the more so when we were there, by the valves of they
bridge

bridge opening to give a passage to a large detachment of the French. They loaded two large vessels, like our west country barges. And they were, according to the cartel, when the Prussians got possession of Mèintz, removing from thence to Strasbourg. And though they were the contents of the military hospitals, and few of them yet active convalescents, yet they were singing their political songs, so popular in France; and some of them, while the papers were examining by the town-officers, wandered gaily into the town to buy bread. It was cheering to see spirit sturdy under calamity:—and it felt it further animating, to see some Germans just to the fair claims of a foe: with pity for their distress, with applause at their fortitude in bearing it!

Manheim is, as far as it goes, one of the most handsome little towns in Europe. And it is so from the width of the streets, their regularity, and the sections and intersections being all at right-angles. Not that this excludes the pleasure of variety. For there is no tyranny of prescription as to outward form; and so, in the variety of plans and materials, you may, if you will, see and feel the gradations of society in the well-asserted variations of the conditions, nay, and humours too, which may have produced them.—Sir Joshua Reynolds taught this, as he was accustomed to teach other points of art, well as a painter:—and every observer who will be enlightened and free, self-taught, will feel it as a man.

For the pleasing effect all feel in the streets of Manheim, there is another provable cause, viz. the space which the houses have; they are not high, but wide. This is equally favourable to the buildings, both of good and bad fortune: in wealth, for magnificence; in poverty, for ease.

The state of society in crowded towns would be deplorable, if it were not ludicrous by being voluntary. To see two or three hundred pounds a year paid for dwellings,
which,

which, in respect to health and scenery, cannot physically differ from a prison but in name, where the sun is never seen to shine but upon a brick wall, and where the common air cannot be felt, but loaded with all-surrounding vile effluvia from the opposite rooms on one side, and from their own stables, &c. on the other.—While the poor are much worse off still. They have not elbow-room. If they are lucky enough to enlarge, it must be upwards. They cannot spread. Their houses are like their destinies; whoever wishes them well, must wish them well towards Heaven.

When Voltaire wrote comparatively of the chief towns in Europe, for street police, of pavements, &c. Paris appeared to him to be the best. What Paris was then, may be manifest from what it is now, without raised foot-ways or underground drains. London is, at least, half a century before every other town in the world. And Mannheim, even as to streets, is far preferable to Paris. The Mannheim foot-ways are like those in Privy-Garden and Scotland-Yard. If the trees and walk in the middle of the High-street had been well encouraged, it had been one of the handsomest streets any where to be found. For the trees, if planted after the last conflagration, would have had above a hundred years growth.—As to the gravel for the walks, seldom found but in English gardens, that too might have been had, if looked for, as well as wished. The Palatinate cannot be worse off than Edinburghshire. Yet, where are there better walks than at Dudingston? When the old Lord Abercorn was questioned as to the difficulty of getting the gravel—he said, in his cool odd way—“ There was no difficulty at all, “ he had it from Kensington Gravel-Pits.”—Our most accomplished ambassador that we have abroad, told me that he had proposed the same mode to the King of Naples, for his garden at Caserte. And it would be, manifestly, very easy.

For

For the gravel might go as ballast in our ships, which are so numerous, or at least will be, to the fair at Salerno.

At Manheim life is not low. It is not without intellectual recommendations. There is a library; some experimental science: and besides that apparatus, there are collections in natural history, with occasional lectures, not very ample in all. The multiplication of petty princes produces, with much evil, undeniably some incidental good. For what palace, even on a plan of ostentation, can be complete without museums and book-rooms? And again, what are books, and the arts, without able men who can make the most of them? Learning is one ladder of ambition. And there are not a few who have mounted only by selfish patronage, and the politic affectation of it.

Hence, if not from better motives, in all the subdivisions of Germany there are universities or academies. Even Heidelberg, the second town in the palatinate, has an university, with a large appointment of professors, chymistry, botany, anatomy, natural history, experimental philosophy, with learned societies for the cultivation of political economy and practical arts. Heidelberg is indeed the most ancient in Germany, viz. 1386.

At Manheim there are similar establishments and professors, and with more parade in their appointment and apparatus—in natural history and the observatory. There, as almost every where upon the continent, the instruments are English; artists, Bird and Dolland, Arnold and Sisson. The sector of the one, and the time-piece of the other are their most modern importation. Ramsden and Herschel's improvements are already in Italy; but are not here. In Italy, I shall delight to state, in the succeeding volume, that the fame of Herschel is equal to his modesty and his merit. One of his instruments arrived, fortunately, while I was there: and when he had the praise of the most praise-worthy

worthy of the professors, Oriani and Fontana, we shared accidentally in the honours paid to Herschel, and felt innocently elate, as coming from the same country, with discoveries such as his!

Besides each usual course of philosophy, chymistry, anatomy, &c. there is a school of sculpture, drawing, &c. a military school, comprising the arts accessory to engineering—a school where every *sage-femme* must study and be vouched—an academy of sciences, with premiums, &c. and there is a society (*Société Allemande*) whose object is the *German language*—to define, to depurate, and to attest it. The meetings of the society were finished when we were there. But, as far as I could find, it was more and more the fashion to follow the French academy, and adjust contested orthography, with reference to pronunciation and usage, more than to analogy or derivation. Thus their primary object is philology: but the elucidation of language, if they pursue it well, will lead to something higher, both in science and truth. For in learning, as in virtue, one advance facilitates another. As they analyse meaning, they may learn to rectify it too.

The lectures, which are all gratuitous, are from October to July. The library, a fine room 100 by 48 feet, is open three days in a week. The books are useful, rather than curious, or rare. There are about 70 000 volumes. There are some antiques in the palace, and five or six hundred pictures, which they show—and many of them are worth seeing. Denner's two small heads (twelve or fourteen inches) are the favourites of the place, to those who look no further than minute fidelity and super-serviceable detail. Yet what is the art which is skin deep only, however high wrought, as these are, and to each petty prominence and pore, to the more arduous and more useful energies of a painter who dives into character, and can identify in every fibre each sensation that ever strung it? The first is the
praise

praise of Denner's heads—the second of every masterly portrait in existence—from Raffaele, Pope Urban, and the head of Leonardo, by himself, to the well known chefs d'œuvres of Vandyke and Reynolds, the Duke of Buckingham and Mr. Fox.—Denner was paid immoderately, twelve or fourteen hundred ducats for the two, while two living artists, for the head of Mr. Lock, of Norbury, and for a head of Mr. Kemble, the actor, a head yet more energetic still, received for those most admirable works but twenty-five or thirty guineas a piece! Were painters only doomed to see a disproportion between merit and reward, not only Romney, Stuart, and Lawrence, but Beechy and Westall might repine, that the Paris Rigaud, a century past, had a hundred louis d'ors for a head.

In the Manheim collection these works are the best—the sketches by Reubens and Vandyke, a small Raffaele, a Caracce and a Pouffin. Modern pictures there are none, but two landscapes, with much lustre, by the French Claude, Vernet—and a head of the elector by Pompeo Battoni, one of his best portraits. There is no English picture, but a hare, by a Mr. Hamilton. So tardy at times, and so local is fame.

Literature and the arts give great circumstantial recommendations to a place. And Manheim would be no bad residence, to those who can be content with a level country, if they can bear German crokery, and are ague proof.—For agues, we understood, are frequent at Manheim—from the confluence of the Necker and the Rhine, both mountainous rivers, and both therefore liable to overflow a land, naturally not above the level of the river at low water. The drinking water is vapid and foul.

In the cure of those agues they give emetics and the bark. But in other Fevers antimonials are not in use. James's powder is little known. The fee to a physician is a half-florin. But little medical learning from England has found

its way yet into the palatinate. We saw translations only of Cullen, Pott, and Mosely. The hospital is ill ventilated and dirty. And the only regulation worth any praise is, that there is a short series of instruction given by a professor to the nurses, with rules and explanations on their conduct, general ideas of medicine, and instructions to prepare them for emergencies, as hæmorrhage, fainting fits, &c. There is a lying-in-hospital with twelve beds. This is the place where each sage femme must study practice: each community sends one so to study, with an allowance of fifteen kreutzers a day. And that is found enough for her support.

For the support of the poor there is no compulsory rate; but there is a voluntary collection, to which all people of substance would feel it derogation not to contribute. The receivers and managers are men of rank and character, members of the chief councils, the regency and justice. And fuller diet, &c. to convalescents in the hospital is one good object of this charity. This distribution was in one year, which we saw, 3000 loaves, and 3000 pounds of meat.

There is an orphan school, but is very improperly in the house of correction. Eighty orphans are received---and either apprenticed out, or taught manufactures in the house. The manufactures are spinning thread and woollens, making cloth and cards. In England such charities, when well regulated, sustain themselves by their labours.—The expence per head, in England, is about twelve or thirteen pounds a year. At Mannheim they cost not half that sum; and even that their labour does not re-imburse: a difference to be attributed to English industry, being more skilful and artificial, above all, to the use of machinery.

The prison where the school is, holds, and generally has, about a hundred prisoners. Their punishment is labour; if

they have no trade of their own, they work at the manufactures taught in the house. The women, besides light work at the manufactures, wash the linen of the house, prisoners', &c. On their going to prison they are stripped, fastened in the stocks, and suffer ten to thirty stripes. Their regulations respecting cleanliness are the best part of the institution. Each offence against cleanliness, each failure in giving notice of such offence, is punished with close confinement with bread and water. Their food is eight ounces of meat, except on fast days, some soup, thirty-two ounces of bread, and a quart of beer. The women have the same, except that their allowance of bread is but twenty-four ounces. The sick in the prison, like the hospital convalescents, have relief from the voluntary fund above-mentioned. Needleless exacerbations of calamity, chains, or dungeons, there are none. There is a chapel with service in it every morning.

The population of Manheim, indeed of the whole palatinate, has decreased and is decreasing. The tyranny of intolerance, and imposition of wars and taxes, have driven away one half of the people into emigration, and the other half are driving to the desperations of political alienation and resistance. Some years since the palatinate produced 500,000 people. They are now computed at 200,000 or 240,000 men. In Manheim the decrease has been less violent, viz. from 25,000 to 22,000. Their emigrations have been to Pennsylvania; where, from the influx of such strangers, every sign and shop-board is under-written in German. *Ubi solatia, ibi patria*, strong as the heart at first may wish to cling about a native place, yet what hold can continue undetached when violence incessantly shall assail it? What peasant can love the ground to which he is bound only by a chain? Or how will he plow and sow, where, for the harvest, the tax gatherers are to reap it?—The territory of the palatinate is 150 square miles.

Small

Small as this territory and population are, the contributions for support of the government, they have such reason to detest, are enormous! The country is drained of nine hundred thousand florins in mere, unconcealed, taxes! and in less avowed impositions, crown lands, as we should call them, royalties, monopolies, and tolls on the rivers and roads, not less than sixteen hundred thousand florins more! The taxes are in customs and excise! The detail and total of the accounts are, in respect to the palatinate, outrageously indecent! For, compared with the lands and population of the elector's other country, Bavaria, acre for acre, and head for head, the palatinate pays more than two to one!

And all for what?

For a chief magistrate who never resides! whose residence is at Munich.

This is a statement of the public accounts:

The public debts *exceed* forty millions of florins.

The income was	-	-	31,104,289
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The expenditure	-	-	35,987,597
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The *deficit*, of course, as in France before the revolution, is prodigious.

The late elector resided at Mannheim; and the palace there, is such as must be expected when a bad original is imitated, worse.

Verfailles, that vice of the times, that disgrace of moral manhood, (for it was reared on peculation and the pillage of the people) was the vain model which made so many empty mimics over the continent! and every folly, absurd and culpable, in the compass of laboured quarries above ground, was perpetrated, unblushingly, without fear of ridicule or remorse—private theatres, gaming rooms, tennis courts, and what not? Even the Third William, who lived by being antagonist to that mischievous mountebank the Four-

teenth Louis, yielded obeisance to his false taste; and thus made Hampton Court, among the things not memorable for wisdom.

Manheim is so too. And with the same awkward pomp, and unwieldy profusion, almost with a similar disgust at accumulated irregularities, as in the street facade at Versailles. Versailles is likely to be an university; and so, by the popular diffusion of useful learning, may make atonement to the people for the enormous plunder they infamously bore in its production. What the palace of Manheim may be, we know not. At present it is abandoned. The elector has not seen it these five years. He, and his musicians, live at Munich. The electress lives at Okerfheim—the house and chapel, in a small town, between Manheim and Worms. The King of Prussia had two or three rooms in it, in his late campaign upon the Rhine—and it has been an asylum for the Duc de Deux-Ponts, his dutchess, and their son, Prince Maximilian, since they burnt their fingers and their own place, by wisely meddling in a war with the French.

The palace is not otherwise remarkable than as being ill-placed; and without any ground. There is a little walk or two between the house and the Rhine; but, little as they are, they are made less by a part of the fortification which is in them. And the centinels and the artillery, *Εἰς το Αυστοχον*, produce effects and associations supremely gratifying at the palace. The position of the palace, bad in point of accommodating ground, is however good for the town in case of hostile attack. For in case of a canonading on the north and north-west, before the town can be battered, the palace must fall.

The King of Prussia, when at Manheim, lived, in regard to household and attendants, with much manly simplicity. Two valets, three footmen, three secretaries, and three or four officers, were his whole train. He dined about three o'clock,

o'clock; and about six o'clock was at the play; which, having nothing in it, left him all the merit of rising from his wine.

It was six days after the successes, as they were called upon the Rhine, when the French officer sold out at Meintz, when the king entered the theatre there was no vulgar flattery from the music. The fiddlers were beginning; but the king had too much good sense and high spirit to permit it. Thus if they had read the sixth book of Virgil, and knew what he got by his *Tu Marcellus* *cris*, from *Octavia*—their motive might be the same; but not the consequences. The king had wit enough not to give them any thing for it—

“ I damn ye all! go! go! ye are bit!”

The play was not in the private theatre at the palace, but at the public playhouse. There were no trappings to dizen out any particular place for the King. He sat in the plain unaltered balcony (on the left side of the actors) up one pair of stairs, Prince Nassau, Gen Geyman, and two other officers with him.

The King's dress was quite simple: a blue frock, and red waistcoat. The Prince Nassau was beset with stars and strings.—The King was distinguished by an apparent courtesy, good-humour, and, indeed, as it should seem, good-sense. Shakespeare talks of a man looking April and May. The King of Prussia is fifty. And his weight, chiefly between his breast-bone and his hip, must be, probably, eighteen stone. His countenance looks as if he had never finched from weather or from wine. And yet—such is the force of manners, and manners which are sensible, that before the first five minutes are expired, he seems engaging, and has an advocate with all who see him. The ugliest man in England used to say, “ give me but a fortnight in “ any house, and I will cope with an Adonis.”

The

The King of Prussia is a proof that he would win. For the effect of manners, in things indifferent, is not to be resisted.

On his entrance, he had no trick of pretended conference with his people. He came in, inartificial. Simple. Alone. The people applauded. As they will always do, without being hired, if there is merit, or if there is even dexterity, merely. The King bowed. But not like a Charlotan, whose object is by bowing, to beg for more. He bent over to speak with one adjoining box. He nodded, and kissed his hand to a second and a third. And to a lady in another box, he reached out and shook hands!—The whole scene, in point of good fellowship, was very amiable!—During the performance, which was an opera, he went into the lobbies, and conversed, not in the miserable iterations of vacuity, but in sounds fit for sense to hear, with the people who were introduced to him.—He left the theatre, and without any ridiculous ceremonial, before the Vaudeville.—The next day he went to the camp near Frankenthal: in a coach and six. The coach was his own, but not better than a good hackney-coach. There were two outriders; and one man behind the coach.

As to the particular detail of the Prussian manners in the camp, we heard a little. But there seemed no good reason for wishing to hear more.

Each other memorandum at Manheim is but miscellaneous.

The troops were between six and seven thousand. Each corps were Bavarian. Their uniform, French grey, with various facings of green, yellow, red, and blue, like Otway's variety of wretchedness. All wear caps, which, with metallic ornaments, are weighty, viz. 5lb.—the epaulet also is solid and massy.—They are clothed every two years.—
 Their

Their great-coat, like lord lieutenants and admirals on certain stations, takes three years to be made new.—The troops in Bavaria and the Palatinate, amount to 60,000. And heroism and happiness are so cheap, that, with two pound of bread and a little flesh meat, your hero there serves for six kreutzers (not threepence English) a day—The discipline is rigid, but not cruel. The call is twice a day. They are the second best troops in Germany. They look the neatest. But the Hessians are, too probably, the best.

There are a few Irish officers in every corps. And their reputation is, justly, so very high, that each Englishman must wish to see them in his own.

Trade at Manheim, there is little or none. A German writer imputes it to the absence of the court. As if any body ever heard of a court trading even in patronage or promotions!—Timber, which is floated down the river Necker, and some Necker wine, appear to be the articles of commerce which are best.

TO THE SWISS AND TYROLESE ALPS.

WHEN the traveller has turned his back on Mainheim, he will have additional reason to be thankful. For, whether he is going to the Swiss or the Tyrolese Alps, he will meet with nothing but sands and German postilions to stop him for a single moment.

Bruchsal is a central point, from whence the roads diverge.—Thither you may go by two ways, the longest by a post and a half, is through Heidelberg; the shortest, through Schwetzingen. If you go by Heidelberg, you may see the books which did belong to Grævius. And thence recollect your obligations, if you are obliged, by his Hesiod, the Variorum Classics, and the antiquities too, also derived from Grævius and Gronovius.—And you may see a few more books, chiefly on commercial arts (Technology they call the department), suggested, if not supplied, by the Duc de Deux Ponts—who so far has a merit, which belongs to no other petty principality in the neighbourhood, that his town was at work on a neat and cheap edition of the classics: we saw it was well appearanced; and they told us it was correct.—Among the decorations was, a head of Trajan; a fac-simile of our great actor in Coriolanus. There is a new bridge over the Neckar, where you have 720 feet of masonry, twenty-nine feet wide, and nine arches, for 85,000 florins. Every body will tell you of the Heidelberg Tom, and you may tell every body in return, that if they affect the art of cooperage, and are amateurs therein, they need not go further than to Whitbread's or to Thrale's.

Better than all, at Heidelberg as at Manheim, the eye will

will be soothed with the cheering visions of toleration.— Opposite religions, in unbroken concord, dividing the town between them. And though the petty policy of government is elaborate to adorn the Papal forms, yet the Lutheran and the Reformed, by the prevalence of simplicity and truth, augment their followers, without ceasing.

If Schwetzingen is your route, you may see what has not been seen before, the state of ornamental gardening in Germany. It is the prime villa of the Elector when he lived in the Palatinate: at present it is unoccupied. The ground plan is 360 acres, with a contiguous wood, which is immeasurable, and three or four hundred thousand superficial feet of water, with trees and shrubs enough. But the land is almost all in strait alleys and terraces: the water in half a dozen ponds. And bad vases, statues, and temples out of number. Orangeries 700 feet long: and doric wings to the house, 1200 feet taken together. From a little artificial rise in the ground, some outlying objects are seen, as Mannheim, Heidelberg, and Spire, the lofty blue highlands of Alsace, Suabia, and Darmstadt, on one, which is Falsberg, is a bulky granite column, left by the Romans. But little was wanting to make it a noble palace. Which from taste, as well as moral preferences, had been far better than the idle, the cruel waste of so much money at Mannheim.—What figure can disgust more, than extravagance pampered by extortion?—Yet, it is the offence which insults and sickens you, in almost every court upon the Continent! It is to the reputation of our own court, that they had wit enough to avert, from the unwieldy gloom of St. James's—and that they had honour enough not to burthen the people to build for them another palace. The only spot completely gratifying was, a piece of twenty acres, which the Elector had given from his chace to a company, who were adventuring in the cultivation of rhubarb.—And

we understood there had been a new plant supplied by Condoide, physician to the Czarina.

From Manheim to Schwetzingen, the road is through sandy woods, the chace of the Elector Palatine. From Schwetzingen to Bruchsal, the woods, chiefly oak, continue, the property of the Elector and the Bishop of Spire; a gentleman, who, for dwelling in a good town-house at Bruchsal, and for exercising, with great advantage to himself, a petty sovereignty over that Bishopric, and the Provostship of Weissenbourg, a little district of eight and twenty miles, is lucky enough to find people who will let him have an annual revenue of eight and twenty thousand pounds sterling.—This Bishop of Spire is one of the examples of violence, unworthily, suffered since the war. M. Custine extorted from him a levy of near a million of livres. The military establishment of this petty prince, is no less than 300 men! And that may give a strong idea of the prevalence and cheapness of their folly in Germany.

To the Tyrolese Alps, you may hurry through the territory of Wirtemberg, which is ranked next to the Electorate. Where a Catholic prince contrives to draw a revenue of two hundred and twenty thousand pounds from the people: who, as in the Palatinate, are Protestants—where the country is not bad, and the wine is good, upon the Neckar—where there are two or three clever Professors at Stutgard;—and where there is some respect paid by government to popular opinions, and to public good!—For the public debt, formerly so oppressive, (above fourteen millions of guilders) is at length nearly discharged.

Ulm and Augsbourg then conclude for you the circle of Suabia. Ulm, a free city, which will launch a traveller down the Danube for five livres, and, in five days, to Vienna: and Augsbourg, another free town, of larger population (33,000) and which will do better for him still! If
referring

referring to the Diet and the Confession of Augsbourg, he can profit from the Protestant Reformers. And rising at the ennobling perfections of Luther and Melancthon, their zeal for truth, their magnanimity and eloquence—the Tyrolese Alps, then bold, and captivating as they are, will yield to the more noble exaltations of his mind.

To the Swiss Alps, the route is through the territory of Baden to Basle. A shewy, variegated, unequal country—*Non arborum impatiens—non paludibus fæda, pecorum fecunda*. Full of wood. Full of wine. Where the multiplying peasants eat the labour of their hands, and repose in their appointed rest, with no cause, from oppression or from extortion, to execrate the government which they have chosen. The errors of past administrations have been rectified. Wrongs, redressed. Taxes, remitted. The Margrave has the heart of a gentleman. His fame has ever been unstained by avarice or ambition. He has no hid treasure. He has never dealt in blood. Hospitality and public bounty are his objects: these occupy his revenues! and great as they are, (above 170,000*l.* a year) he is careless of his own state, and lives in a wooden palace at Carlsruhe!

The country and the government are Lutheran. Compared with the intervening districts of the Emperor, and which are Papal, they have all the benefit of contrast—in every energy of collective or individual merit, candor, industry, wealth, security, peace, and every other indication of sense and spirit in the people.

The road has many charms. The agriculture has an interesting air of novelty from tobacco and vineyard, as well as pasturage and corn, here and there, all along in veins. The Rhine carries health and beauty through the valley. The distances are Alsace and the Suabian hills. And after Friburg, Switzerland rises to the longing view.

It is historic ground too: and anecdote, now and then,

adds a good ingredient to the charm. The scene exults in feudal ruins! a rational triumph to every friend philosophising and free!—Here the Imperialists and the French accursed the country with the guilty infatuation of war! And here, at Raftadt, Villars and Eugene, the first instance of generals pacificating, met, authorised, after the campaign—and formed the preliminary articles to the peace of Utrecht.—“Is it peace or war?” said Eugene.—“We are not enemies,” replied Villars.—“Your enemies are at your court, and mine are at Paris.”

It was on Sept. 7, EUGENE signed first, followed by M. M. Coes and Cellern—VILLARS followed with M. M. Contest, and Comte de Luc.

To Kehl, a petty fortress fronting Strasbourg, Baskerville's types were carried, by Beaumarchais, from Birmingham, to print his complete edition of Voltaire! For the righteous and delicate mind of the Cardinal de Rohan, the Archbishop of Strasbourg, of Madame de la Motte and the Necklace, could not tolerate such a sin as that of printing Voltaire in the town! Kehl was planned by that despot, Louis XIV. as the avenue to usurpation on the eastern side of the Rhine. Thus becoming a printing-house, it reverses that doom, and counteracts the usurpations of despotism in their source.

After Friburg, the summits with snow on them, appear! And advancing, by easy ascents, over lands flourishing with cattle, cultivation, and woods, amidst the highlands of Suabia and Alsace, united by the providential bounty of nature, disfigured only by the mischief of man! And then the view revels over the valleys and mountains of Switzerland! The sensations on the eye thrill with rapture on the heart. Each emotion rises with the surrounding wonders of the scene—and the sublimities of nature, impress morals and politics equally sublime!

Dole is the entrance into Switzerland, where the opening

ing, as at the Blenheim portal, is worthy of the whole! where the Lakes appear! and the series of Alps, from Dauphinè to St. Gothard!

Basle is but a wicket. With a few showy mountains, and the Rhine, there is a stream of pastoral and romance.

But all other, the ideal preferences prevail, and rush with undiminished bliss upon the mind! Each excellence of the people, and their institutions, personal and social! Their ease; prosperity and peace; their power of forcing fortune—peopling the desert, and fertilising the rock!—Maintaining, venerably, the simplicity of nature, and the dignity of man—admired for safe virtue, for practical knowledge, for defensive valour!

Thus you approach Basle.—You breathe the air of freedom. And your wishes would fain aspire to virtue. Prejudice and perverseness, like the dark and foggy meteor are below you. And the spirit brightens at the look of light and life! Memory fondly strains after EULER and MAUPERTUIS, BERNOULLI and ERASMUS—and, firm and lofty in natural elation, you would soar after the objects you are privileged to attain, the COMPLEX PERFECTIONS OF THOUGHT AND ACTION, the FAME OF THE KNOWING, AND THE MERIT OF THE GOOD.

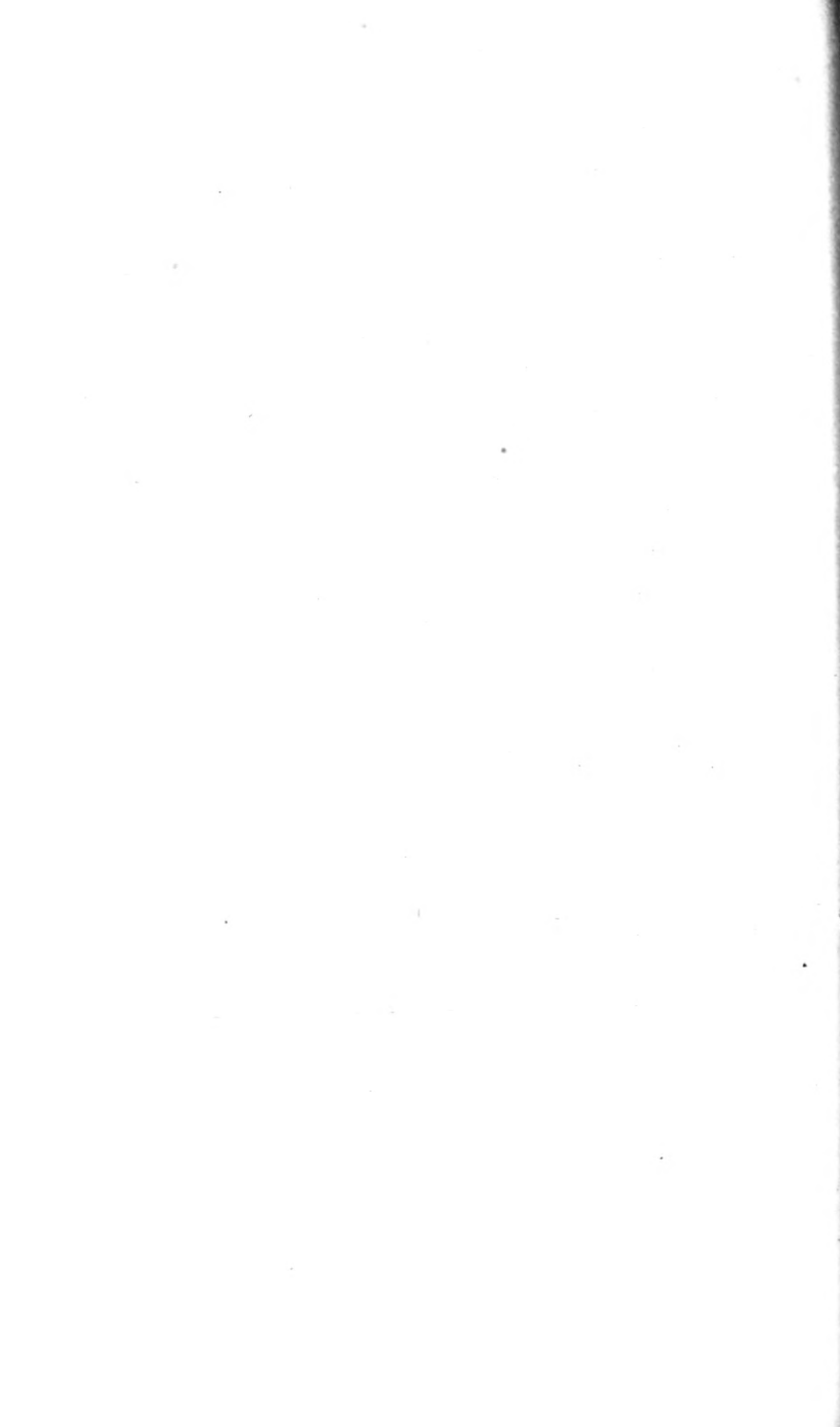
AT Augsbourg the late Lord Baltimore printed a meagre quarto of prose and poetry, Latin French, with Vignettes and engraved title page. He inscribed it to Linneus, with a prediction, soon well fulfilled, of the esteem and admiration which awaited him.

The title is—

GAUDIA POETICA,
Latina, Anglica, et Gallica, Lingua Composita.
A. 1769.
Augustæ
Litteris Spathianis, 1770.

At Augsbourg this book is not to be found. The only copy known is in the collection of Linneus.

There are the four following letters from Linneus to Lord Baltimore. They are a curiosity, and elsewhere not to be had. The rest of the work is not worth remembering.



FAMILIAR AND FRIENDLY LETTERS,

BETWEEN

LORD BALTIMORE

AND

C. LINNÆUS,

ON THE SUBJECT OF LORD BALTIMORE'S WORKS.

EPISTOLÆ

Urbanitatis Cauſa Scriptæ,

Inter F. B. & C. L.

Ad

Originem hujus operis ſpectantes.

Vir longè ſapientiffime,

SI omnes, ſicut ego, cogitarent non ſolummodo capſulas aureas, ſed maximos honores et emolumenta pro te darent. Felix qui te audit, et eſt ter felix patria, quæ te poſſedet. Res abditæ, quas non ſcripſiſti ex timore cæcæ malignitatis humanæ, plus valent quam theſauri ſcientiarum tuarum, quos ſummâ conſideratione perlegam, et te inter celeberrimos philoſophos in æthere loco.

F. B.

Holmiæ, die 16 Jan. 1769.

Z z

To

To C. LINNÆUS, &c.

Most learned Sir!

WERE all men of my mind, not only golden coffers would be at your service, but every thing which honour as well as emolument can do. Happy he who hears you. Thrice happy the country which possesses you. The undivulged discoveries which you must have, and which from fear of human violence you may have suppressed, I hold in more account, than even the treasure you have made known. Over these I ponder with incessant consideration. They must raise you to the highest exaltation of philosophic fame.

F. B.

Stockholm, Jan. 16, 1769.

T. C. de B. S. P.

C. L.

UTI in te, illustrissime domine comes, præsentem miratum, summam sapientiam posse nasci in viro opulento, ita et nunc magnanimitatem tuam: dum projicis aurea dona vilissimis homuncionibus, qualis ego sum. Mehercle cana prius gelido defuit absynthia campo, quam uti immemor vivam. Incede viam tibi soli perviam, dum ego legam suave manuum tuarum opus.

Upsaliæ, Junii die 18, 1769.

To LORD BALTIMORE.

My Lord,

WHEN we were together, it seemed to me astonishing that a very rich man should ever become a very wise man. Now, am I struck at your magnificence; which can be thus
lavish

lavish to a man so humble as I am. The wormwood shall sooner cease to love the cold plain, than I can think to live with any coolness in my remembrance of you.

Go on in advances accessible only to yourself, and let me profit by what you may produce.

LINNÆUS.

Upsal, June 18, 1769.

Illustrissimo Comiti, de B. S. P. D.

C. a L.

QUOD tam cito attigisti oras Ruthenicas, illustrissime comes ex animo gratulor; quod vero mei, homuncionis, non oblitus es, mihi pleno gaudio gratulor.

Pro continuatione carminum tuorum de itineris progressu grates reddo devotissimas. Video, quam tu non sis factus *sed natus poeta!* Dum Virgilius describit ΜΕΤΕΜΨΥΧΩΣΙΝ seu animarum transmigrationem, de se dicit: olim Achilles eram sic tu dicere possis: *olim Virgilius eram.* Audiavi multa de imperatricis magnificentia; nullus tamen eam magis te vividè delineavit. Legi jam bis opus tuum de itinere orientali, idque summo cum oblectamento. Polles eâ sapientiâ, quâ potes paucis verbis magis vividè delineare argumentum, quam alii diffusissimo sermone. Sequor te votis meis, teque tanquam coram me fisto, quoties intueor donum tuum, pretiosissimum omnium, quod ab ullo in vita accepi sint tibi fata prospera.

Upsalia, 1769, 15 Aug.

TO LORD BALTIMORE.

My Lord,

I congratulate you very heartily, that you are soon arrived in Russia: and, it adds to my congratulation, joy, that you can, in spite of distance, be mindful of me.

Z z z

You

You have my sincerest thanks for the continuation of your poetical tour *. It is manifest that poetical composition in you is not an artificial knack: but, that you are a poet born!

If Virgil, describing the metempsychosis, could say of his own transmigration, that in a pre-existence he had been Achilles. To you it may be equally supposeable that you have pre-existed as Virgil!

I have heard much of the Czarina's magnificence. The most vivid delineation is from you.

Twice have I read the oriental part of your tour; and with undiminished pleasure. You can, such is your skill, say more in a few words, than others can express in an elaborate declamation.

I follow you with my best good wishes. And, indeed, we are not asunder, as I think of your bounty to me. Bounty † the most magnificent, I ever found in my life. May fate, sir, ever favour you.

C. L.

Upsal, Aug. 15, 1769.

Viro Immortali de B. S. P. D.

C. L.

ACCEPI aureos tuos Versiculos, Illustr. D. Comes, quibus iter tuum Dresdam usque descripsisti; nec pulchrius legi unquam. Selecta enim verba ita exprimunt purissimos sensus, ac si oleô inuncta assent. Lector horam tamquam per passus Te sequor toto itinere, ita vivis coloribus depingis peragratas regiones. Faxit Deus, at feliciter ab-

* In hexameter Latin verse. No lines of which appeared tolerably worth repeating.

† It does not appear what the present was which Lord Baltimore had sent to Linneus.

solvas,

folvas, quæ restant itineris, dum me participem reddere non dedigneris factorum tuorum, scias neminem te puriore et majore effectu profecuturum, neminem puriore gratitudine te culturum, neminem e tuis litteris majorem voluptatem unquam obtenturam. In te enim *prisca virtus* radiat. Tu in summa felicitate non fucô, non aurô externè splendes, sed summâ sapientia internâ fulges. Te sapientiorum certe vidi neminem. Aurea tua carmina legi et re-legi millies; quod me his exhilarare voluisti, grates reddo, et reddam dum vixero, summas. Mihi summa gloria erit, numerari inter tuos cultores vel infimum. Deus te servet incolumem.

Upsalæ, 1769. November 13.

TO LORD BALTIMORE.

My Lord,

I HAVE received your excellent verses, which describe your journey to Dresden. I never read any thing more beautiful: either for purity of idea, or for selection of phrase. Labour never was more successful. The Reader can go with you all along: and discriminate throughout the whole form of each vestige—the very colour of every view.

May God grant that you may end as well as you have began: and let me not be disdained, to share in whatever may befall you. None can follow you with more grateful emotion. The pleasure I have from your letters, is as great as can be.

For, in thee beams forth the antique virtue. Your distinctions are not external only, from mere hue, and separable circumstances; but from internal qualities and inalienable skill! More skill, I never saw. Your admirable lines I have read again and again. And as you wish to
please

please and cheer me, again and again you have my thanks; as long as thanks shall be mine to give.—It is a prime wish in my heart to be among those who respect and love you.—May God bless you, Sir, &c. &c.

LINNÆUS.

Upsal, 13 Nov. 1769.

Illustrissimo Generosissimoque Comiti.

B. S. P. D. C. a L.

ACCEPI tuas, vir sapientissime, d. 6. Januarii Augsburgh datas, cum inclusis divinis iis carminibus. Nescio, utrum in his idearum puritas an etiam verborum pictura præponderet, ubi ambæ sacratissimò connubio ita junctæ sint, ut simile non viderim. Quod autem mihi inscribere velis immortale opus, non cupio; vereor magis, ne meo rudi nomine nitidissima tua carmina tanquam levi figurâ oblinas. Novit nemo me melius debilitatem ingenii propriam et Παραφρασαι mea heu nimis multa: nisi eò velis umbram addere picturæ, ut purior exfurgat tanquam pulcherrima Venus fuliginoso Vulcano nupta* etiamnum formosior evadit; vel etiam cum fata tibi soli et concessere fatis opum, et simul sapientiam summam, ut *non opus habeas flectere genua regibus*; eos imitaris, qui, cum non habeant panes, beneficia sua conjiciunt in infimos homunciones. Nunc vero, dum *video placuisse tibi*, mihi inscribere immortale opus, id effecisti, ut anxia semper mente colam sapientiam in te summam.

Dabam Upsaliæ, 1770. 6 Feb.

To

TO LORD BALTIMORE.

Most learned Sir,

I HAVE your letter of January 6 from Augsbourg: with the very superior verses which were inclosed. Again, I know not, which to prefer, your imagination, or expression; both are united; and with unexampled force.

That you should incline to inscribe the *immortal* work to me, cannot be my desire. I rather fear it. Lest there may be some shade from my rude name to dim the splendor of your verse.—Though, perhaps, knowing myself, my few powers, and many oversights, you may, perhaps, purposely take them for the effect of contrast, as shadow to your picture. For beauty herself, in contiguity with Vulcan, seems, as from a foil, more captivating and fair.

Or it may be, as fortune favors you no less than knowledge, so that you have no need to fally your knee in courts, you may aspire after that system which we adore—which, far above all, is lavish of bounty to the least!

In your determination of inscribing your immortal work to me, you do it, I suppose, that my anxious mind may be ever obsequious to your worth.

LINNÆUS.

Upsal, Feb. 6, 1770.

Illustrissimo Comiti de B. S. P. D.

C. L.

HODIE iterum habui honorem sapientissimi comitis, d 25 Januarii scriptas accipere; ad mores devotissimum meum responsum dedi ante aliquot dies. Quotidie lego et religo tua *divina* carmina, et quotidie magis magisque intelligo
pro-

profundissimam tuam sapientiam. Te non non tangat malitia humana: novisti *homines esse natura malos*, solâ culturâ et sapientiâ evadere bonos. Letare, quod habeas invidiam, et rideas *miser natus est, qui caret invidia*. Quo major felicitas, eo major invidia. Tu longe supra invidiam positus es; te non attingat. Profecto, si essem in tua felicitate, ut tu, viverem. Quæ major felicitas quam posse vivere, ubicumque placeat, videre orbem et gentes, habere, ut nihil deficiat, omnia? Pro honore, quo me velles cunmulare, grates reddo devotissimas, novum hoc esset documentum favoris tui in me: sed dudum receptus fui non tantum in Societate Regia Londinensi, sed et in Anglicana oconomica quæ curat, et Edinburgensis etiam; sum enim *membrum* Societatis Londinensis, Anglicanæ, Edinburgensis, Parisinæ, Monspeliensis, Tolosanæ Florentinæ, Bernensis, Cellensis, Berolenensis Petropolitanae, Holmienfis, Upsalienfis, Naturæ curioforum visi de bonensis, adeo plurium, quam quibus possum satisfacere.

Tu ne cede malis, te noverit ultimus isther, te Boreas gelidus. Te feliciorem novi neminem, modo ipse scias Quid levius homine verba metuente Luna properat suum cursum, nec tetratus canum curat. Tibi plura Dii concessere, O! ter quaterque felix! bona si tua noris,

Dabam Upsaliæ, 1770, d 16 Februarii.

TO LORD BALTIMORE.

My learned Lord,

TO day I had the honour of receiving your letter of January 25; and, according to my customary zeal towards you, I answer it without delay. Your excellent verses, which I have read and read, more and more convince me of your mind. Human perverseness has no part in thee. Men naturally evil, are by education and accomplishments disciplined to good. As to the envy you may have raised;

at

at that you may rejoice. Miserable must he be, who is not somewhere enviable.

As to envy, you are thus far blest:—by the provocation of your happiness, by the immunity of your rank. How can envy ever reach you?

Truly, were I as you are, so happily like you would I live. For what can be more pleasant, than to do as you please—to go every where—to see every thing—and to have every thing you want in what you see?

I am much obliged to you for your intended honour; but I am a member of all possible academies and societies, London, Edinburgh, Paris, Montpelier, Tholouse, Florence, Stockholm, Bern, Berlin, Petersburg, Upsal, Vienna—enough to satisfy me, and more than I can satisfy.

As for yourself you may defy accident. You have tried it in latitudes that are remote. You are happy beyond example: if you would but know it. And are you to tremble at a few words? while even the moon may teach you how to treat each animal that may bark below. To know yourself and your condition—to be conscious of what you are—and to exult in your appointed round.

LINNÆUS.

Upsal, Feb. 16, 1770.

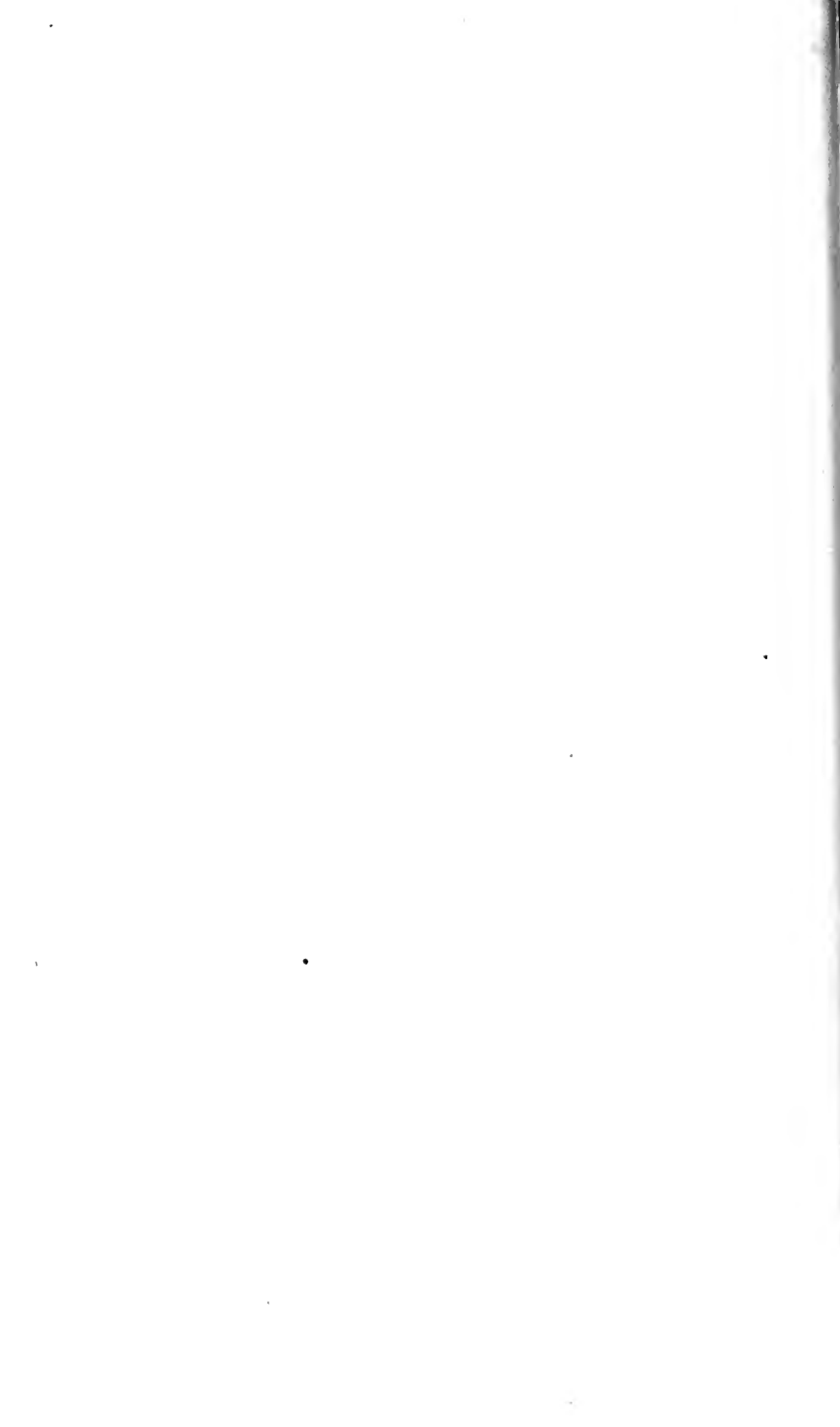


SPALLANZANI's TOUR

TO

VESUVIUS, ÆTNA, GROTTÉ DEL CANE,

Ec. Ec. Ec.



A P P E N D I X.

SPALLANZANI has written three small octavo volumes of Observations on the Regions in Italy, where volcanos are either ardent or extinct—viz. in the Ecclesiastical State about Naples, in Sicily.

The work of a man with such decided excellence in the department which he professes, seems likely to be current. As far as it is didactic on those parts of the creation which refer to volcanic phænomena, it certainly must raise curiosity, and probably not raise it in vain.

But, as that object may be of very limited enquiry, as many of the persons who let it occupy any part of their time might wish rather to read it in Italian, and as, in either language, the readers are, from the peculiar circumstances of Europe, less disposed than usual, to a study, like this,

com-

APPENDIX.

comparatively minute—it did not seem an expedient risk of leisure, to translate the whole work, till some experiment might ascertain, a little, the eventual likelihood to the book-feller.

As that experiment (the first chapter of Spallanzani) is now translated. If names enough are sent, the translation will be forth-coming in two or three months.

SPALLANZANI'S TOUR

TO

VESUVIUS, ÆTNA, GROTTÉ DEL CANE,

ET C. ET C. ET C.

ON the 4th of November, 1788, Sig. Spallanzani, accompanied by his friend, Dr. Comi, commenced their visit to Mount Vesuvius. Sig. Spallanzani, the Professor of Pavia, is well known to every man of science in Europe. His companion Comi, is a young physician of Abruzzo; already distinguished in natural philosophy, and for medical fame.

July was at first the time appointed for their attempt. But they changed the time, from these considerations: because they were assured by some friends, already practised in the same pursuit, that there would be obvious and sure profit by this delay, since in the month of July they had not failed to find the eruption from the volcano was but scanty and faint. While in the other month, they might expect it to be forcible and full.

The expectation of November giving a more striking attitude of things, of more movement within the mountain, and of more flow of lava without it, was not disappointed. For at the time abovementioned, on his route from Sicily, even at the distance of Capre, before the rising of the sun, he

he had the surprise (to him not ungratifying) of seeing a current of lava, streaming through a new aperture on that part of the volcano which he calls the Flank.

At Rometaggio de Salvatore, but two miles from Vesuvius, Spallanzani and his friend Comi passed the night. The night was, happily, favorable. The sky was wont to rest.

The observations were these :

That each heaving of the lava was very visible—that comparing one throw with another, the explosions were not equable—that in form and colour they were like red flame, sensibly spreading as it rose, enduring for a few seconds, and then seen no more.—But resumed and seen again after short intervals ; the intervals were so short, as never to exceed five seconds.

As the volcano was thus labouring, the philosophers also, it may be thought, could not long be at rest. They rose before the sun. At four o'clock they were on foot, and began to mount in their much-expected way !

As they drew nearer to the volcano, their observations on it were also nearer to the truth. They ascertained points not perceivable at a distance—viz. that in each burst of the lava, the detonation heard was precisely proportioned to the quantity of flux which was seen.—And that when distant but half a mile, that the discharge of the lava was seen before the report or explosion was heard, only one single moment, and no more. That the showers of stony matter, which they compared to hail, were literally particles of lava, as it were folded in the external air—consolidated—rounded.

This discharge prevented, in one direction, their further advance.

On the east side of the volcano, there was no such fall of stones. And there they observed, not without surprise, the lava bursting, as before, by snatches, or with interrupted
throws

throws—but not, as before, each burst followed by a detonation!—This absence of all sound, they note, accurately, to have happened eighteen times together! The nineteenth burst they record to have been with detonation, as before—and therefore the detonation, they rationally conjecture, to have been anomalous, or accidental!—A conjecture, afterwards well fortified at Naples by the Abbe Fortis, who observing on the same object, had made an inference which is the same!

In the usual progress of curiosity, he was led from contemplation of this phenomenon, to the tracing of its cause. And thus, very ingeniously, he tried to trace it.—The caprice in the phenomenon, if it can be called so—that is, its irregularity, its intermissions, the reader should be reminded, has not been noted by any preceding observers on the volcano.

The theory of Spallanzani is this :

The fire is, of itself, not sufficient to form explosions. There must be with it an elastic fluid, which disengages itself from the liquid lava, forces up on high a portion of it as it flows.

Thus, it may seem, that it must ever be. But, continues Spallanzani, but I do not think I err if I say it can be only in certain limits.

Every time that the elastic fluid disengages itself acting against the lava, then with a force, single, abrupt, and violent, the explosion or report of such action must be proportionably loud.—But, on the contrary, the report shall be little or none, when the force (of the elastic fluid disengaging from the lava) shall be in a series of actions uninterrupted, uniform, equably sustained! And this difference of explosion may surely happen, though the matter exploded may be the same.

This perspicuous idea is well and beautifully expanded by

the familar instance of the pop-gun*—let that well known toy, the aperture at each end well closed, as usual, on the atmospherical air, fills the tube within, if the pellet be additionally driven out with sudden force, the sound of it will be smart—if the force be slow, the sound will be little or nothing!—for it is the prerogative of splendid parts to brighten wherever it touches—to aggrandise what to common eye seems little, and sometimes faint image of creation, to draw light out of darkness, and form something out of nothing.—Thus every body may recollect, the chief sages' doctrine of light and colours, from the school-boy's soap bubbles as he trifled in washing his hands! And thus a leading system of the universe became explained by observations subtle and profound, on the fall of a common apple!

This clever train of new thought on the volcanic hail will end as well as it was began; for he says, that though there was no perceivable detonation, it is by no means conclusive that there was none:—on the contrary, probably there might be some, though from casual circumstances of distance, &c. the observer could not hear it.

On the lava then, thus falling on the flank of the mountain, the observations of Spallanzani were these—that between the south and the east—that the distance from the crater was about half a mile—that the vent-holes, or chimneys, (his word is *fumajoli*) on the declivity, were more than sixty—that the opening in one of them was about nine feet diameter—that the cavernous part of it had but little depth—that the soil on the spot from which these vent-holes rose was of a yellow tint, as formed by murratico-ammoniac salt—that the heat of the ground was such, the foot could not bear it, though at some distance, even for a few seconds.—As for this local heat, he traces it to the single source of contiguity and communication with the fire within.

* The wind-gun.

On the south side, at fifty yards distance from the spot, where three months before the lava had flowed, the lava was now as hard as a stone. He saw it flow, first in a trough; it then issued at two miles distance from the summit of Vesuvius, forming a current, quite uncovered, to the open air!

Curious to inspect the trough—these were the appearances he has preserved:

The figure of the trough was an oval, twenty-three feet diameter—the sides, almost vertical, were four feet and a half high—the lava was old, which filled the bottom—and had a movement from north to south.—A thick smoke rose, and reverberated by, and on the burning lava produced a red light, which hurt the eye, at a great distance during the night.

This smoke was loaded with acid-sulphurous exhalations. These hid the liquid lava. And it was only when the wind favoured the view, and by getting to windward, that the observer could speculate at his ease.

Then leaning over the trough, and his lower limbs but five feet distance from the lava, the heat was such, as, from time to time, forced him to retire!—The lava flowed from north to south—and hid itself in the fissures of the lava which had become hard.—Its surface was red—like burning coal; but without the least show of flame. He compared it to bronze fusing in the furnace! covered with a whitish foam; at times, bubbling; the bubbles soon bursting, not without noise, and a little throw.—After which the lava smoothed and flattened a-new.

Spallanzani then let fall into it some fragments of the old lava—the only hard substance which presented itself—and on dropping, the sound was such as when a stone falls upon soft earth. Of these fragments, about one-third of their volume was steeped in the lava, and thus were carried by it as it flowed.

The velocity of the lava's current became cognizable by this experiment! for the speed of the stream was defined by the motion of the stone—which in half a minute had over-ran a space but of ten feet and a half!—A tardiness of motion to be explained only by the little slope in the ground.

It was obvious why the fragments of old lava, when flung in, were steeped only one-third of their volume—for they were of a spongy texture, and of specific gravity, less than the body on which they fell—in the same manner as a globula of glass cast upon glass in a state of fluidity, is observed not to sink, but to swim.

As for the degree of heat in the lava, as it flowed, unfortunately he could not ascertain it!

He could have done it easily and surely, with the thermometer of Wedgwood. But that thermometer he had not with him.

With that thermometer, he could have attempted to decide, not only the superficial and external heat, but that which was deep seated and within!

Failing of that instrument, he would have used the following expedient. He would have had one of the cylinders closed in a sphere of thick iron, suspended by the iron chain, as the iron fluxes not in a common furnace, there would have seemed a probability that the metal might have resisted also the lava as it flowed—but, if it had not, the metal had melted. Thus melting so far, it would have become a kind of thermometer in itself.

Though this experiment may not ascertain the heat of every lava—yet, in this instance, as far as it went, it was decisive. And not being able to return to Vesuvius, he could decide no more.

To those who would repeat this experiment, there is no denying that there was some danger in it. But they, who
have

have too quick a sense in finding danger, must be content, without searching into the awful wonders of volcanos!

Having departed from the trough, and passing over a mile of ancient lava, they make record of these discoveries. That, in the ancient lava, there was still such intense heat as to burn their shoes!—and that under the solid lava, they were as sensible of a fluid; they heard and they felt it, as indisputably as in passing a frozen river; there is often a sure sense of floating water under the upper surface of ice!

Thus, luckily, illustrating the elements and qualities of nature, by their contraries the most opposite, fire with water, and burning lava with ice, Spallanzani reviews his sensations under each extreme—and, as might be expected, he adjudges the impressions to be less from mountains of snow, than from streams of fire! And no wonder, when against Alpine horrors there are the obvious mitigations of diet and clothing—these simplify the suffering—there may be hardship, but without hazard. It is fatigue only, but it is not fear!

Following then the lava, it descends over an inclined plain, forming with the horizon an angle of about 45 degrees—the run of the lava was then eighteen feet in a minute.

There, in spite of the heat, intolerable when the wind blew towards them, Spallanzani and his friend, approached the lava within ten feet! They threw into the burning stream some more fragments of the hardened lava—and the sound was the same as of one stone upon another! A statement this, agreeing with the observations of Sir William Hamilton: he also flung a larger fragment of the hardened mass into the fluid lava as it flowed with such singular rapidity in the year 1766, and the impression was very trifling, though he flung with all his force.

Of

Of this lava, the light, the liquidity, the speed, all were in different degrees proportioned to the distance from the source, and the contact with cold air diminishing its heat. After two miles the current stopped, forming a kind of solid lake, solid at least superficially—and it lost all the colour, red, at 200 steps before it finished its career! in contracambia.

Here it is that Spallanzani, *superbiâ quæsitâ meritis*, addresses M. de Luc, and invites him to the University of Pavia, to see in the unrivalled museum there, a cylinder of lava 18 Italian inches long by $5\frac{1}{2}$ thick!

The cylinder is curved. The curve it received from the hands of the person who had curved it, when in a state which was semi-liquid.

The Mons. de Luc above-mentioned, is a studious gentleman of Geneva, who, so far back as 1758, had shewn, in his cabinet, with some small elation, a specimen of lava, marked also when it was soft and plastic, with the ferrula of a walking cane.

These observations are then compared with those of the Doctor Serrao, of Father la Torre, of Mons. de Luc, and of our accomplished countryman Sir William Hamilton—and with these opinions, Spallanzani on the chief points for the most part agrees.

But he differs utterly from others who have erroneously asserted on Vesuvius, that the lava was not liquid, but only soft—that it falls in a stream-like form only by the effect of its proper weight. Assertions which he disproves from his better views of the lava, not only in the open air, but where a judgment on it must be most sure, and where and before him unattempted in its passage through the trough.

Analytically examining the lava, he found the base of it the *roche cornea roccia de corno*—the colour a blackish grey—the substance moderately hard—dry to the touch—
when

when broken, shewing earthy particles mixed with colourless granites, and with thorles—it moved the magnetic needle at three lines and a half distance—it struck fire—the thorls existing in the fluid lava were not altered by the fire—while on the contrary those bursting from the crater in globular forms have endured incipient fusion.

In the furnace of a glasshouse, and by the word furnace he means that of a glasshouse always, the lava changes into an enamel (*bollicoso*) coloured like shining pitch, sticking to the sides of the crucible—the thorls were fused—but the granites become whitish without losing their lustre.

After inspecting this recent lava, he was eager to examine that which fell in November 1785, and his observations on it, he very allowably thinks may be the more interesting, the subject for what he knows not having been touched by any body before.

Of the lava in November 1785, the extent was great. The greatest quantity was in a valley under Massa, and on the side of Salvatori, formed in beds several feet deep, but the continuity broken by many a cleft. The surface was irregular and often rendered rugged by a vast number of cylindrical bodies twisted like ropes, and probably formed by the lava when it ceased to flow. As this lava, in its precipitation from a high rock must fall as a sort of cataract, its appearance in the darkness of night must have formed a spectacle very rare!

Although in this fall the obvious action of the air must have much mitigated the actual heat, yet notwithstanding the fluidity, one evidence of remaining heat continued very far—and on the side of Massa, meeting a plantation of oaks in its track, some of the trees where the current came, instantly dried up and withered! while in some on the side opposite to the current, vegetation and verdure were still kept!

There

There were other disastrous phenomena in its track! The church of La Madonna della Veteranna, now quite deserted, was the first spoiled? The lava flowed against the door. The door was burnt! The walls next were easily demolished, for they were of soft tuffo, and the lava then spread throughout the church. In the church-yard some lime trees were blasted and black!

For fifteen months the lava flowed! and in the twentieth month, after it had ceased to roll, there still was heat, and it smoked lightly here and there!

About a mile from Vesuvius, below Salvatori, is the ample hollow, called Fossa Grande. It was formed by the rain. This was the way by which Spallanzani returned to Naples, and these are the considerations which made him glad that he did pass that way.

For thus he has been able to illustrate, with new light, a part of mineralogy hitherto obscure.

On the formation of those curious substances which are called shorls and feldspates (there is, the translator thinks, no trivial name) naturalists are divided. Some think them to have been formed while the lava was ardent and fluid, others when the lava begun to cool and to indurate—and many, perhaps more, judge them to have been primitive existences, original in the rock, prior to any productions from a volcanic change. Even Bergman, who opened on the question, has not closed it conclusively. And Spallanzani himself was not able to decide till he saw the above-mentioned appearances in the Fossa Grande. His decision, as might be expected, is, for the last opinion, that the shorls and feldspates are existences not derivative but primitive in the rock.

The nature of the rock in one part is mergaceas, with lime-stone (carbonat de calci) however prevailing in it, no calcined, but as we see in stones not volcanic.

It

It is proveable that they have not suffered from fire—for on breaking them numerous feldspats are seen crystallised and externally the same as those in other currents of the lava from Vesuvius. There are to be seen many feldspats, and yet more shorls, untouched, that I could, and I would, augment the class of undamaged stones.

But, as for the presence of the feldspats and the shorls, and their different crystallizations in the lava, there is now no difficulty to ascertain and understand them. There is no need of recurring for their origin to any circumstance of the lava, whether hot or cold, or fluid, or fixed, since as they are found in the lava, we can also find them in the stony substances from which they derive their being.

Such were the observations, such are the opinions of Spallanzani on the volcano of Vesuvius. Our learned readers have of course perceived that he has done much, perhaps as much as could have been rationally expected of him—he has been sedulous, acute, inventive, original, and just! He has seen appearances which had escaped preceding seers! He has thought with novelty and with force, where so many qualified persons had been thinking before!

A P P E N D I X.

WHILE the publication was by an accident delayed, the assiduous kindness of two or three friends supplied further information relative to the books first printed at Mentz, &c. The following are the copies of them, in other libraries at Oxford and Cambridge.

IN THE BODELIAN.

Biblia Latina—2 vol. fol. *circa 1450 (sed absque nota loci five anni)*—Editio Primæ Vetustatis. Typis Mogunt. Joh. Fust Evulgata, Cujus Parisiis Adservatur Exemplar in Bibliotheca Mazarinea. (The Mazarine Bible supposed to be unique).

* * Such is the opinion now given to me, and it is to be received with the attention due to learning and judgement, both of great account. Yet there are grounds for doubt—and till minute collation shall decide the absence of all variation between the copies, the probability, from past trials of the same sort, must be in favour of the prevalent idea, that the Mazarine copy is unique.

Of the copy which was sold in M. de Gaignat's sale, 1769, there was for a time a similar opinion; but, on comparison

with the Mazarine Bible, the opinion was found not tenable. The two or three bibles lately brought into England are, it may be conjectured, the same as that sold at M. de Gaignat's.

Continuation of the Bodelian Books.

The Durand, 1459, is there.

The Bible, by Fust and Schœffer, 1462, (tom. 1 mus. in membr.)—This is what is commonly called the Mentz Bible.

Idem Liber, 4 tom. 1462.

Tully's Offices, by Fust, 1465.

T. Aguinas, by Schœffer, 1467.

St. Hieronymi Tractatus et Epistole, by Schœffer, 1470.

Valerius Maximus, Schœffer, 1471.

St. Augustine, 1473.

Pauli de Sancta Marie Scrutinium Scripturarum. Pet. Schœffer. 1478.

Barth. de Channis Interrogatorium. P. Schœffer. 1478.—These are all the Bodleian Library has by Fust and Schœffer.—There is the Livy of the second Schœffer, 1518—but neither the Catholicon nor the Constitutiones Clementis V.

The oldest Pfalter in the Bodleian is 1476—printed at Naples, by Hen. Alding and Perigren. Bermentelli—8vo.—A scarce book this; though not so scarce as the Venice Pfalms in 1486—nor the third edition of the Mentz Pfalms in 1502.—The first and second have been mentioned in the chapter upon Meintz.

AT CAMBRIDGE.

Added to what was also stated in the chapter upon Meintz, there is nothing by Fust or Schœffer in the libraries of Trinity or St. John's.

At St. John's—the first Pfalter is by Aldus, at Venice, 1495.

Their first Bible, by Coburger, at Nuremberg, in the
year

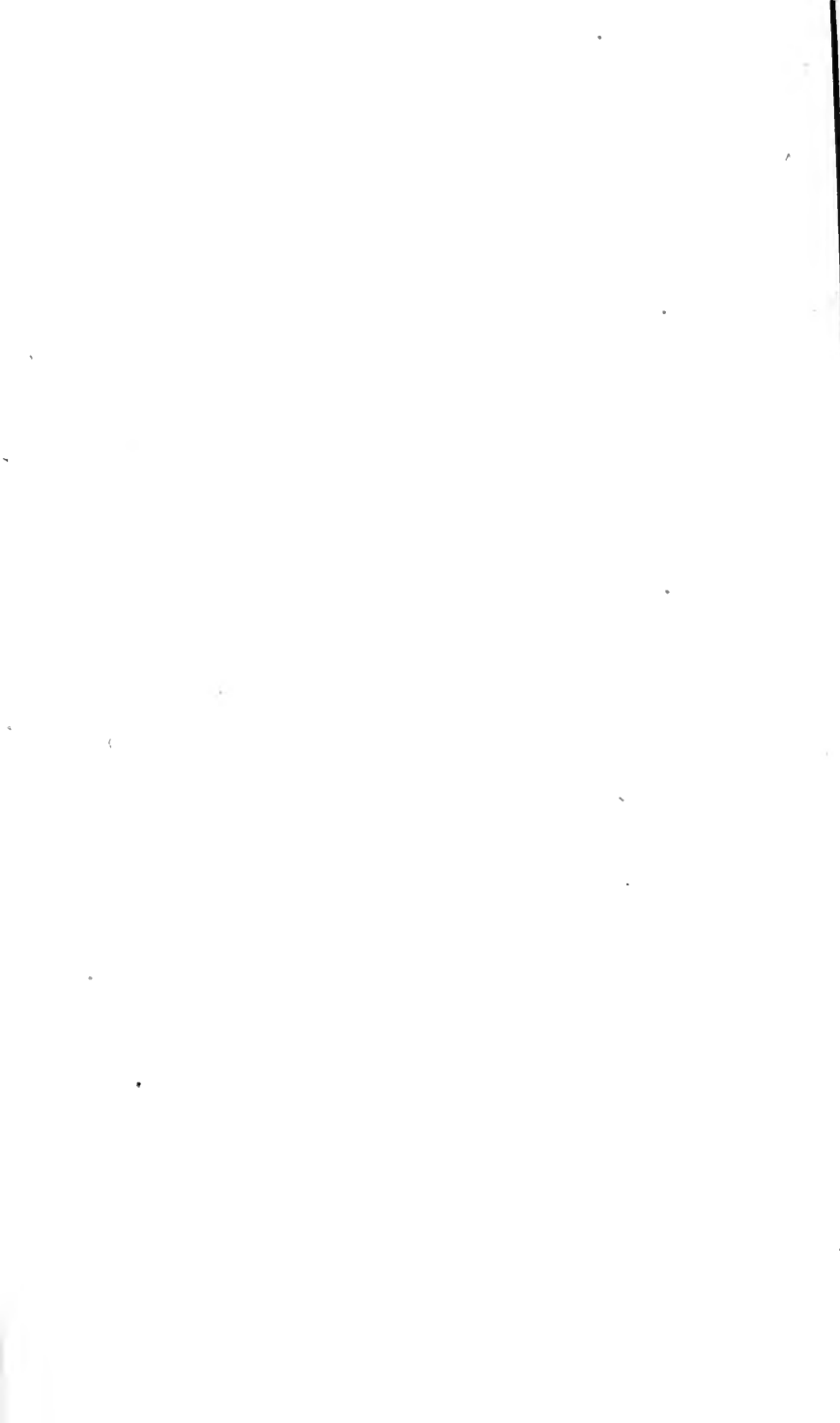
year 1500.—This is remarked, by Thomas Baker, to be the last book printed by Coburger.—This book, he might have added, I believe, is of no great value. Less, indeed, than the first copy by Coburger, 1477. And that never sold in any of the great sales of M. de Soubise, Duc de la Valiere, &c. for four pounds.

Their first Tully (*de Officiis Lugd.*) is 1556.

The first Valerius—Milan, 1508.

At Trinity College—Also, there are not any specimens of the earliest printing.

The first Psalter there is, the Paris Quincuplex, 1508—the Bible—that by Aldus, Venice, 1518—the Ximenes Bible is at Trinity.



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